







LETTERS  
OF  
MRS GRAHAM.





LETTERS  
OF THE LATE  
MRS ISABELLA GRAHAM  
OF NEW YORK,  
IN CONNECTION WITH THE LEADING EVENTS  
OF HER LIFE.

BY HER NEPHEW,  
THE REV. JAMES MARSHALL.  
MINISTER OF THE TOLBOOTH CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

A Father to the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is  
God in his holy habitation. Psalm lxxviii. 5.

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## PREFACE.

MANY of the letters contained in this volume were lately published by Mrs Bethune of New York. On perusing them, I felt convinced their interest and usefulness would be increased by presenting them in connection with the leading incidents to which they refer; that while additional light will thus be thrown upon the scope and import of the letters, new interest will also be given to the events of a life already occupying an important place in Christian Biography. Besides, having access to many letters of Mrs Graham, addressed to her friends and relatives in this country, not only equal in excellence to her writings already published, but supplying many important links in the chain of autobiographical narration presented in the following pages, I felt it would be wrong to

withhold a selection of them from the public. Indeed, I have often been importuned by persons who had derived benefit from the Memoir, &c. of Mrs Graham, to make her letters in my possession as extensively known ; but having hitherto declined complying with this request, I am now enabled to present them in connection with those collected by her daughter ; and the series thus completed will, it is hoped, exhibit to the reader an instructive example of a child of God, faithfully discharging duty amidst difficulty and vicissitude—meekly submitting to trials that were numerous and severe—zealously exerting herself for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause,—giving evidence of the most active and enlightened philanthropy, and at the same time, cherishing a spirit of lowliness and self-abasement, that led her to glory only in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

JAMES MARSHALL.

EDINBURGH, *13th February* 1839.

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# LETTERS, &c.

## CHAPTER I.

ISABELLA MARSHALL, afterwards Mrs GRAHAM, was born in Lanarkshire, on the 29th of July 1742. Her father and mother were both pious ; indeed her mother appears, from letters yet extant, to have possessed a mind of the same character as her daughter afterwards exhibited.

Her father John Marshall farmed a paternal estate, called the Heads, near Hamilton. This he sold, and afterwards rented the estate of Elderslie, once the habitation of Sir William Wallace. She had no precise recollection of the period when her heart first “ tasted that the Lord is gracious ,” but from her earliest remembrance, she took delight in pouring out her soul before God.

“ In the woods of Elderslie she selected a bush, to which she resorted in the season of devotion, and where she dedicated herself to God, through faith in



her Redeemer, before she had attained her tenth year. To this favourite, and, to her, sacred spot, she would repair when exposed to temptation, or perplexed with childish troubles ; from thence she caused her prayers to ascend. and always found peace and consolation.”\*

In her seventeenth year she was admitted to the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper by the late Dr Witherspoon, and in 1765 was married to Dr John Graham, then a practising physician in Paisley.

About a year after their marriage, Dr Graham, on being appointed surgeon to the 60th, or Royal American regiment, was ordered to Canada, where that corps was then stationed. Mrs Graham accompanied him, and on their arrival at Quebec addressed the following letter to her parents.

TO MR AND MRS MARSHALL, ELDERSLIE.

*Quebec, 29th August 1767.*

My Dearest Parents,

This is the fifth letter I have written to you, although I know it is the first that can have reached you. All the time I was at sea, I kept a letter lying by me, in hope of getting it put on board some vessel bound for Britain ; but I have met with many disappointments. We spoke with several ships, but I never could get a letter put on board any

\* Memoir of Mrs Graham.

one of them. At one time I was told the wind was too high, at another that the ship was at too great a distance, and so was shuffled off till I began to understand a more substantial reason, viz. that it would cost the Captain rather more trouble than he was willing to be put to.

We have now, however, got safe here, after a tedious voyage of nine weeks, and I will give you a short account of what happened during that time.

We sailed, as you know, from Greenock on the 10th of June. For the first five or six days we had fine weather and fair winds, and got quite clear of land; after this, we had nearly six weeks of most tempestuous weather, and the wind, except for about two days, directly against us. The gentlemen after some time began to be very impatient; for my part I should not have cared although it had lasted twelve months. I had left all that was dear to me behind, except one dear friend,—that one was constantly with me,—and although the rest of the company in the ship was very agreeable, yet I was the great object of his attention, and his invention was ever on the stretch to find amusement for me. It is not possible for me to say with what indulgent tenderness I was treated; but though I love my husband even to extravagance, yet my dear friends whom I left behind have a large share of my heart. They dwell on my mind in the day time, and at night, when sleep lays the body aside and leaves the soul at liberty, she, on the wings of imagina-

tion, makes one skip over whole seas, and is immediately with those dear friends whose absence she so much lamented during the day, and in an imaginary body as truly enjoys you for the time as if really present with you. Sometimes I imagine I have spent several years abroad, and have come home and settled for life among you, but O! my dear Papa and Mama, what is my disappointment when I awake and find myself so many thousand miles from you, and the interval betwixt meeting and parting, which I thought past, yet to come. I am sure the whole nine weeks I was at sea, I did not sleep nine nights without paying you such a visit. But I am forgetting myself: What signifies writing my dreams from such a distance?

The gentlemen on board soon found reason to be thankful for the preservation of life, and got something very different to think of than fret at the contrary winds. A leak sprung in the bottom of the ship, which alarmed them all so much that a consultation was held among them whether, if any ship came near, they should hail it and go on board, wherever she was bound. I was perfectly unconcerned about the whole matter, not being aware of the danger, which was kept secret from me till we came on shore. I saw the men constantly pumping, but thought it was what they were obliged to do in every ship. After coming to land, on examining the ship, they found the leak to be so large that one might put their five fingers into it; indeed,

it seemed next to a miracle that she kept above water ; but every day of our lives may convince us what dependent creatures we are. While God's merciful Providence protects us we are safe, though in the midst of apparent danger ; should He withdraw that protection but for a moment, inevitable evils surround us, even when we think ourselves in perfect safety. A proof of this we had in a most distressing event, which took place about six weeks after we left Greenock. The wind was in our favour, the day was fine, and we were all amusing ourselves on deck in various ways, when all at once Captain Kerr, who was standing close by us, stumbling backwards, fell over board, at the place where the quarter deck and the main deck join. He got above water before the ship passed him, and called to throw him a rope, but, alas ! no rope was at hand, and before one was got, the ship was out of his reach. Immediately they threw over a hen-coop. but, poor man ! he could not swim, so he soon disappeared. The boats were put out with great expedition, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was found. You may believe no means were left unemployed to restore animation, but, alas ! the spirit had taken its final leave ; it was no longer an inhabitant of earth, not the least signs of life appeared. The day after, being Sunday, his body was committed to the deep, from whence it had been rescued the day before. Dr G. read in public the Church of England burial service. Every

one on board seemed much affected ; I cannot tell you how much I was.

About eight days after, we got to the banks of Newfoundland ; while there, the fog was so dense we could not see forty yards in any direction, and the cold was excessive, notwithstanding the season of the year. There were a great many islands of ice floating on the water ; I saw three within twenty yards of us much larger than the ship. The Captain said if the ship run against any one of them she would be dashed to pieces. And here, again, my former observation holds good, for sure it could not be the art of man, either in the dark night or the dense fog, which could protect the ship flying before the wind, through dangers so thick on every side of us. For several days and nights we saw neither sun nor stars, which distressed the Captain a great deal, for he knew not where we were, and apprehending we were near land, he was afraid of running against some rock ; so we were obliged to cruize about till the atmosphere cleared.

The sail up the river St Lawrence is extremely pleasant. You know how fond I have ever been of wood and water. This country, in this respect, is quite to my taste, and could I only get half a dozen of those friends I could name settled down on either side of us, with five hundred pounds worth of land to give to each, I should ask no more in this world.

When we arrived, the Doctor's friend, Mr Find-

ley, came on board, took us on shore, brought us to his house, which is one of the most elegant I ever saw, and introduced us to a circle of friends not less elegant. Mr F. begged we would look on him as an old friend, feel perfectly at home, and remain with him as long as we could. Give my love to my dear boys ;\* you see them often, I have no doubt. Do, my dearest Mama, write to me soon, and tell me all about them and yourself ; and ever believe me, my dear parents, with the greatest affection.

Your dutiful daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MR AND MRS MARSHALL, ELDERSLIE.

*Quebec, Sep. 27. 1767.*

My Dear Parents,

I wrote to you by a ship bound for London, but, lest my letter should miscarry, I avail myself of this opportunity, though soon after the last. I gave you some account of our voyage, which, as I have new matter to write, I will not repeat, only it lasted nine weeks, was very disagreeable, on account of stormy weather, contrary winds, a leaky ship, and the loss of one of the most agreeable members of our little society, Captain Kerr. who

\* Dr Graham's sons by a former marriage, who were left under the care of Mr Davidson, Rector of the Grammar School of Paisley.

fell overboard—his body was soon after found, but with no signs of life.

I promised to give you some more particulars respecting our situation. I told you we had been taken particular notice of by Mr Findley, brought to his house, and remained there some time. There were with him three other gentlemen and ladies, and, as I understood, they have been there all summer, and every one of them as much landlord as Mr Findley himself. I could not understand for some time upon what footing they lived with him—but now I know. Mr M<sup>r</sup>K., who married a Montreal lady, came out to look after her property, and Mr F., having a large house and no family, allowed him the use of it ; so he, his wife, and her mother, made three of our company. Captain J. C., and Mr C., an English merchant, made up our number ; there was an account kept of the expense of the family, and every one paid his proportion ; it was with difficulty we were allowed to pay ours, but you know the Doctor has a spirit, and he made a point of it. I think he is very right. I would not choose to lie under obligations, where there is little probability of having it in our power to return them, and to those whom as yet we cannot know. They are polite well-bred men, and the ladies very much so ; but Mr Findley, for sense and sentiment, towers above the rest, and outshines every body he is in company with. Our way of life, you may be sure, was very expensive, as we had every thing

in the greatest taste, and a continual round of company ; but it is over ; they all left us yesterday. Now there is only Mr F. and ourselves.

The way we have been in has had its advantages ; we have been introduced to the genteelest people of the place, and our principal officers. The Doctor is much caressed ; you know he has the art of making himself agreeable wherever he goes, and I too (no doubt on his account), have been very much taken notice of. He has been several times with the General—the Colonel and he were very intimate. I was sorry when he left the place, but his wife and family being at New York, he is gone to spend the winter with them, and left the command of the regiment with Captain E., who seems to be friendly, and is a great friend of the Doctor's too. He has called several times to engage me to go to the governor's route ; but, as that is a footing I must not set out upon, I always found some excuse. We have had some very agreeable jaunts into the country. Mr G—— has a chaise always at our command. He, the Doctor, and I, last week visited the famous falls of Montmorency. I cannot pretend to describe them to you—you never saw any thing to resemble them—so grand !—so dreadful !—it makes one tremble to look at them. The whole river of Montmorency falls over a perpendicular rock one hundred and eighty feet high—the rocks around are so steep and rugged.—Cora



Lyn is like pouring water from one vessel into another in comparison with this.

On Wednesday we dined with Captain D——, at a genteel country house, three miles from town, where he lives with Mr P. and Doctor M., surgeon to the hospital. The Captain is a genteel well-bred man—so, indeed, are his two companions.

I have been but a short time in the place, and may be mistaken ; but I have formed a very good opinion of many of my acquaintances here. Had I my dear parents near me, our dear boys, and a few other friends, I might be reconciled to this country ; but no place or company, however agreeable, can compensate for their absence. Indeed, on many accounts, were it in my choice, I would prefer my own country. The people, I cannot call them wicked ; but, if I may judge by their manner of spending the Sabbath, the generality of them pay very little regard to religion. The French people go to church, to mass, many of them at five o'clock in the morning, and even the most delicate ladies are always there by seven, and are very devout all the forenoon : their religion requires no more of them. In the afternoon they sing, dance, ride out in parties of pleasure, play cards, and do every thing that may be done on other days. Our people are worse than they ; they spend the Sabbath idly or in doing business, and in the afternoon too many of them join the French. The first Sunday, after we landed. I retired to my own room

after dinner to be out of the way. Mrs C. and Mrs M<sup>K</sup>. sent up their compliments, begging I would go down and join them in a party at whist—need I tell you I refused, and assigned my reason,—they were too well-bred either to banter me, or ask me again.

Here they butcher and sell all sorts of provisions on the Sabbath—the French come out of church and immediately go into the market.

We have an episcopal church and a presbyterian meeting—Dr B., chaplain to the garrison, preaches to the first, and Mr H——, settled by subscription, to the last. B—— is a sensible, clever man, but very wicked ; he riots and swears as bold an oath as any soldier in town. I was only once at his church : from a man of his character I could receive no benefit. I am amazed how he dare presume to address a holy and just God with the freedom he does, or recommend religion to others, when he, by his conduct, seems to despise it ! O. it is shocking ! and he too, an old grey-headed man ! Mr H—— has not B——'s parts, but is a worthy pious man—the Doctor and I attend his preaching ; indeed, were he episcopalian and B—— presbyterian, I should, for I could not bear that my prayers to the Almighty should pass through the lips of such a man. Both of them preach in catholic churches—we have no other—and their service is over before ours begin. I was a good deal startled, at first, at the images : indeed. I am

not quite reconciled to worshipping God in one of these houses yet ; but I hope it is only a weakness, and that the Almighty, who knows the heart, will not be offended at their being there, seeing we take no notice of them. It is not very fashionable to go to church here, but, to my great satisfaction, the Doctor attends regularly.

The gentlemen here are very sober—neither can I say they swear ; and if they would regard the Sabbath, and attend public worship, I could find no fault with their conduct.

I have read Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*. I little knew what a treasure Mr Ellis put into my hand when he gave me that book. I cannot say it is my daily companion, but I can, with truth say, it is often so. Let my mind be in ever so giddy and thoughtless a frame, or ever so much busied in those amusements I am engaged in, it makes me serious, and gives my thoughts a different turn ; there is scarce any situation the mind can be in, but it will find something suitable there. I must not, however, make remarks on the particular contents of it ; it would occupy more paper than I have to spare. I would have you purchase the book. I am sure you would like it, and, when you have read it, it will be matter of great satisfaction to you, that John and I have such a treasure in our possession. In it are contained every advice you could give us, and cautions against the temp-

tations which, on account of youth, company, and the country we are in, we are exposed to.

We thought we were to winter at Quebec ; but this day's packet has brought orders to march to Montreal. I would have been contented to have remained here. The Doctor begs to be remembered to you. Remember us both to Mr D——, the dear boy, yours and ours. Farewell, my dear parents.

I am, as ever, your affectionate and dutiful Daughter.

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*Montreal, April 30. 1768.*

My dear Mother,

Your long expected, and much dreaded letter, I have at last received. I should not say your's, for I feared I should have no letter from you ; but I was very much afraid of the first accounts from Scotland. I cannot express my joy when, on opening my letter. I found it written by the hand of my dear mother. I believe, had it been in the hand of my father, I would not have had courage to read it, as my fears were entirely for you. For the bare knowledge that you were alive, and in tolerable health, I would have given any thing long before the first glance of your hand-

writing conveyed it to me. I assure you the perusal gave me a greater share of pleasure than pain.

The death of my dear, lovely infant,\* drew from my eyes many tears, but I am still of the same way of thinking, that a child's dying in infant innocence, is no real cause of grief. I only felt, what every mother feels, from a natural fondness, who parts with her child to a dear friend with whom she is certain he will be happier; yet, if she has no hopes of seeing him for a long time, though willing to part with him for his good, the parting will be tender and distressing. I could have wished him to live, more for your sake than my own, as I hoped he might be an agreeable amusement to you, and sometimes make you forget your other afflictions, and, in time, have greatly blunted the edge of them; but, it has pleased God to take him to himself, and I hope he will supply this loss to you and me in some other way. My first emotions were over before your letter arrived. I was sitting one evening at tea, with a good deal of company about me, cheerful and happy, as I knew no cause why I should be otherwise, when the Doctor opened the door. I read something very interesting in his countenance: he made a sign for me to follow him, which I did to another room: he drew from his pocket a letter. I imme-

\* At their earnest request, Mrs Graham had left her first-born son and only child with her parents.

diately exclaimed, "Are my father and mother alive?" He said he knew nothing to the contrary, but that he had a piece of news to communicate which would distress me, and hoped that I would behave like myself. I then composed myself. He read to me a letter from his sister, informing him she had gone to Paisley to see his sons, but was grieved to hear the youngest had been dead for some time. She seemed surprised you had not acquainted her with it, but said not a word whether you were dead or alive. I then grew very impatient for particulars. Your letter came to hand about a month after, and very happy it made me, even the distressing part of it. Your account of the child's death is very satisfactory and consoling. Our kind and good God has in this, as in every other instance, shown his tenderness for you, for me, and for ours, and mixed much mercy with our affliction. You tell me, in that short but full sentence, that "his affliction was mild, his death pleasant, and his corpse lovely." Well then, let us resign him, not only cheerfully, but thankfully, and say with Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

We are still at Montreal. I have delayed writing in hopes of informing you where we are likely to be stationed; we have expected orders for the stations of the different regiments in this country, these two last posts, from New York. Various are the opinions of the officers; some that our

battalion, now at Niagara, will come to Montreal ; others that we shall go to Boston or New Jersey ; this would be very agreeable to me for two reasons. Those places are famous for piety and religion, and I would have more frequent opportunities of corresponding with my friends ; but it will make a considerable difference another way if we remain here. It is not so much the expense of travelling, which is not trifling, but being obliged to sell off our furniture, probably for the half of what we gave, and again to purchase at the highest price ; besides, the Doctor is now very well known at Montreal, and has a good deal of practice, which seems to increase. I assure you our living has cost us a great deal more than both pay and perquisites since we came to America : a change of place will make a considerable alteration in our income.

The Doctor spends none in the tavern ; he is never there, but keeps a very full house at home. There are a few families who are almost always together, and we generally have company twice or thrice a-week—I do not mean to tea, for that is a trifling expense, but to dinner or supper, generally to both ; and he is not satisfied if his table does not cut as fine a figure as that of any we associate with. He makes all the markets himself, and generally sends in all its varieties, and often the first things of the season—you know how expensive this must be. There is nothing drunk here but wine, and that not only port, but claret and madeira ; but

I have never ventured to say a word to him on this head ; it is a great comfort that he spends his money at home. I begin to despair of ever being able to lay up any money. I have often begged the Doctor to save at least what he makes by his practice ; but his answer is, “ Bell, we will be as frugal as we can, but we must be genteel ; we will pay ready money, and what is left shall be saved.”

I have made a long and undesigned complaint. I begin to think myself ungrateful for so doing ; this is his foible—he might have worse—who are without them ? What a difference betwixt a man of his turn and a miser, from whom one can scarcely get the necessaries of life, far less wherewithal to make a decent appearance amongst neighbours, or one that spends all his time and money, too, at the tavern, and is never to be seen either sober or at home. When I think of these things I am thankful, and willing to indulge him in many little extravagances, which I myself think might be saved, but which I know will please him ; and I have my share of pleasure in what is spent, which is more than every wife can say. He often tells me that it is for my sake ; that my credit and character are nearer his heart than his own ; that if things were not genteel in the house, it would be imputed to me, not to him, and to be sure there is some truth in that. He has given up some things, at my request, of more real consequence, which makes me very happy, and, if continued, would



have made me miserable. Since I have been particular one way, I ought, in justice to him, to be so in another.

The officers have a military club once a-week ; the night fixed is Saturday ; they are often riotous, and sometimes drunk on the Sabbath morning ; this made me very unhappy. I did not dream of his giving it up entirely, as every officer in town meets there punctually on that night ; but I begged, in the most earnest manner, that he would make a point of leaving before twelve o'clock : he told me, that when he was there he could not promise at what time he would leave them, as they might detain him whether he would or not ; but, to oblige me, he would give up the club altogether ; accordingly he has not been there for four months. After this was given up, I was often unhappy on that night. It is not an uncommon thing, even in private houses, to play a hand at cards after supper, and if at any time he was out late, and I not with him, I was in a terror lest he might forget the hours and encroach on the Sabbath. I told him this, and ever since he has generally spent Saturday evening at home, or, at least, come home in proper time. Then there is Sunday, which is a great visiting day, and he is seldom without an invitation to dine or sup. I am certain he would not play at cards on that day, and have known him leave the company when they were proposed ; but, you may be sure, I was not fond of his being

abroad on that day, nor yet of his having dinners or suppers at home. I was cautious of finding fault at the time, when that was the case ; but when it was otherwise, and we happened to be at home alone, I expatiated on the happiness I felt at finding ourselves alone on that day, and even hinted how painful it was for me, either to entertain company at home, or to think of his being engaged abroad, with people who had no regard for religion, and paid no attention to its laws, at least for religion's sake. There are many good members of society in this place, and every way agreeable companions on another day ; but few of them make any distinction betwixt Sunday and Saturday.

There is no occasion to say all one thinks to a man of his penetration. I gained my point, and for a long time past, except when he is visiting the sick, or at church, which he attends regularly, he is seldom to be found out of his own house on Sunday. We have always company to tea : but that cannot be avoided ; but were you to pop in after they are gone, you would find him reading sermons to me, or conversing upon religious subjects : he has often acknowledged that he is much happier, and has much more satisfaction when he spends the day in this way, than when he is abroad. If he is happy, I am sure I am much more so. Let me then endeavour to make home as agreeable to him as possible, and by cheerfully comply-

ing with his will in some things, I may, by the blessing of God, accomplish my wishes in matters of more weight and importance.

I have, according to custom, chatted till my paper obliges me to finish. The Doctor joins me in compliments to Mr Davidson, and in returning him a thousand thanks for his care of our two boys. The Doctor has received his letter, and all he has done is perfectly right. He will write by the packet. Remember us also to the boys and Hugh, to our friends at Quarelton, and other acquaintances—I never leave a bit of room for names. Farewell, my dear, dear parents—believe me to be, with much affection,

Your dutiful daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

The attentions Mrs Graham received, and her being in some degree obliged to mix in gay society, no doubt gave rise to her affectionate christian mother's apprehensions expressed in the following letters.

MRS MARSHALL TO MRS GRAHAM.

*Elderslie, 1768.*

You have lost one of your best friends in this place, a friend that was frequent and fervent at a throne of grace for you and yours—worthy Mr

Muir ;\* I need not say how much lamented, you will know that yourself. I wrote to you of the situation of his foot ; it seemed to be getting better for a while, but grew worse again, and on the 30th of June his leg was cut off ; on the 20th of July he died. No person was allowed to see him but those who waited on him. Dr Stuart slept constantly in the house, yet no preventing death. They sent off express for Dr P—— ; but, before he arrived, the soul had taken its last farewell—entered on its Sabbath of rest. It was on the preparation Sabbath before the sacrament. He could not have joined personally on earth at that time ; but his dear Master, whom he had preached so faithfully, recommended so warmly, and served so cheerfully, made him “ to drink the wine new with him in his Father’s kingdom.”

I wish the entertainments of that gay place may not engage you too much, not only to the hurt of your outward circumstances, but to the hinderance of your advancement in religion, and the concerns of your precious, immortal soul. O, my dear child, no mortal knows the inward trouble of mind I undergo on your account ; what, through fear of the numberless temptations you are liable to ; what, through fear of the many difficulties you may have to undergo, I am sure you are little out of my mind ; you lie down with me—you rise up with me—I

\* Father of the late Rev. Dr Muir, of Alexandria, D. C.

carry you about with me through the whole day—and O the weary days and nights I have had, since I parted with my dear child ! But O, my dear, can I do otherwise than rejoice, when I reflect that the Lord is every where present, and that I have access in, and through my Redeemer, on your account. to that God who is continually present with you. has wrought great deliverance for you. and I have reason to believe, if you continue to seek him, and walk in his ways, will do great things for you still ? It is my only support. and no small support it is.

Farewell, my dearest ! May the Lord bless you both, and keep you night and day, lying down and rising up, going out and coming in, wherever you go : may the everlasting arms of the allwise and powerful Jehovah be underneath and above you, is the earnest and most fervent prayer of your

Loving and affectionate Mama,

JANET MARSHALL.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Elderslie. 1768.*

You write that you are much taken notice of : to be sure it is agreeable ; but I do not know how far it may be an advantage to either soul or body. In that situation you are liable to many temptations, besides a very expensive way of life : but

glory, glory to God, who has taken away, or, at least, moderated your taste for these very idle amusements. We may never meet in this world, but it is my earnest, constant, and renewed petition, that we may meet in that better country, in that "*grand assembly*," and join in that sweet "*concert of music*," which will never end, and be without sin.

You write of a dreadful storm of thunder, and lightning, and earthquake, but it did not hurt you. When the Lord's judgments are upon the earth, men ought to learn righteousness. I hope, my dear, matters are on such a footing between your Heavenly Father and you, that, come what will, you can place your confidence in him and say, "The Lord, he is my God, of whom or of what shall I be afraid?" When I reflect upon every circumstance of our life, and the wonderful deliverances the Lord has wrought for you, both spiritual and temporal, I am lost. I do not know how to express my gratitude to my dearest Lord; and, O, my dear, what an unspeakable comfort, that although we are thousands of miles from each other, we can put up our united prayers to that God who is present in all places, and who has said, that he will be continually at our right hand, that we shall not be moved if we have a constant and steady dependence upon him. My love to the Doctor, and the dear children. The Lord bless them, and spare them, to be a comfort to you and me, is the earnest prayer of

an affectionate and loving mother, in whose heart you and they lodge night and day.

JANET MARSHALL.

When Mrs Graham was near her confinement, Dr Graham was ordered to join his regiment, the second battalion of the 60th Royal Americans, having previously been permitted to do duty with the 1st battalion. He accordingly left Mrs Graham with her kind friends at Montreal, ascended the Rapids to Niagara, and the suddenness of his departure will account for the agitation of mind expressed in this letter.

TO DOCTOR GRAHAM, NIAGARA.

*Montreal, June 8. 1768.*

My Dear Doctor,

How shall I express my gratitude for the refreshing cordial you sent me, at a time when I stood so much in need of one. It was not in the art of your profession to have sent me such another, in box or phial.

I suppose, by this time, you have received Mr C——'s letter, which would inform you that you have a little girl.\* I suppose a boy would have been more welcome; but you were kind enough to say, that, if your Bell were well, either would be welcome.

\* Jessy, afterwards Mrs Hay Stevenson, of New York.

O, my husband, what I suffered after you left me ! I lost all my fortitude, and was in a manner bereft of my reason. I threw myself on my bed to give way to my bursting heart ; indeed I thought it would have burst. When I was quite spent with grief, sleep at last relieved me for about two hours : when I waked, I found myself far from well, so did not get up again that evening ; but in vain I tried to lose my sensibility ; sleep had fled from me, and left me a prey to a distracted mind, in which there was scarce a gleam of hope of ever seeing you again. I even fancied I could read a chain of links in providence pointing towards our final separation, and the last stroke just ready to fall. Thus I spent the long and tedious night. Morning made its appearance. I quitted my bed sooner than usual. I had been much threatened during the night, and finding myself grow worse and worse, I sent for Dr W——, and made him bleed me ; went to bed again, hoping to be better. but it would not do. Between five and six all was over. \* \* \* \* My fears for myself, at least of death, were now pretty much dissipated, but those of a still more dreadful nature began to haunt my mind. I thought that I had been too solicitous about life. It was granted, but it might prove my punishment. There, thought I, lies my babe ; perhaps she is fatherless, and, if so, what am I ? Perhaps it had been the happiest thing that could have befallen me that my babe had never seen the light.



and my own eyes closed in death before the dreadful news had reached my ears. O, my husband, you do not yet know the half of the love I bear you; with you I would wish to live; with you I would wish to die; with you I would be happy, or share with you in misery; but, to be separated, O, I cannot bear the thought.

Those sudden gusts that Mr M·I—— mentioned distressed me much. I had heard also that the ropes were in danger of breaking, and leaving the batteaux to be dashed to pieces amongst the rocks; every possible misfortune that might befall you occurred to my mind, though I uttered not a word. On Wednesday evening (this day week,) your letter was put into my hand: O, how I grasped it, and with what eagerness I read it; but I will not tell you what fault I found with it.

That night was the first I slept; ever since I have been in much better spirits, and your letter is my cordial after breakfast and after supper to this day: and now I am impatient for another, as the boats which took you up are hourly expected. I begin to hope that the time may be at no great distance when we shall meet again. O, my dear Doctor, I know how I shall enjoy it; I also know that I buy it very dear.

I cannot be at the pains to write trifling news; my heart is too full, and, since I must not allow it to say more, I will conclude with the repetition, that I am, my dearest Doctor, wholly yours.

L. GRAHAM.

When the state of her health permitted, Mrs Graham rejoined her husband at Fort Niagara, where they remained for four years. "The society there, secluded from the world, exempt from the collision of interests, which often creates so much discord in large communities, and studious to promote the happiness of each other, enjoyed that tranquillity and contentment which ever accompany a dis-interested interchange of friendly offices; but the fort being in a situation detached from other settlements, the garrison were consequently deprived of the public means of grace, and the life of religion in the soul of Mrs Graham was at a lower ebb than formerly. A conscientious observance of the Sabbath, however, which throughout life she maintained, proved to her a remembrance and revival of devotional exercises. She wandered on those sacred days into the woods around Niagara, searched her Bible, communed with her God, and poured out her soul in prayer, and thus her religious principles and affections were kept in exercise, though throughout the week, the attention of friends, her domestic comfort and employments, and the amusements pursued in the garrison, she often used to confess, occupied too much of her time and affections. While at Niagara, her daughters Joanna, afterwards Mrs Bethune, and Isabella, afterwards Mrs Smith, were born."\*

\* Memoir of Mrs Graham.

MRS MARSHALL TO MRS GRAHAM, NIAGARA.

*Elderslie, 1771.*

O, my dear child, can such a thing come to pass, as that we should be settled near each other ; but that is a happiness, I am afraid, I shall not be thought worthy of in this world. O, for that happy and most glorious day, when we shall meet never to part again, and join our everlasting anthems of praise to our dear Redeemer, who has saved our souls from everlasting destruction. I am glad to hear that your dear little creatures are well and thriving. You say it is foolish to write children's prattle ; but, my dear, I take it kind, and am well entertained with it. I return them both my hearty thanks for their kisses on the paper. O, to embrace them in my arms. My dear children ! I may, and I may never see them ; but may the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, —my own God, rest upon you and them.—I claim your and their title to it. O, my dearest child, I hope you are maintaining your integrity and perseverance in the way of God ; not ashamed, I trust, to own yourself a servant of Jesus Christ, even before a wicked and licentious world ; if you own him and his cause before such, he will not be ashamed to own you, when he comes in his Father's glory, and all the holy angels with him.

TO MRS MARSHALL, ELDERSLIE.

*Niagara, Feb. 3, 1771.*

My Dear Mother,

I have for a month past, with others, been wishing for the arrival of the express, in full expectation of at least one letter from you or my brother. I have got my wish: the express has arrived, to the joy and satisfaction of many; but for the Doctor and me, it has brought nothing but disappointment. I will not blame you; perhaps I am only unlucky. I feel persuaded that if you have written, it has been by the packet. As I told you before. So far as I can understand, I have got every letter you have sent that way.

This has been the mildest winter remembered by any of the people on this ground. A few days ago fell the first snow worth mentioning; neither have we had much frost. We have all, thank God, enjoyed perfect health since I last wrote to you, except, what we must expect, the children now and then a little fretful with their teeth. They are both stout hearty girls. Jessy talks much of grand-mamma, and wont allow that she is a Canadian, but a Scotch girl.

My two Indian girls come on very well indeed. The eldest milked the cows all summer; she washes and irons all the clothes for the family, scrubs the floors, and does the most part of the kitchen work,

The young one's charge is the children, and some other little turns, when the infant is asleep. I teach them to read and to sew when they have any spare time. As for me, I find I have enough to do to superintend. You may be sure I help a little too now and then. I make and mend what is necessary for the family, for I must be tailor, mantua-maker, and milliner.

In the forenoon the Doctor makes his rounds as usual. I generally trot about till two o'clock, dress the children, order dinner, dress myself, and twenty other things, which you know are necessary to be looked after by the mistress of a family. After dinner I sit down to my work, and we have always a book which the Doctor reads, when I can attend ; when I cannot, he reads something else.

As I am the only wife in the place, we have a regular tea-table, and now and then a little frugal supper ; for the Doctor has come more into my way of thinking, and does not insist upon cutting a figure as much as some time ago. When alone, he reads and I work, as usual. He is seldom out, and never but when I am with him. We are easy in our circumstances, and want for nothing that is necessary ; in short, my ever dear parents, my life is easy and pleasant. The Lord my God make it pious and useful.

Could I place myself and family in the same circumstances, and every thing to go on in the same manner, within a few miles of you, I should be

happy for life ; and were it not for this hope, which my heart is set upon, I should be miserable.

We find the newspapers full of preparation for war ; may the Lord dispose all hearts to peace, for I hate the sound, though it is the wish of the greatest number about me. There is no prospect of our leaving this place for a year yet. For my part, I have only two reasons for wishing it. The first is, that I should like to be in some Christian society ; the other, that I might do something towards getting home. To return to the gay world again I have no ambition. My family here, and my friends at home, engross all my attention ; and when I see the one, and hear of the other being well, I am happy. Time never hangs heavy on my hand ; I can always find employment and amusement too, without the assistance of what go under the name of diversions.

We have lately had several visits from a great family. The chief of the Seneca nation having a daughter not well, he brought her to the Doctor to see what could be done for her. He, his squaw or lady, and daughters, breakfasted with us several times. I was as kind, and made all the court to them I could, though we could not converse but by an interpreter. I made the daughters some little presents, and the Doctor would not be fee'd. You will say this was foolish ; but it is not with them as with us, their greatest men are always the poorest. Who knows but these little services may

one day save our scalps. There have been several threatenings of an Indian war ; thank God, it seems to be quite hushed again.

War with civilized nations is nothing to war with Indians. They have no mercy, nor give any quarter to man, woman, or child ; all meet the same fate, except where they take a liking to particular persons ; those they adopt as their children, and use them as such.

The Doctor joins in affectionate respects to my dear father, and you, the boys, and all our dear friends.

I am as much as ever, and will be to my latest breath, my dear Mama.

Your affectionate daughter,

L. GRAHAM.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*Niagara, May 31, 1771.*

My ever Dear Mama.

After long waiting and many disappointments, I have, at last, the inexpressible pleasure of a letter from you. The date I lost in the wafer, but judge, from its contents, it was written in November or December. You say you can wait, with patience, five or six weeks, or even two months, but I am obliged to wait six, seven, and sometimes eight months without a line from you, or any other friend in your quarter. Davidson never writes,

and your letter is the first and only intelligence we have had how James was disposed of. The Doctor joins me in thanking you for the full and satisfactory account you gave of all his three children. Be so kind, my dear Mama, to communicate, from time to time, all you can learn concerning them. They possess, and deservedly, a very large share of their Papa's affections, and you well know how dear they are to me.

I think Mrs H— — treated you harshly : the best thing she should have done was to have given you a soothing answer. If she reckons you foolish, she may reflect upon a time when she was more so ; but little said is soon mended. One-half of the world can only feel for themselves, and nine out of ten only for themselves and near connections : so that, we must bear our own griefs the best way we can ; we shall find few to take part in them, and fewer will give themselves much trouble to relieve them. When you meet with a M——d, or some such kindred soul, then it is you may unbosom yourself : then you may expect soothing sympathy, friendly advice, and tender condolence, and that nothing will be left unattempted within the compass of their power or hope to relieve you : but such souls are rare.

With regard to our going home, I am not disheartened for all you have written to me : our gentlemen, I mean the officers, see things in a dif-



ferent light. Our regiment is the only one in his Majesty's service that is destined never to leave America ; all of them are supposed to be natives of the soil ; so it is named the " Royal Americans," and fixed to guard the country. Other regiments are relieved every six years ; I mean they have a claim to go to Britain, after having served six years abroad, and the regiment which went to Pensacola, which the Doctor should have gone with, is now at New York on their way to Britain. The officers came into this regiment from choice ; they either bought or got commissions which fell to them ; but it is different with the Doctor,—he was appointed to it, not from choice, but necessity, and it is thought, when he has served six years abroad, he will have a just claim either to be allowed to retire, or appointed to a regiment at home. It is now nearly four years since we left home,—the six will soon pass away. Do not, my dear mother, make yourself so unhappy, nor trouble people about us, who do not care three farthings whether we go or stay. If it will be for your or our good, I make not the smallest doubt we shall be successful in our endeavours to bring it about. Let us leave the event to God.

O, my dear mother, if you knew my heart, what would I not give or do to make you and my father happy. I am sure, while any of you are unhappy, I must be so too.

The Doctor desires his best wishes to my father, you, and Mr D——. Farewell, my dear Mama. That God may bless you with spiritual and temporal comfort, is the prayer of

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

MRS GRAHAM, TO HER BROTHER, MR HUGH  
MARSHALL.

*Niagara, June, 1771.*

My dearest Brother,

I was made happy the other day, by receiving a letter from you, being the second I have had from you since we parted.

It gave us great pleasure to find; both from Papa's letters, and your own, that you were getting on so well, and so much interested in the profession you have made choice of.

Edinburgh, I suppose, will be your home for this winter; and although I do not require to recommend frugality to you, as you have always been careful, yet as your education is expensive, and our father's circumstances not as easy as they have been, you will require to make the most of all your advantages.

The Doctor says, that attending anatomy, the Infirmary, and lectures upon the cases, is as much as you should undertake the first winter; but he adds, be very particular in writing down the cases,

that so each may be impressed on your memory—not to be forgotten.

But my dear brother, may I put in a hope, that you will never allow even the study of your profession, to interfere with duties still more important. Begin and end each day with God,—seek his direction, protection, and blessing; pray that He would aid you in study, and strengthen you to resist temptation; for indeed, my dear, I do tremble for you, when I think of the snares and temptations to which you may be exposed. I have often heard it observed, that students of medicine were more openly profane, than any other class of young men; and it does seem strange, that it should be so, when one thinks of all that they come in contact with, so calculated to make them serious. But what can preserve those who neglect God, and are forsaken of Him? They must fall a prey to every temptation, and be led entirely by their blind and foolish passions.

Shun, my dear, as you would the road to perdition, all scoffers at religion; join not with them even in innocent amusement, for you know not what snares they may lay for you before you part. The wisest of men has said, “Evil communications corrupt good manners.” Let then, my dearest brother, our blessed Lord’s advice to his disciples be always present with you, “Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation.” Indeed, nothing can save you, but a steady and constant correspondence

with your own heart, and with your God : and Oh ! my dear ! when you *have* strayed, as I can foresee you often will, fly not *from* but to your Heavenly Father ; endeavour not to stifle the voice of conscience, but rather bear with its reproofs ; return, humble and penitent to God as your Father, and seek forgiveness through the merits of your blessed Redeemer ; double your watchfulness, and pray for Divine grace to strengthen you in your resolution, and you shall assuredly be again restored to the favour and friendship of God.

My dear, dear brother, I am so interested about you. I cannot help preaching thus, and you must take it as a proof of my affection whether you need it or not. All I can do at this distance is to pray for you, and that I shall always do ; and may God hear my prayers on your behalf, and answer them.

My dear Hugh, why do you say you have nothing to write to me about : how much you might tell me of Papa and Mama, that I can hear from no one else : you know how I love them, and how deeply interesting to me, every particular connected with them, ever must be : besides, there must be many changes among our large circle of friends and acquaintances since I left home. Now, although these are things I dont choose to trouble Mama with, yet, chit-chat of this sort would be very interesting to me, would you only take the trouble of committing it to paper. I should then be made perfectly acquainted with every thing

about our own family, and likewise with what passes in the country around. In short, I should like you to write to me in that easy chatty style I know you would do, were I only at the distance of Glasgow from you.

I must stop as my letter is called for. With much love and best wishes, ever believe me your warmly attached sister,

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

The commencement of the revolutionary struggle in America, rendered it necessary, in the estimation of the British Government, to order the 60th regiment, composed in a great measure of Americans, to another scene of action. Their destination was the Island of Antigua. Dr and Mrs Graham, and their family, consisting of three infant daughters, and two young Indian girls, crossed the woods from Niagara to Owegatchie, and from thence, descended the Mohawk in batteaux to Schenectady. Here Dr Graham left his family, and went to New York to complete a negotiation he had entered into for the sale of his commission, to enable him to settle on a tract of land on the banks of the river they had just descended. This negotiation, however, was broken off; Dr Graham was obliged to proceed with the Regiment; and, under feelings of harrowing anxiety respecting their future lot, the following letter was penned to him.

MRS GRAHAM TO DR GRAHAM.

*Schenectady, October 1772.*

My Dearest Doctor,

I was made happy with your letter this evening by post, the first from New York, and third in all. I am very lucky. I have got the half you have sent ; yet it is still a satisfaction to know that you wrote, though I should never see them. This is the fourth from me, and you have received none ; it is hard, but how could you threaten so ? Were you never to see a line from me, you might be sure I could not keep long silence. You have alarmed me, my love—the transports were to sail with other vessels, which have now arrived. Grandidier is gone, McA—— goes on Monday, and not one word either of your coming up, or allowing me to go down ; for heaven's sake, Doctor, do not leave me. I cannot, indeed I cannot, stay behind. I must risk all or be miserable. I repeat, dear Doctor, do not leave me ; if you must go, I must follow. I would go down with Mrs McA——, but I am afraid of disobliging you, as you give me no sort of license. I look at your letter from Albany. You say there is a probability of leaving the army. What has become of that probability ? To-morrow is Sunday. I shall not think it wrong to add a line or two, if I have any thing to say that may be written.

*Sunday Evening.*

I have been to church all day, but could not attend. I read that part of your letter to Captain McA—— regarding the transports; he and his lady are of opinion that I ought to go with them. O, that I were at liberty. My mind is like the troubled sea—now I think I will go, again I think I will wait; nothing but the fear of disobliging you, which I never did willingly in my life, prevents me from packing up.

When I came home from church I found my children a great trouble to me. That I might be at liberty to ruminate at large, my God only present, I went into the fields. It was a charming evening, not a breath of wind, nor any thing to be heard, but the lowing of cattle at a distance, the chirping of grasshoppers amongst my feet, and the soft murmurs of the creek winding along: yet this deep, serene scene could not compose my troubled mind. I poured out my soul into the bosom of my God, and implored his direction. I considered probabilities, according to their various appearances, and am yet undetermined.

Upon reviewing what I wrote yesterday, I find I am unworthy to be heard: have I not given over myself and concerns to the direction of Providence? Often have I, since I parted with you, begged and prayed with all my heart, that God would direct your judgment, that He would lead

you to take such measures as might, in the end, prove best for you and yours, and form and fix your resolution, with this promise, that I would acquiesce in whatever was done ; and now I begin to retract, and say, I will not submit—frail mortal ! Forgive me, my God—forgive me, my husband. Let Him do with me what he sees best, and through you, whom He has made my lord, choose for us, what He in his infinite wisdom sees fittest for us.

Now I will conclude lest I again relapse. Farewell, I am more than I can express.

Your affectionate wife,

L. GRAHAM.

DR GRAHAM TO MRS GRAHAM, SCHENECTADY.

*New York, Oct. 6. 1772.*

My dearest Bell,

I am afraid this epistle will be the most disagreeable of any you have had yet : but I will never conceal from you what it is necessary you should know.

Last post brought a letter from Doctor H——, declining the purchase, pretending he cannot join before some time in November : but I can easily discern he has altered his mind. which, according to our present conception of things, is a very great disappointment ; but whether it may not, in the end, be for our advantage, is what we do not know.



All that can be said is, it has not failed on my side : and the Major has written another letter, by post. enforcing the necessity of his coming, at the same time promising all the indulgence in his power. If this letter bring him, good : if not, I must go with the regiment. Every person here gives a favourable account of the Island, and by far the preference to Jamaica. You know I have all along left your going, or staying, or residing where you are, entirely to yourself : at the same time, I hope you are perfectly convinced, that I am always happy when I have it in my power to be with my dearest wife and best friend. Now, after this long preamble, I must be explicit. It is uncertain how long we may be here, as the arrival of the transports depends on the winds, &c., and it will be three weeks before we receive a letter from Doctor H——. If you choose to come here, I hope this will be in time before Lieutenant C—— leaves Schenectady ; but, if not, Mr Ellis will get you information of a sloop, and exactly when she sails, before you leave your own house, so that you may sleep on board the same night you leave Schenectady. Captain G—— and family did so.

But, if you choose to remain where you are, and allow me to go with the battalion, and write to you what kind of climate and place it is, and whether I think of continuing in the army or not, so as to determine your motions in the spring, I will take care that you shall want for nothing but

each other's company, which I flatter myself is equally disagreeable to us both ; but, by all means, write me by post, whatever your resolution be. It is not in my power to get away, from the number of sick, M—— going out and kicking up a dust about medicine money, and other grievances. Whatever money you want, get it from Mr E——.

When I reflected seriously upon leaving the regiment, and launching out into the wide world again, without any sort of settlement or certainty. with no great taste for pushing business, I must own it looked gloomy : but I comforted myself that it was a plan agreeable to my best friend on earth, and, at the same time, convinced she would contribute all in her power to the support of our numerous family. My manner of life is entirely changed. I am not fond of company, and indifferent about show : the great world I abhor ; a few, and but a few, chosen friends ; I could enjoy, and to give them what I could afford good of its kind.

We may plan and scheme, and consequently propose, what we think most conducive to happiness, but God Almighty, who is also the God of Providence, will dispose all things according to his will, and, in the end, I hope for our everlasting welfare.

I believe the greatest number in the battalion will be glad at my disappointment. Mr McD—— desires to be remembered to you. Compare situa-

tions with his wife: they have been long, very long, together, and yet it is a thousand chances to one if they ever see each other again. He told me the trouble and distress he was in, how to dispose of her in such a manner as he could wish, and at the same time afford. I dare say I have fatigued you with so much matter of a disagreeable sort; but I can, from my very soul, assure you my affection and attachment grows more and more, if I may use the expression, when I long thought it was impossible to increase; and, I think, I never would murmur to finish my life on an island with my dearest Bell, if she had every necessary.

Your affectionate husband.

J. GRAHAM.

Immediately on receiving this letter, Mrs Graham left Schenectady, and joined her husband in New York, from whence they embarked with the regiment on the 5th of November 1772, for the Island of Antigua. Only three weeks, however, after their arrival, six companies were ordered to St Vincents, to quell an insurrection of the Caribs, and Dr Graham having to accompany them, Mrs G. had to endure the pain of separation under circumstances more trying than she had yet experienced; war with savages, exposing not only to so many dangers, but to the infliction of atrocities the most appalling.

MRS GRAHAM TO DR GRAHAM, ST VINCENTS.

*Antigua, Jan. 16. 1773.*

My Dearest Doctor,

This goes by Mr W——, who sails to-morrow ; also a letter to Captain G——. Mr M—— begs to be remembered to you : he has been foot and hand to me since you left. My dearest Doctor, suffer me to put you in remembrance of what you put in the end of your trunk, the morning you left me,\* and let it not lie idle. Read it as the voice of God to your soul. My dearest love, I have been greatly distressed for fear of your dear life ; but the love I bear to your soul is as superior to that of your body, as the value of one surpasses the other ; consequently my anxiety for its interest is proportioned. May Heaven preserve my dearest love—lead you, guide you, direct you, so can you never go wrong—protect and defend you, so shall you ever be safe, is the daily prayer of

\* Your affectionate Wife,

I. GRAHAM.

I am told that you have taken a number of prisoners. I know not if you have any right to entail slavery on these poor creatures. If any fall to your share, do set them at liberty.

\* Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.

## MRS GRAHAM TO DR GRAHAM.

*Antigua, Jan. 31. 1773.*

My ever Dear Doctor,

Your kind,\* your welcome letter reached me four days ago. My little friend, Mrs Grandidier, and I were sitting over a dish of tea at Rat Island, not speaking scandal, but bewailing our unhappy fate, in being separated from all that could render life agreeable or happy, when, behold a messenger from Mrs M'S——, with two letters in his hand. Mrs G—— had nigh upset the tea-table and all the children: she got hold of them first, exclaiming, “Is it possible?” “It is, it is, I know the hand,” (cried I). Down we sat, and were both mute for half an hour. We were now so happy, that had not the children been so clamorous I know not when we should have parted; but, it was now quite dark, the children almost asleep, so we tore ourselves asunder, but not for a long time. We spend three or four days in the week together; we are company for nobody else, nor is any body else company for us. We dwell on the dear subject; hob or nob to your health—in wine, in water, in tea,—give free scope to our tongues, communicate our fears, our hopes, our wishes, repeat the same thing ten times over, and return to our homes with our minds greatly disburthened. You would hardly believe it, but indeed Mrs G—— is every bit as

great a fool as your Bell. I would not love her half so well if she were not. We enjoy a melancholy happiness which those who have never felt as we do can have no idea of. I have written twice, but I scarce know what ; before the receipt of your letter I was miserable, and from such a mind nothing but confusion could proceed ; besides, I was far from being well. Thank God, I am now perfectly recovered ; the children are still but indifferent. Mrs G—— and I dined once with the commanding officer ; things neat, but not extravagant. Mrs B—— and Mrs M'—— have been to pay their respects to Lady P—— : my little friend and I think it our duty, but we cannot prevail upon ourselves to take the trouble.

Dr E—— and lady have arrived ; she is a very pretty woman. Dr Galloway writes to you himself, so I need say nothing of the sick.

My dearest love, this far I wrote five days ago, as the sloop was expected to sail on Sunday. Mrs Grandidier is now with me, and bids me say nothing new has happened. She sends her love to Captain G——, and her respects to you. We have made you a few biscuits to relish a glass of wine ; and I beg leave to propose the toast—" May we have in our arms, whom we love in our hearts."

By any accounts we have as yet, there seems to be little hopes of seeing you soon ; we beg therefore, that if there be any thing that we could send that would make your situation more comfortable, you

will let us know. Mr M·S—— has voluntarily become my agent to find me opportunities, and see any thing I send put on board, or whatever business I may have for him to do. I am going to write a few lines to Mr A——, begging, when he has an opportunity for this place, and has no letter for me, that he will drop me a line communicating his last intelligence. If I can only hear that you are alive and well, it will be such a cordial to me, for O, at times, my heart forebodes such dreadful things. O, Doctor, but for the dear hope of having you one day restored to me, my life would be insupportable: how uncertain is that hope. Farewell, my love! may Heaven defend and protect you, prays

Your fond and affectionate Wife,

I. GRAHAM.

MRS GRAHAM TO HER PARENTS.

*Antigua, 28th February 1773.*

My ever Dear Parents,

By this time, I am afraid you will be taxing me with negligence, or dreading something worse. But believe me there has not been one opportunity, for either Britain or Ireland, since our arrival on this island, for you cannot be more anxious to receive than I have been to send letters to you. I wrote about a month ago, by way of Virginia; but I have reason to think this will reach you as

soon as that. I told you my dear husband was far from me, at the island of St Vincent. As it is the seat of war, he could not take me with him, nor indeed with my large family was it possible, for they must always be in camp, and moving every day; but had it not been for my children, the world should not have divided us. It is now six weeks since he left me; it seems as so many years, and I have not heard from him all that time. I am sure if he is alive it is not his fault, for I have never known him miss one opportunity of writing to me all the times he was absent from me before; but I am told it is so dangerous to go from the place of encampment to Kingston, their seaport town, that they cannot venture without a strong guard: so I suppose there are no opportunities of writing. You may be sure I am very dull. Some of the islanders have been very kind to me, and endeavoured to make my time pass as agreeably as possible, but alas! I find little relief in company—it is rather burdensome.

O were I but near enough my dear, my ever affectionate and sympathizing mama, to pour my full heart into her bosom, and receive her consolation, what a relief would it be! But whole seas roll, and oceans roar, between me and her.

It is not long since I thought that wished-for time at hand, when I should once more embrace my dear parents. But Providence seemed to interpose, for wise reasons no doubt, yet I found it



hard to submit. I do not yet despair, however. The Doctor is heartily tired of the army, and will leave no stone unturned to get out of it. But do my dear parents think it prudent we should return to Scotland, when thousands every year are leaving it for these lands of plenty? We have just left where only the idle are poor, and every body tells us there is no such thing as farming now in Scotland so as to pay a rent, and live by it; and to return with so large a family, and be entirely dependent on business, would be running a great risk. Still if we were only sure that our duty lay that way we should not hesitate. but commit ourselves to Providence without an anxious thought of what was to come. What, then, would you advise? Will you come to us, or shall we return to you?

You will be anxious to know if we have the Gospel in this place. I can inform you without doubt we have. There is a gentleman in this island, a man of fortune and great good sense (he was Speaker in the House of Assembly, and one of the principal men of the place) who has laid aside his worldly grandeur, and the cares of the state, and charged himself with the care of souls, and the interests of religion, and, after the example of his blessed Master, instructs the ignorant, and them that are out of the way, doing good to the souls as well as the bodies of men. He preaches in the town of St John's every Sunday and every

Thursday. He pays a great rent for the house he preaches in, and has seated it, and prepared it as a place of worship at his own expense. The seats are all free, and besides this he pays two young men a salary for preaching and instructing. Such a man does great credit to religion and stops the mouths of the wicked, for even those who call him an enthusiast, and laugh at his manner of life, must allow that he is one of the best of men, and is possessed of every amiable quality; nor can they allege any motive under the sun for his giving himself all this trouble but compassion for the souls of men, particularly the poor negroes, who are treated here as if they had no souls, and are as ignorant as the brutes, and except in his, are seldom to be seen in any place of worship. He belongs to no sect that I know of. His form of worship is the same with ours, his doctrine sound and wholesome, so far as my judgment can discern. He preaches Christ crucified, salvation in and through him, by faith, this last the foundation of good works, and good works the evidence of saving faith. The doctrine of regeneration by the blessed Spirit of God he has made more plain to me than ever I saw it before, and leaves man without an excuse if he does not obey the Gospel. I am his constant hearer, and if it please God to restore to me my husband, we will endeavour to get better acquainted with him. I must finish : Wishing every blessing may attend you and yours,

my dear parents, I am, and ever will be, while  
God continues my life,

Your affectionate Daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS GRAHAM, ANTIGUA.

*Chateau Bellaire, Feb. 8. 1773.*

My Dearest Life,

This ominous and agreeable 8th of February brought me your very welcome letter, which proves a cordial beyond expression comforting. I wrote to you two letters, the first by one of the ships of war, another to go by the packet, and as I have hopes of forwarding this to Kingston, I could not resist thanking you for your kind, very kind letter.

We are in hopes something will be done, by way of Congress, with the Caribs this week. God grant this affair may end soon, for, believe me, being separated from you is my greatest uneasiness. I have perused Doddridge, but not as much as I might: your requesting any thing will make me go any length in compliance, so I will read more of him.

Dearest Bell, keep up your spirits; our happiness, I trust, is not at a great distance. Remember me to all friends; thank Mr M——, and every person, for me, who wishes to be serviceable to you. Captain Grandidier always keeps time with me in writing to his agreeable little woman. All your

acquaintances send their best wishes. We have taken no prisoners, nor will any fall to our share. as. I suppose, they will be exported, no one knows where. Adieu, always believe me,

Your most faithful and affectionate Husband.

JOHN GRAHAM.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Chateau Bellaire, Feb. 12. 1773.*

My Dearest Bell,

Your welcome and most agreeable letter, the last part written so late as the 4th, I received yesteday, with one enclosed for Grandidier. Yesterday and to-day we have had all the world here—General, Admiral, Sir William Young, &c. &c. You must know we have a great many Caribs for neighbours: by some method or other a kind of correspondence commenced between us, and they at last consented to collect their chiefs and great men together, and were to come here as yesterday. The Major immediately sent off an express to the grand camp, and, in course, the General with the whole staff came, besides all the principal people within ten or a dozen miles. It was late last evening before the Caribs appeared: so this day nine of their chiefs came in with only walking sticks in their hands, acknowledged their error, and were willing to go where his Majesty pleased, having their lives and liberty.

On Wednesday next they are to give up their arms, and surrender them, at Grand Sable, where the General is. For my part, I rejoice that we have so near a prospect of returning to where all my worldly comfort and happiness is ; besides, the campaign is far from agreeable, and let what will happen, there is no glory or honour to be expected. Although I believe the Royal Tomahawks are envied for being instrumental in bringing about this Congress, if I may call it so, with savages, yet necessity must soon have obliged them to surrender. So much for news. I am sure they must be agreeable to you.

We continue to live pretty well ; our men are not very sickly, at least we have lost none. The other morning one of the light infantry's muskets went off, and almost deprived him of his thumb ; but I soon made him rid of it altogether : he made such a bellowing that I thought he had lost both legs and arms. The women here are very well off ; they have not only provisions for themselves but for their children. I have wine, sugar, &c. for the sick, and I am promised some sheep to make broth for them.

The soil on this part of the Island is exceedingly rich ; if the pigs were to dig with their noses, and you were to throw seed carelessly about, it would grow and produce a great crop. Nothing but verdure all around. Most romantic hills, all covered with trees, and very thick brush under-

neath, a vast variety of flowers, fine aromatic herbs, so that when you walk along you are regaled ; fine serpentine rivers running down from the heights, and meandering along the valleys, full of fine fish of the most delicate kinds ; vast flocks of humming-birds. Every morning, before I get up, I am charmed with a variety of notes from the other birds all round our barracks.

In obedience to you, my dearest Bell, I every morning read a portion of Doddridge. I hope by the time I have the happiness of being with my dearest, I shall be able to give a good account of your favourite book.

JOHN GRAHAM.

DR GRAHAM TO MRS GRAHAM, ANTIGUA.

*Chateau Bellaire, Feb. 23. 1773.*

My Dearest Bell,

It is almost two weeks since I have heard any tidings from Antigua, where all my worldly happiness resides. My spirits sink prodigiously when the day is nearly over, and I without intelligence ; but my Bell is not to blame, want of opportunities, or letters have miscarried.

The Carib war is now over, and the poor creatures are to remain where they were driven to. The grounds the army took possession of, they have given up, and seem satisfied with the terms given them ; glad, no doubt, poor things, to be allowed

to stay in the place of their nativity. They have kissed the cross, and taken the oath of fidelity to his Majesty.

Do you know, my dear Bell, that this Carib war, or what you please to call it, has made much noise and disturbance at home : they call it an unwarranted war, and that we have no right to an inch of their ground. The House of Commons refuse paying the expenses incurred, and the December packet brought orders to evacuate the Island of troops, and leave them in possession of all their lands. That order was kept back till the treaty was finished. It seems our six companies are to remain on the Island till his Majesty's pleasure is known. I am afraid his Majesty's pleasure will not be known for four months. Our Major went to the great council, and we have not yet seen him, so cannot give any thing more satisfactory. My love to my girls. I am, while reason and life remain, my dear Bell,

Yours most affectionately.

JOHN GRAHAM.

MRS GRAHAM TO HER MOTHER.

*Antigua, June 8, 1773.*

My ever dear Mother,

I have not received one line from you for eight months ; judge if my mind can be easy : surely you must know, long ago, where we are, as

I wrote to you from New York, immediately before we embarked. No less than three vessels, from Scotland, have arrived since we came here, though this is the first for it. I wrote to you by way of London, and the Doctor wrote to Davidson since.

When I last wrote I was in great distress, my dear Doctor being both absent and in danger. He returned to me after three month's absence ; the Major, with whom he is in high favour, gave him leave ; the rest of the battalion have not yet returned.

This is a miserable quarter for the army ; neither officers nor men can live ; provisions of every kind are both scarce and dear ; most of those who were here before us left the Island in debt ; it will require great management if our people make both ends meet ; most of them are very prudent.

When we left Niagara we had saved a trifle, but the expense of travelling, dear living, and being obliged to keep two families so long, I believe has made away with the most of it. I sometimes fret a good deal at it. You would be surprised to hear the Doctor preach. He says, we ought to be thankful ; we have hitherto been richly and bountifully provided for ; we ought not to repine, nor doubt, seeing we have the same Providence to depend upon ; that we ought not to set our hearts upon any thing in this world ; being very short-sighted we cannot know what is proper



for us. Having done for the best, when we are disappointed, we ought to rest satisfied that either what we wish is not for our good, or it will in some future dispensation of Providence be brought about another way, and in a fitter time. Indeed, my dear Mama, in some things he is a better christian than I am. May God make him so in every thing.

My poor heart was lifted up with the prospect of spending the remainder of my life with my dear parents : the disappointment sat very heavy on me, and were it not for the hope that I may still have that happiness. I could scarcely support it.

I cannot say any thing satisfactory respecting our present prospects ; we have still our schemes, but whether they will succeed or not, God knows. Why should we make you share in every disappointment we meet with ? I will write nothing on the subject till I can say something certain, only be assured that you cannot wish more earnestly a change in our situation than we do ourselves. The battalion being stationed in this disagreeable Island will be a considerable hinderance to the Doctor's getting any one to supply his place.

The Doctor has but indifferent health, though no very dangerous symptoms. I am much distressed with the heat of the climate, and the tooth-ache, otherwise tolerably well ; but the poor children suffer dreadfully. Poor Isabella has been at the gates of death ; but it pleased God to restore

her. The other two keep on their feet, but suffer from heat and vermin; they can neither play in the day, nor sleep in the night. We are roasted all day, and eat up by musquitoes all night,—a kind of insect like our gnats, but much worse.

Jessy has been too long with me. Unless I lock my children up, I cannot save them from bad example, situated as I am. It would make your hair stand on end to hear of the wicked practices and language of the soldiers' children; and these I cannot keep her from, more or less. Would you, my dear mother, take charge of her and Joanna; I would send them by the first opportunity. Do by them as if they were your own. I am more anxious about the piety of their education, than the gentility of it. I must finish with my paper: compliments to all enquiring friends; my tender love to my dear father and brothers. Believe me, my dear mother, while life and judgment remain.

Your affectionate daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

Shortly after Mrs Graham wrote this letter, she sent her eldest daughter to Scotland, but, previous to her arrival, her grandmother had departed to a better world. The following letter was written on receiving the melancholy tidings.

## MRS GRAHAM TO MR MARSHALL.

*Antigua, August 21, 1773.*

My dearest Papa,

The dismal tidings of my dear, my tender, my affectionate mother's death, reached me yesterday. I am so distressed, that I can scarcely write : and no wonder ! for never was there such a mother ! My loss is indeed great ; but O ! my dear, my afflicted father, how my heart bleeds for you. Father of mercies, support my aged parent, and enable him to place his hopes of happiness beyond this transitory world, and to follow the footsteps of the dear departed saint, till he joins her in glory. never, never more, to be separated.

My dearest father, we may indeed mourn for ourselves ; but she is happy—that is beyond all doubt. Her delight was with God while she was here—her closet was a Bethel—her Bible was her heart's treasure, and His people were her loved companions. She has now joined the innumerable company above, where she continues the same services, without human frailty, and the enjoyment heightened beyond our highest conceptions.

O then, my dear father, be comforted ; let us now try to follow her—let her Saviour now be ours, and then shall we be blest with like consolations.

My dearest father, I cannot tell you how much

I feel for you ; my tears will not allow me, they flow so fast, that I cannot write all I would ; what should I give to be with you? but these are vain words.

The Doctor, however, fully expects that next summer will bring him leave to go home ; then, I trust, we shall be in some fixed place of abode, and my dear, dear papa, you will come and live with us. I shall feel it a privilege beyond what I can tell, to perform every piece of service you stand in need of,—soothe your pains, and comfort you under the infirmities of old age.

My dear, my worthy brother, how has that tender letter, and the noble resolution he has taken, endeared him to me ! It is certainly his indispensable duty to stay with you in your present solitary situation : but such a dutiful, affectionate son, must be a great comfort to you, and he will not lose his reward.

I am anxious, my dearest father, to know the particulars of my mother's death. Who attended her on her illness? was the nurse who was with her a good woman? was she sensible? did she expect death? and did she mention me, and leave me her blessing? my dear, dear father, tell me all.

Hugh says, you cannot write yet, but I trust he will, and beg of him to be particular. If he is with you, give him the following postscript.

Farewell, my beloved father, may your God and Redeemer be your support, and final portion. Is the prayer of your affectionate daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

*P.S.*—My dear brother, doubly my brother, for the resolution you have taken. Yes, my dear, stay with your afflicted father, let no advice persuade you to leave him.

O Hugh, I am scarcely able to support this stroke. What, then, must not our father feel for the companion of his youth—the friend of his old age—his partner in every joy—his soother in every sorrow.

My dearest Hugh, be very particular in your next, about our beloved mother; spare not paper, nor consider postage—gather all you can of her conversation—the words of a dying parent ought to be treasured up as so many jewels. Had she any Minister with her? Do tell me every thing, my beloved brother.

I trust, my dear, our mother's precepts and examples, may have an effect on our minds as long as we live; and may we both, trusting to the merits of the same Saviour, in whom she believed, have a happy meeting with her in the regions of bliss. Oh! Hugh, what a meeting that will be.

Farewell, my brother, I ever am your affectionate sister,

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

## CHAPTER II.

Mrs Graham has been hitherto presented to us enjoying all the happiness of the conjugal relation. Her husband devotedly attached, cherishing towards her the most unbounded confidence and esteem. and, through her judicious conduct, her consistent example, her winning tenderness and anxiety to promote his happiness, her efforts to direct his mind to the most important of all subjects, and her frequent fervent prayers in his behalf. growing in the knowledge of God, of Christ, and of Salvation.

This bright dawn of her life, however, was soon to be overcast. Her mother's death had filled her with grief. But another and a more overwhelming wave of sorrow was about to pass over her. Dr Graham had attempted to rouse her by saying, that "God might perhaps call her to a severer trial by taking her husband also." and the observation seemed prophetic. But, her own words describe her feelings in language more melting than would suggest itself to a mind that had not passed through the same furnace of affliction.

MRS GRAHAM TO MISS MARGARET GRAHAM,  
GLASGOW.

My Dear Sister.

Prepare yourself for a severe shock. from an event that has robbed me of every joy or comfort. and left me without one gleam of hope but in death:

Your amiable brother is no longer an inhabitant of this lower world. On the seventeenth of November he was seized with a putrid fever. which, on the twenty-second, numbered him with the dead. and left me a thing not to be envied, by the most abject beggar that crawls from door to door. Expect not consolation from me. I neither can give nor take it. But why say I so? Yes, I can. He died as a Christian, perfectly sensible to the last. and in full expectation of his approaching end. and perfectly resigned to his Master's will. O. Margaret, you knew not your brother's worth: you knew him not as a husband: he was not the same as when you knew him in his giddy years: he was to me all love. all affection, and partial to my every fault; prudent too in providing for his family. I had gained such an entire ascendancy over his heart, as I would not have given for the crown of Britain.

On Wednesday, at one o'clock, the seventeenth day of November 1773, my dear Doctor was seized with a violent fever. I sent for his assistant, Dr

Bowie : he not being at home, Dr Muir came, who prescribed an emetic in the evening, and his fever having greatly abated, it was accordingly given. In the morning Dr Bowie thought him so well. I did not ask for any other assistance. At ten o'clock his fever greatly increased, though not so violent as it had been the day before. He was advised to lose a little blood, which he did ; and towards evening it again abated.

I found he was not quite satisfied with what had been done for him ; at the same time he would do nothing for himself. Thursday evening I begged Dr Bowie to call in Dr Warner's assistance, notwithstanding he assured me there was not one dangerous symptom. Friday morning they both attended, and both pronounced him in a fair way of recovery.

About three o'clock Dr Eird came, who seemed surprised the thing had not been done which Dr Graham himself had been dissatisfied for the want of, the day before. Soon after, the medicine was sent ; but, oh, my dear husband said it was then too late. In the evening they all again attended, and insisted there was no danger. Saturday morning he seemed very easy, and the physicians said he was in a fine way. The fever was gone : the decoction of bark prescribed ; and they said he would be able to-morrow to take it in substance. I was not now the least apprehensive of danger, and was very earnest in prayer, that the Lord



would sanctify his affliction, and not suffer it to go off without leaving a sensible effect on his mind. Nay, I even said in my heart, "The rod is too soon removed, it will do him no good." Oh, that fools will still persist to prescribe to infinite wisdom and goodness. I was soon severely punished. About eleven he took the hiccup. I did not like it, but little knew it was so dangerous a symptom as I afterwards understood it was. I sent for Dr Bowie, who assured me that, though it was a disagreeable symptom with other attendants, in his case it was of no more consequence than if he or I were to take it. All that day it was so moderate that a mouthful of any liquid stopped it, though it always returned again : he often said it would be his death : but I imagined the pain it gave him extorted these words from him, rather than a sense of danger, and was much pleased to hear him often pray, that the Lord would give him patience and resignation to his blessed will, and still more to observe that he bore it with a patience beyond what was natural to him. He was of a quick temper, and being of a healthy constitution, he was but little accustomed to pain : but, during the whole of his severe and trying affliction, I do not remember to have heard a murmuring word escape his lips : so that I made no doubt but his prayers were heard, and the grace prayed for bestowed. In the evening it increased, and all that night it was very severe, so that he could not bear to be any way disturbed, nor could

I possibly prevail upon him to take his medicine, from two in the morning until ten o'clock, when the physicians again attended, and persuaded him to comply. This was Sunday. About mid-day Dr Warner sent some old hock, with orders that he should take some in his drink, and now and then a little plain. When the wine was brought in, and put on the table, he asked me what it was. I told him. He said, "Yes; they are now come to the last shift."

Mr Frank Gilbert, a good man, and, I believe, a real Christian, having come to town to preach.—for he is a methodist minister,—sent a note, kindly inquiring after him, and intimating, if it would be agreeable to him, he would visit him in the morning. He said, by all means; he should be very glad to see him. I said, My love, you know I have great faith in the prayers of God's people: suppose you should beg an interest in them this afternoon? He answered, "My dear, do you think they will forget me?" I said, "I hope, my love, you are not ashamed to desire the prayers of the people of God. it is not now a time to mind the ridicule of the world." He said, "No, Bell, I care not a farthing for the whole world, and you may make it my own request."

His disorder gained ground very fast that day, and I began to be much alarmed, but still I thought it would not end in death: but, though severe and dangerous, was sent in answer to my

repeated, earnest prayers to awaken in him a real concern about his eternal interest, to set the world and its vanities in their true light, and bring about that entire change of heart which our blessed Lord styles the new birth, and without which, he says, we cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.

It was now become very difficult for him to speak ; but by the motions of his hands and eyes, which were continually lifted up, when he had the smallest respite, I could easily see his thoughts were fixed on the importance of his situation ; besides many sentences, and half sentences, broke from his lips at different times, which left me without a doubt. “ Farewell,” said he, “ vain world, an idle world it is, nothing but shadows, and we keep chasing them as children do bubbles of water, till they break, and we find them nothing but air.”

Observing this inward recollection, I seldom disturbed him. He was perfectly acquainted with the truth, and believed it. The doctrines of religion were often the subject of our conversation, and in every point of faith we entirely agreed ; they only wanted to be felt and applied to the heart. This is not the work of man, though he is often made the instrument ; but when the distressed soul cannot make its particular case known, and when there is neither time nor ability to hearken to a variety of applications and lay hold on what suits it, advice and exhortation, however

good and applicable to most cases, may not be the most suitable to the particular case of that soul at that time. God alone, who can read the language of every sigh, and every groan, can make the application exactly suitable.

Thus I remained in silence to my dear husband, but not to my God. I was incessant in prayer, begging and beseeching that the Lord himself would carry on what he had so graciously begun ; that he would every way suit himself to his necessities, and give conviction or consolation as he saw needful ; but when he spoke, I endeavoured to answer him from God's own word, as I was able, or assisted. Once he exclaimed, " Draw me, and I will run after thee ;" at another time, " Surely thou wilt not allow thy blessed Son to plead in vain for me, an obstinate sinner." This was a degree of faith, and I endeavoured to strengthen it. I said, " My love, you know the way to the Father, through Christ, the only mediator. You say right ; he cannot plead in vain ; fly to him ; cast yourself at his feet ; trust in him ; hear his own invitation, ' Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' ' Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' " At another time, these words broke from his lips, " Form me, train me, prepare me for thyself." Here was a breathing after sanctification ; might not the promise be applied, " I will create a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee."

In the afternoon Mrs Grandidier came to sit half an hour by the bedside of the sick. It happened at a time when he should take his medicine, which he refused. It was natural for me to use every argument to persuade him. He at last got angry, and said, "You are an unreasonable woman;" and applying himself to Mrs G——, said, in broken accents, "I know not what to do with Bell. All I have done is for her satisfaction. It is cruel, and to no purpose, to torment me."

In the evening the physicians again attended, but could hardly get a word from him. While they sat by the bedside I went out to the gallery with Mrs G——. The apparent struggle she had to conceal her distress, the compassion and sympathy in her countenance, struck me. I easily perceived she gave up hope, and I began to suspect, not from her own judgment alone. She advised me to send away my children to a friend's house, and to send for a person who was capable of assisting me, it being no longer proper for me to be alone. Hitherto I had not suffered any person to do the least thing about him but myself, nor stirred from his bedside, except for a few minutes, to pour out my soul into the bosom of my God. I hardly, if ever, prayed for his recovery, being willing the rod should remain till it effected the purpose for which it was sent; and then I believed it would be removed, as if the Lord was to follow

exactly the rules prescribed by my weak, foolish, ignorant heart.

We are certainly taught to expect the answer to our prayers ; but it is because we ask amiss that we receive not,—and there is a presumptuous expectation. I thought, seeing he was so well acquainted with both the doctrines and duties of religion, and thought so justly of them, the reason why they made so little impression on his heart was, because he was too much at ease, too well satisfied with his present situation, and still more with his future prospects. I therefore often prayed, in almost express terms, for some affliction on the family, either in our circumstances or health : true. I left it to the Lord to choose ; but still I fear it was a sinful prayer. How little can poor, frail, short-sighted worms know what will or what will not prove a blessing !

Though God, in general, works by such and such means, he is not tied down to them, and can as easily accomplish his work, by the contrary, when he pleases. The true spirit of a Christian is an entire confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God, who alone knows what is best and fittest, and what will prove most for the eternal, as well as temporal, advantage of every individual of his creatures ; and next an entire resignation to his blessed will. We ought to receive every thing from his hand with thankfulness, contentment, or resignation. We ought to have no will of our

own, or, at least, it ought to be entirely in subjection to the will of God. We ought to pray that his kingdom may come, and his will be done ; but the means by which, the manner how, and the time when, ought to be left to God ; while we, from day to day, follow the order of Providence, and work with God to promote both.

Hitherto I had suffered little, believing all to be the answer to my prayers ; but I had not seriously thought of parting with him. I was now truly alarmed, and determined to know, as far as appearances went, the worst. Accordingly I stopped Dr Bowie on the gallery, “ Tell me, Doctor,” said I, “ what have I to expect ? it is cruel to flatter me : if you give me some warning, and prepare me, I may, perhaps, be able to support it : but if you suffer it to come upon me all at once, I shall certainly sink under the shock.” He was silent for some time, and then replied, “ I am really at a loss how to answer you.” I said, “ I will answer for you,—there is no hope.” He said, “ God forbid—he is in great danger ; but still there is hope ; and if you value his life, be calm.” I was composed. Strange composure ! I neither cried nor complained ; tears were denied a passage : I was fixed, and dumb like a statue. Can I, or any one else, describe my situation, or what I felt at that moment ? It was urged, of what consequence it was that I should be composed, that I might be able to do my duty to him, as no one could supply my

place to his satisfaction, and, perhaps, even now he might be in want of me. I returned to my post, which was, except when doing some necessary office about him, generally on my knees by his bed-side, partly that I might not lose the least whisper that came from his lips, and partly because it is my favourite posture for prayer, from which I could not cease, no not for one minute.

There were different medicines prescribed for that night, some in case that others proved too strong for his stomach, others in case of the increase of the hiccup. I found my head confused, and my memory incapable of retaining the variety of directions given; I therefore accepted of the offer of a friend of his to sit up with us that night, whom I begged to pay particular attention to the directions, and to watch the proper times the medicines were to be given. This he did with great care, and my dear Doctor was very pliable in taking them as they were offered. As for me, I was so deeply engaged with the concerns of his soul, I was unfit for any thing else.

After Dr Bowie let me know the danger he was in, I sent a letter to Mr Gilbert, begging he would not delay his visit till morning, as, perhaps, by that time he might not be able to speak to him. Accordingly he came; he asked him how he did; he answered "Very ill." He asked him the situation of his mind; he answered, "Entirely resigned to the divine will;" he asked him what hopes he had;



he said, his "hope was in the mercy of God through Christ." Mr G—— said, "You have no dependence on any thing else besides;" he said, "No, no, I have nothing else to depend upon." Then the Doctor desired him to pray; but, at the same time, to be short, as he had but short intervals from the hiccup. After prayer, Mr G—— told me it seemed difficult for him to speak, and he did not think it would be prudent to say more; that he would call again in the morning. Monday morning he was greatly weakened, having had little rest all night, from the severity of the hiccup. At ten o'clock the physicians again attended; but I could easily perceive they had but small hopes. My Doctor asked Doctor Warner if he thought it would be long before he would be at rest, who said, his pulse was still strong. He said, "It is a hard thing to die!" Mrs Braman came to spend the day with us, one of the Methodist society, and Mr McNab, whom my Doctor desired to pray with him, which he did. All this day he said little, but still continued in inward prayer, as was visible by the motions of his hands and eyes: he had many agonizing struggles, and often exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit." "Blessed Jesus, come and receive me to thyself—come—come—blessed Jesus, come!" Once, after a long struggle, he exclaimed, "Release me, O release me, and let me fly to the bosom of my Father!" All this time I never parted from his bed-side, but a few minutes to give my

soul a freer vent at a throne of grace. I never prayed for life, but that he might be washed, sanctified, and have all God's salvation completed in his soul, and received into the arms of his mercy. I also had been, and still was, very importunate that God would give me some token, some assurance that he would save his soul, and give him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of his glory ; and, by all that I had heard, seen, and felt. I was now satisfied that the most merciful God had sealed his pardon for Jesus' sake ; and I found myself ready, dearly as I loved him, to resign him into the hands of divine mercy ; but still I breathed after some further manifestation.

In the evening, Dr Galloway, an old acquaintance, arrived from the Island of Dominico, and, hearing of his friend's illness, came immediately to visit him. When my Doctor heard his voice only whisper how he was, he said, " I hear Galloway's voice," and stretched out his hand : so fully had he his senses to the last. Upon his feeling his pulse, he asked them if they thought he would be long. Doctor Fird replied, " You must not talk of dying, but of living ; you are stronger than when I was here this morning, and I have seen many worse recover. Do, do be advised, take your medicine, and try for life." These words brought a gleam of hope to my despairing soul, and, what had been denied me for twenty-four hours, a flood of tears, and I was greatly relieved. I went out to the gallery

and gave a free vent to my bursting heart. I now also begged the Lord for his life, and said in my heart, should he now be restored, how doubly blessed would he be, healed in soul and body. I returned to his bed-side, and I thus addressed my beloved : “ My dearest life, the doctors have still hopes, and we know nothing is impossible with God. Who knows what further service he may yet have for you in this world ? or whether he may not give you to my prayers, and restore you to your Bell and family. God works by means ; O be persuaded to take every thing prescribed, and pray to God for the blessing ; devote your future life to his service, and, for poor Bell’s sake, offer up a petition for life.” He did not interrupt me, but answered, “ Disengage yourself, Bell ; disengage yourself from me. I want to lift up my soul to God, and bless him for Jesus Christ.”

Dr Galloway was determined to stay with him all night, and see him take his medicine. Some time after, he had a severe attack of hiccup, and said to Doctor G——, “ I hope you are now convinced ?” He said, “ Of what ?” My Doctor said “ that dissolution is near.” A little after he said, “ Who died for all ?” and again repeated, “ Who died for all ?” I was forbid to speak to him, as rest was so much wanted, so I answered, “ Christ, my love ; but give up your soul to God, and try to shut your weary eyes, and get a little rest for your body ”—and so he did, and got a little sleep. All

that night he did every thing that was desired, but would drink nothing but cold water, which had been allowed. The wine he would not touch. His disorder increased so fast, that Dr Galloway, about five in the morning, said to me, "I may go home—I can be of no service, and I cannot stand it." I said, "I suppose I need not disturb him any more with medicine." He said, "No, you may give him what he calls for." Now, my God, all is over! I resign him up to thee! Only one parting word: something yet I want to assure my heart that thou wilt receive his soul. Some time after, he laid his hand upon Mrs Brannan's lap and made a sign to her; afterwards he made a sign to me, who was at the back of the bed, to come round. Mrs B—— thought he wanted her to retire, which she did. He looked after her. I said, "My love, she thinks you want to say something to me, can you speak?" He said, "Join—pray," which we did. He spoke no more for some time, only "Come, sweet Jesus," and frequently, "Receive my spirit." These words were given for my sake. I cried, "I am satisfied, Lord, and I yield him up to thee, with all my heart: thou hast given me all my asking, I will not be longer faithless, but believing. Continue to support his departing soul, and let the enemy find nothing in him." The next attack of hiccup laid him back speechless, and I believe senseless in the last parting work; he had no farther struggle, nor need of any person to support him. I there-

fore again placed myself on my knees by his bedside, determined not to quit that posture till his soul had entered its rest ; but nature was worn out, and though I swallowed hartshorn and water in great quantities, I was so overcome that I was obliged to lie down at the back of the bed to save me from fainting. Three hours did he continue in this last work of the heart. I watched his last, and delivered him up with a hearty prayer and a full assurance ; but oh, how earnestly I wished to go with him. I was, for the time, entirely insensible to my own loss : my soul pursued him into the invisible world, and, for the time, cordially rejoiced with the spirit. I thought I saw the angel band ready to receive him, among whom stood my dear mother, the first to bid him welcome to the regions of bliss.

I was then desired to leave the room, which I did, saying, “ My Doctor is gone. I have accompanied him to the gates of Heaven : he is safely landed ; that is now not him that lies there. You, nurse, will see it decently dressed ; then I may again be permitted to take another parting kiss.” So, embracing the precious clay, I went into the parlour. Some friends came in to see me. My composure they could not account for : our sincere and tender regard for each other was too well known to allow them to impute it to indifference. My distress at parting with him, even for a couple of months, when he went to St Vincent’s, and de-

jection of spirit the whole time, till his return. left them as little room to impute it to want of sensibility: at last they discovered that I was stupified with grief and fatigue; but they little knew that at that hour I rejoiced; indeed I told them; but, I suppose, was not believed. I was asked if I had any thing particular to say respecting the funeral. I said, nothing—my charge is gone to rest; I would leave it to them. It was then proposed to bury next day at ten o'clock. I said that was very early; they answered, by that time I would be satisfied it was not too early.

In the evening I returned to our bed-chamber to take a last farewell of the dear remains. The countenance was so very pleasant. I thought there was even something heavenly, and could not help saying, "You smile upon me, my love; surely the delightful prospect, opening on the parting soul, left that benign smile on its companion, the body." I thought I could have stood and gazed for ever: but, for fear of relapsing into immoderate grief, I withdrew after a parting embrace, and with an intention not to ask for another, lest a change in his countenance might shake my peace, for oh, we are weak, and, at certain times, not subject to reason. I went to bed purely to get alone, for I had little expectation of sleep; but I was mistaken, nature was fairly overcome with watching and fatigue. I dropped asleep, and for a few hours forgot my woes. But oh, the pangs I felt on my first awaken-

ing! I could not for some time believe it true that I was indeed a widow, and that I had lost my heart's treasure—my all I held dear on earth. It was long before day. I was in no danger of closing my eyes again, for I was at that time abandoned to despair, till recollection, and the same considerations which at first supported me, brought me a little to myself. I considered I wept for one that wept no more; that all my fears for his eternal happiness were now over, and he beyond the reach of being lost; neither was he lost to me, but added to my heavenly treasure; more securely mine than ever. Those snares and temptations arising from the corrupt customs of a degenerate age, which had so often caused my fears, could never reach him there. The better, dearer half of myself, was now secure, beyond the possibility of feeling, and waiting my arrival to complete his bliss. O happy hour, which shall also set my soul at liberty, and unite us never to part more. In the morning I asked the nurse if there was any alteration; she said, No. I again returned to take another view, and was surprised to find his colour, countenance, and every part, without the smallest sign of putrefaction. All whom I had known die of that disorder, used to bleed at the nose, mouth, and eyes, very often before death, but always within a short time after; and often the men who died in the hospital in the evening, they were obliged to put in the coffin and set out of doors before morning; but about him

every thing was clean, dry, and sweet, as when alive. I began to be extremely uneasy at having consented to so early a burial. I returned again, and again ; oh, how I wished to have kept him for ever ! Ten o'clock came ; the company assembled ; I became very uneasy ; at last I discovered it to Dr Bowie, begged he would only view him ; how fresh the colour ; how every way like life ! He assured me there was not the smallest doubt but that he was gone. I was not satisfied with this, but made them all inspect him. All agreed in the same thing, and I was obliged to yield, and the dear remains were ravished from my sight. • What a night I passed, the night after the funeral ! I had ordered our own bed to be made up, and at the usual time retired ; but in vain did I try to sleep ; the moment my senses began to lose insensibility. I was in a kind of dream. Finding myself alone. I imagined he was out at supper, though he seldom was without me ; now I thought I heard his foot on the stairs, and started up to listen if it were he, and to bid him welcome, when my roused senses told me, what I could still hardly credit, that I had no husband to expect, and threw me into a fresh agony, which kept me awake till I had in some measure again reconciled myself to my solitary situation. But, having only slept a few hours since my dear Doctor was taken ill, I no sooner got my mind a little composed, than sleep again began to overpower my senses, when the same, or a similar ima-



gination roused me. Sometimes I heard his voice in the room, ask, in his usual way, " Bell, are you asleep ?" Several times, at the relieving of the guard, when the sentry called, " Who's there ?" I listened, as usual, to hear the well-known, welcome voice that answered. A person lay sick in the next room ; every groan roused me to ask what was the matter with my dear Doctor, or if he wanted any thing. Thus I spent the first part of the night, still I dreaded closing my eyes, as I dreaded the severest agony ; for the one was a sure consequence of the other. I rose and dressed myself ; tried to read ; but could find no subject interesting enough ; at last I went out to the gallery. The moon shone clear, in the midst of the blue bespangled firmament ; here I walked and abandoned myself to thought, finding recollection my surest guard against despair. I could not help pouring my grief into the same tender bosom which was wont to soothe them. I was strongly persuaded my Doctor was near, and felt a heavenly sympathy for his distressed partner. I told him all my griefs and consolations too. I congratulated him on his escape from a world of sorrow, to where all is peace, joy, and ineffable delight ; told him how much I longed to be with him, and rejoiced in the not distant prospect ; nay, either my imagination sees, or some other cause suggested to me his answers.

And in this (whether imaginary or real I shall

not say) dialogue I enjoyed a pleasure which those, who never felt as I did, can have no idea of.

The morning came. When I was called down to breakfast, the sight of his empty seat distracted me. I returned to my room, though I thought it my duty to take some nourishment. I had it brought to me. Alas, I could no where turn my eyes, but the sight was connected with this dear idea, and recalled past delights never more to return. Our back windows looked into the garden, on which he had bestowed so much labour and pains, and was just bringing to perfection. Here, we had spent many pleasant hours together, and indulged that freedom of conversation, the natural consequence of an unbounded confidence. The double arbour he had reared, and so contrived as to screen from both the south and the western sun, bid fair, in a short time, to screen us also from every eye. Hitherto we had been confined to morning hours, or afternoon, when it was shaded by the house : but had often pleased ourselves with the anticipation of hours we should spend in this cool retreat, even at noon-day, while screened from the sun's scorching rays, we might enjoy the refreshing breeze through its leafy openings ; but these delightful prospects were now for ever at an end ! I might, indeed, there take my seat ; but the tongue which every where charmed, was buried in deepest silence ! The company, which rendered every scene pleasant, was gone, never to return : his sheep, his goats, nay,

even the poultry, were often fed from his hand : every thing served to distract. As for my children, they were, by kind friends, kept for some time out of my sight ; for not only to view them fatherless distressed me, but their thoughtless mirth and play was altogether insupportable.

I accepted an invitation from Mr Gilbert's family, to spend some time in the country with them : for though it was impossible for me to forget for one moment, yet, when these objects were removed from my sight, I was more able to turn my thoughts upward, to where my heart's treasure now is, and where I, myself, expect to be. We had two men-servants, and my two Indian girls ; one of the men I dismissed, the other I left to take care of the living creatures about the place. One of my girls I boarded where she would be in good company, and with my children and their maid I abandoned my solitary dwelling. I met with a very tender, reception from that worthy family. My situation here was such as I both expected and wished, and attended with many outward circumstances which had the probability of making it supportable. I was allowed to be as much by myself as I chose. No one intruded on my privacy without my consent ; but one or other of the Mrs Gilberts often visited me in my own room, and drew from my bursting heart all its griefs, sympathizing, soothing, and advising at the same time. They are both women of great piety,

having for many years devoted their hearts, time, talents, and fortune, to the service of God, and their two husbands likewise, whose business it has been to instruct the ignorant negroes without fee or reward. Had it not been for this family, I know not where the distraction of my mind might have ended. My grief was greatly alleviated, and I was supported, I hope by a divine hand, with the consolation that my dear husband was happy ; but this assurance continued but a short time unshaken ; doubts concerning his state began to press on my mind soon after.

I hope they were from the enemy. I began to suspect my reasons for thinking so were more imaginary than real, and only the consequence of my wishes and ardent desires.

Some circumstances in his life, which, though blameless in the eye of the world, nay, some of them (such as certain points of honour), highly applauded, appeared, to my doubting mind, with every possible aggravation, and the motive, even where it was really praiseworthy, not solely to please God.

When I compared his character with that of others, it seemed faultless ; but if christian purity was the rule, and the motives, inducements, and desires, of the heart judged, I feared in these he would be found wanting. I have not changed my sentiments ; I still believe God admitted of

repentance, and that salvation was the gift of God through *faith*, not *merited* by the sinner; that the promise was to the *believer*, not the *worker*, and often fled to Scripture for relief; but found justification and sanctification always went hand in hand. I searched for sick-bed repentances, but found, wherever the Lord pardoned the sin of the soul, he healed the body, and raised up the sinner to put in practice the new desires of his heart, and become meet for the redeemed inheritance. I also went great lengths in reasoning how a soul, so little experienced in the spiritual life below, could all at once become capable of relishing those pure delights above: or a soul, not accustomed to converse with God, and have communion with him below, could, all at once, rejoice in his presence above. These, and a thousand more, for and against, and against and for, agitated my mind like a feather on the troubled ocean—now I believed, next minute I almost pronounced it impossible; thus, by reasoning, I lost my peace, instead of resting on those extraordinary supports and consolations which were poured into my soul, when all who knew me expected me to sink under my affliction. Surely these were from the divine hand, and the answer of prayer. Surely that resignation I then experienced was not mine, but the gift of God, nor those assurances of my husband's eternal happiness given to deceive. The Lord has

no need to have recourse to deception to comfort his creatures ; besides, it is contrary to the purity of his nature.

O that I could but believe and trust ; and having committed into the hands of his mercy what I valued and loved equal, if not superior, to my own soul. believe that it will not be found wanting in the day when he makes up his jewels.

These heart-rending doubts and distracting suspicions, I made no scruple to communicate to both these ladies, and they always relieved me. nay, for the most part, left me satisfied. But my peace was generally of short standing, for the busy, subtle enemy furnished me with objections to all they could say, though it had great weight with me, believing that they knew much of the mind of the Lord : for sure, if ever disciples, since the beloved John, were permitted to lean on their master's bosom, it is the privilege of these two holy pairs. Yet all they could say and advance from Scripture, was not sufficient for any length of time to dispel my doubts, or restore my peace. I wanted something supernatural, and wished ardently for a dream or vision. Still the cry of my soul was, O, if I could but be sure, beyond a doubt, that he had indeed obtained mercy, my mourning would be turned into songs of praise, my tears would be dried up, and I would go on my way rejoicing. O, if it could be but permitted—if I could see him only once more to assure me that he

was happy, no creature on earth would be more so than I. Only assure me of this, and, so far from wishing him back to earth again, I would rejoice that he was safely landed, and join with him in singing the praise of pardoning love, free grace, and unmerited goodness ; sure no heart on earth would be so grateful as mine.

I often walked out in the twilight, among the sugar-canes, and the most solitary places I could find ; sometimes continuing my walk till it was quite late ; during which time I conversed with God and my husband by turns ; but the latter had by far the greatest share. I asked him a thousand questions, told him all my doubts and fears, and often expressed an ardent desire to see him : nay, I was not without hopes of being indulged. I had no uneasy apprehensions of the approach of a spirit, at least of his. Sometimes an uneasy thought darted across my mind, that the Lord, to punish me for my excessive eagerness in this matter, might permit an evil spirit to personate his dear form, or make the impression on my imagination, which is the same thing, and, by so doing, either drive me to despair, or gain some other advantage over me ; but in this matter I was kept pretty easy by prayer. I frequently laid my case before the Lord, and poured my sad complaint into His merciful ear, who dropped a tear with Mary and Martha over a brother's grave, and who, we are told, can be touched with a feeling

of all our sinless infirmities : he knew the love that existed between us, and that the interest of his soul ever lay nearest my heart, even in his lifetime ; and that I ever felt the same concern about his as I did about my own salvation ; that, though his state was now fixed beyond a possibility of change, and I no longer at liberty to pray for him, nor he within the reach of my prayers, \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Thus was Mrs Graham, at the early age of thirty-one, left a widow in a strange land. All the fond hopes she had cherished, all the plans she had formed of settling with her family in rural retirement, were for ever terminated ; and, bereft of her husband, companion, and protector, she was left with three daughters, the eldest of whom was not more than five years of age, and with the prospect of having another child in a few months, while two hundred pounds, and her pension as a British officer's widow, constituted her whole earthly inheritance. Still she was enabled to exercise confidence in God, and He not only was with her imparting the consolations of his grace, but raised up friends in a foreign land, who not merely sympathized, but addressed to her the words of heavenly consolation. A farther proof of this is presented in the following letters.

\* The conclusion of this letter has not been found.



MRS GILBERT TO MRS GRAHAM.

*Antiqua, 1773.*

I hope my dear Mrs Graham does not impute my silence to forgetfulness of her, or of her tender cares, or suppose me to be unmoved at her pathetic letter, which is so true a copy of an afflicted mind. No, my dear madam, though I am a poor proficient in the school of Christ, yet I trust, I may say. I have in some degree learned to sympathise with his suffering members. I am so far from censuring you, or thinking you need reproof, that I would far rather unite my thanks, with yours, to that Divine Power who has thus supported your feeble nature under the affecting circumstances of a return to a place where every thing must necessarily have conspired to revive every painful reflection. I sincerely congratulate you on the recovery of your dear girl, and hope that God will restore your whole family to the blessing of health.

Though the path through life is in general strewn with a variety of pains and difficulties, yet there seems to be some peculiar seasons of sorrow and distress. These dispensations are often the lot of the most favoured, agreeable to that Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and to these our Lord says, "What I do thou knowest not

now, but thou shalt know hereafter." O, madam, believe that every stroke is from a Father's hand, and bow in patient submission to it ; but sink not beneath the salutary rod, his hand will raise you up again, when you have obtained (by a perfect resignation of all you are and have to him) all the benefits his love designs to convey in the consecrated cross. Our souls are distempered, and naturally centre upon earth and earthly objects ; but God, who made us for more sublime delights, by various methods, breaks those delusive ties that fetter us to sublunary things. He calls us to aspire to our divine original, and he takes our friends above, to exalt our grovelling minds.

Let us follow them to joys on high, to joys that never can expire. Such an improvement of the divine Providence will enhance and secure our felicity beyond the reach of those sad vicissitudes that infest these lower spheres. I was prevented from writing by indisposition, and, though not much better, would delay no longer, lest what necessity enforced, should appear such a neglect as, I trust, dear Mrs Graham will never have cause to complain of in her

Affectionate and sympathising

M. GILBERT.

MRS GILBERT TO MRS GRAHAM.

*Antigua, 1773.*

Dear Madam,

It is certain that your peculiar circumstances, at this time. are such as would excite the tenderest concern in every heart that is capable of feeling another's pain ; but, perhaps, there are few of your friends that more sincerely sympathise in your affliction than myself.

From the first moment that I heard of the impending danger, I have not ceased, in all my addresses to the throne of grace, to remember you and the endeared friend, whose important situation was the cause of your anxiety ; and there is nothing in my power that I would not cheerfully do to contribute to the alleviation of your grief. May the God of all consolation put beneath you his everlasting arm. and give you such a measure of his all-sufficient grace, that, by an entire resignation to the divine appointment, you may experience an inexplicable sweetness mingled with the bitter draught.

O, my dear Madam, let not your mind be so wholly engrossed with the sad circumstance, as not to be attentive to every intimation of mercy which may be discoverable in the midst of this, seemingly, severe chastisement.

Do not regard it as the stroke of an enemy, but as a fatherly correction, wholly intended for your

good, and not less in love to the soul, which has obtained a happy release from an ensnaring world. Who knows what dangers that immortal spirit has escaped by this awful interposition. That it is now in glory, I think, you cannot doubt, without being injurious to the goodness of a most indulgent God. How was I charmed at those words, "I will not let my Saviour go. Draw me, I will run after thee." How do they echo to the gracious declaration of a promise-keeping God: "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." I think I may say, with the fullest assurance, that it is impossible that a soul can perish in whom there is such a sentiment and resolution: for who gave it? Is not every good thought, every holy purpose and desire from above? Most surely they are, and you may depend upon it, that not flesh and blood, but your heavenly Father, taught him that sublime language by the revelation of Christ on his heart; therefore on his account there is no cause of regret. It is true yours is a solitary state; but it is such as entitles you to some of the choicest promises in the word of God. He has engaged to take you into his care, Jeremiah, lxix. 11; to defend your cause, and to hear your cry, Exodus, xxii. 22—23; and to be a husband unto you, Isaiah, liv. 5. More we cannot wish; it comprehends what a creature dared not to have asked, had not a condescending God promised to bestow. May the Lord so strengthen your faith, that these di-

vine cordials may have their due efficacy upon your afflicted mind. May our merciful High Priest, who can be, and always is, touched with a feeling of our infirmities, cheer the gloom of this dispensation, by lifting upon you the light of his reconciled countenance, and whispering to your soul, "In the world you shall have tribulation, but in me you shall have peace." That this calm principle may lull the emotions of your troubled mind, and sweetly rule for ever in your heart, is the sincere prayer of, dear Madam,

Your sympathising Friend,

M. GILBERT.

TO MRS GRAHAM, AT THE HOSPITAL.

*Antiqua, 1773.*

My Dear Madam,

I mentioned to my brother and sister the subject, on which you desired to know their sentiments, and they, as well as myself, are of opinion, that to indulge yourself in that melancholy pleasure, as it is not condemned in the Scripture, is not sinful, and therefore may be done;\* though they fear it will increase and prolong your pain. If dear Mrs Graham could regard that sacred dust

\* Mrs Graham had a desire to carry the remains of her husband to Scotland; but fearful that she might be committing sin in so doing, she asked the opinion of her religious friends, which was given in the above.

only as the habiliments of mortality, which are laid aside, as our garments are at night, while we sweetly repose upon our beds, and could be contented to let it lie till the morning of the resurrection, when the exalted spirit, your real friend, shall put it on afresh, would it not be the more excellent determination ?

Alas, dear madam, when you at any time approach that loved sepulchre, you might justly be accosted with the words that the angel said to the woman, who went to the place where our Lord lay,—“ He is not here, he is risen.” No, nothing is there, but what clogged the nobler powers ; all that was intellectual—that reasoned, loved, and thought—soars far above this lower sphere, and may be intimately near you, on the sea, and when you reach your native land ; and as your fortitude in this particular may serve his tender offspring, by adding some advantages to their education, let the superior pleasure of meeting with his approbation, on this account, if possible, prevail with you to recede from the fond inclination. Judge whether if (as some even of the learned have supposed) that our dear departed friends interest themselves in our affairs, he would not much more approve of this tender care, towards the beings he had been instrumental of bringing into life, than he would to see you weeping over the inanimate clay, from which he has happily escaped, no more to be exposed to any of those pains, and griefs, and snares, to which it

had so long subjected his immortal spirit. I hope you will put the kindest construction upon these hints, as, I can assure you, I would, upon no account, grieve or offend you, and only mean to use that candour towards you, with which I should myself choose to be addressed. My sister, and the whole family, join me in kindest love, and with the tenderest wishes for your health and peace of mind, I remain,

Dear Mrs Graham's

Affectionate humble servant.

M. GILBERT.

Thus does God make provision for his people in their sorrows; not only by imparting to them the communications of his grace, but by so arranging his providential dispensations as to minister to their comfort. Had this overwhelming trial come upon Mrs Graham while she was at Niagara, without christian friends, and the outward means of grace, her situation would have been unspeakably more forlorn. But the chain of events that carried her to Antigua, and regarding which, she was disposed to say, "All these things are against me," brought her into contact with comforters who, with the utmost tenderness, delicacy, and affection, poured wine and oil into the wound God had seen meet to inflict; and so deeply was her mind affected with this providential kindness, that for many

years afterwards, both in her diary and in her letters, she adverts to it.

“ I expected affliction long before it came, and my presumptuous heart calculated upon the fruit being ‘ the peaceable fruit of righteousness;’ but still I held on my way gadding about, drinking the waters of Sihor, and the rivers of Syria, and eating the world’s dainties. At last it came. Yes it came, ‘ Thou didst cut off the desire of mine eyes with a stroke,’ and with that, made the world a blank to me. But oh the stately steps of Thy providential mer. & previous to that trying hour. I must ever stand amazed at Thy exuberant grace. Thou mightest have struck me among worldings, in that dry and barren land, where not one tongue could speak the language of Canaan, nor bring forth from Thy precious Bible the words of consolation to my wounded spirit \* But never, no, never, hast Thou dealt with me as I sinned—from the hour of my birth, through the whole of this refractory perverse life. ‘ The Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, long suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin,’ has been, and now is, Thy name to me.”—*Extract from diary, dated December 1812.*

“ When I sent my beloved child from me, what quickly followed? three more weeks brought me the accounts of my darling mother’s death.—my child then in the midst of the Atlantic. Three

\* Alluding to her situation at Niagara.



months after, my husband followed. Then were my broken cisterns shivered to pieces. Then tumbled my towering castles, and I was left with nothing but—God. Did He forsake me? Did He even hide His face from me? Oh no. Well he might! but His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. He brought us from a barren land, and set us down among a praying group of his own dear saints, and laid upon their spirits the salvation of my precious husband: commanded them to pray, and prepared His ear to hear, and His power to save, and my beloved one was enabled to cast all his care upon God, and doing this, he entered into rest.”—*Extract from a letter of Mrs Graham to her sister-in-law, Mrs Marshall, dated 6th April 1807.*

MRS GRAHAM TO HER FATHER.

*St John's, Antigua, May 17, 1774.*

My Dear Father,

I suppose, instead of a letter, you will be expecting your poor unhappy daughter by the first vessel; but being so near my time, it is thought next to madness for me to venture on sea, unless I could hire some suitable person to go with me, which I have not yet been able to find. All my acquaintances have been on the look-out, and I have likewise written to St Vincents, where part of our regiment is stationed. There is another

vessel to sail soon ; if I succeed I shall venture. rather than stay here another year ; living is so high, I cannot well afford it. I fear, however, you have no great reason to expect me, nor I of succeeding in finding such a person as I want. For my own part, I would have ventured at any rate, but when it was urged that I was endangering two lives, which are not mine to throw away, and certainly doing what I could not be answerable for, I gave it up. The Lord's will in all things be done.

My cup of affliction for six months has been a full one—till within a month, never, having been without sickness in my family since my dear Doctor's death. My youngest child, and two maids, were all down at once ; the child, and one of them, at the gates of death. Bell had an intermittent fever for two months.

I was in hopes of lying beside my dear husband, but was disappointed. Excuse me, I know it is wrong, circumstanced as I am, the mother and guardian of so large a family, to wish it ; I do not encourage it, but it will intrude, for oh ! I am sick of life. It is easy for me now to obey the commandment, and set my affections on things above. They all left this earth with my dear husband, who, I hope is now added to my heavenly treasure ; where my treasure is, there must my heart be. Farewell—three weeks after receipt of this you may expect either to see or hear from me

*again, which, God in his providence must determine.*  
Till then. I am, as ever.

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter.

I. GRAHAM.

Previous to the birth of her child, Mrs Graham. shattered and unnerved by the adversities she had experienced, was strongly impressed with the idea that she should not survive her approaching trial. and, under the influence of these apprehensions, she addressed the following letters to her father, and her friend, Mrs Grandidier; and though the latter of these has already been published, yet it is so expressive of her state of mind and feelings at this interesting period. that an extract from it is inserted.

*St John's. Antiqua, 1775.*

My Dear Mrs G——.

The long and steady friendship which has subsisted between us, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity. ever the same, without change or diminution. leaves me no room to doubt that it will extend to my little family. and that you will be as ready to befriend them, as you have been the dear father, already gone, and your friend who is perhaps about to follow.

If it should please God to take me away in my approaching confinement, I leave you and Captain G—— full power to dispose of every thing in this

house, and belonging to me in this Island, as you shall think most for the advantage of my little family. You know that my extreme tenderness for their dear father, made me unable to part with any of his clothes ; but these can be of no consequence to me, when I shall have joined him, for whose sake I kept them ; you may therefore dispose of them, and also of my own, if you think that what they will fetch will be of more service to the children. But I do not choose to leave any particular directions about my trifling effects ; you will consult with other friends, and I am certain you will act for them to the best of your judgment. It is a great relief to my mind, that I have such steady and tried friends to leave the charge of them upon.

Miss G. B. has promised to take J——, and it is my desire, that the others, and the infant yet unborn, if it survive, be sent to my father, where I will leave them to be disposed of, and provided for, by that God who has fed me all my life ; their Heavenly Father who has commanded me to leave my fatherless children upon Him, who will preserve them alive, and whose promise I have, that He will never leave them nor forsake them.

Mr Reid will not be less kind to the offspring of his friend, when they have lost, than when they were under, a mother's protection. May the blessing of the widow and the fatherless\* follow him wherever he goes, and may God recompense him

a thousand-fold, in blessings spiritual and temporal. Let Diana be sent with my children. If there be an infant, a nurse must be found for it, whatever it cost. As for Susan,\* I am at a loss what to do with her : my heart tells me that I have no right to entail slavery upon her and her offspring. I know that I shall be blamed, but I am about to be called to an account by a higher power than any in this world for my conduct, and I dare not allow her to be sold. I therefore, leave it to herself, either to remain here, or, if it be her desire, to accompany the children. I beg Mr Reid will be kind enough to allow her a passage with the rest.

And now, my dear friend, as the greatest happiness I can wish you ; may that God whom I have chosen for my own portion, be yours also ; may He, by His outward providence, and by the inward operations of His Spirit on your heart, lead you to Himself, and convince you of the truth. But, O my dear friend, shut not your eyes and ears against conviction ; you are not satisfied that the Bible is indeed the word of God. Is it not worth inquiring into ? what would you think of a man who had a large fortune, and the whole depending on proving some certain facts, who yet would not be at the pains to inform himself ? are the interests of this world of such importance, which in a few fleeting years he must leave, and have done with for ever.

\* Two Indian girls who had been long in the family.

and is our final state in the next, which is to fix us in happiness or in misery through the endless days of eternity, not worth a thought?

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MRS GRAHAM TO HER FATHER.

*May 1774.*

My ever Dear Father,

If this ever reach you, it will be when I have taken my final leave of this world, and received my portion for eternity in the next, when I hope I shall have gained the summit of my wishes, and be happy in the society of my dear husband, and much loved mother, in the kingdom of our Redeemer.

My truly orphan children I have desired to be sent to you : though I see no visible way you have to provide for them : yet I am perfectly easy concerning them. I leave them upon that God who has fed me all my life, and whose tender care I have experienced in a thousand dangers :—upon their and my Heavenly Father, who has commanded me to leave my fatherless children upon him, that he will preserve them alive. The God of providence will prepare for them a home, and raise up friends, perhaps, from a quarter neither you nor I could expect.

My only concern and prayer to God for them is, that they may be early taught to love God, and

serve him ; that they may fall into such hands, as will carefully instruct them in the principles of morality and religion, and teach them the great, but too little thought of truth, that our chief business in life is to prepare for death. As to the polite parts of education, I look upon them as of no consequence ; they may be as good Christians, perhaps better, without than with them ; the perfection of their nature no way depends upon them. I am equally indifferent what station of life they may occupy, whether they swim in affluence or earn their daily bread, if they only act their part properly, and obtain the approbation of their God, in that station wherein He, in his infinite wisdom, sees fit to place them.

Remember to give my love to all my dear children. I reckon all that sprung from my dear Doctor mine ; and though I did not suffer a mother's pangs for them, Heaven knows how equally I love them with those who cost me dearer. Tell them I leave them a mother's blessing, and my last prayers, if it please God to continue my senses, shall be for their best interests.

And now, my dear father, suffer one parting word, though from one no way entitled to advise. This is the third loud call for you to be also ready ; according to the course of nature you must very shortly follow ; you can have very little more to do in this world, and therefore the smallest share of your attention is due to it. The young, the gay,

the giddy, and thoughtless, hold it a wise maxim to forget their departed friends as soon as possible ; this may be worldly, but it cannot be heavenly wisdom. To be fully and entirely resigned to the will of God in all things is certainly the characteristic of a Christian ; but this is perfectly consistent with the most tender remembrance ; that resignation (but indeed it deserves not the name) which consists in forgetfulness, in banishing thought, and drowning reflection, in worldly cares and amusements, can be no grateful offering to Him who has commanded us to have our loins girt, and our lamps trimmed, and to be always ready, for in such an hour as we think not “the Son of man cometh.” How often are we commanded to watch, to set our affections on things above,—to be dead to the world,—to lay up treasure for ourselves in Heaven. These injunctions are inconsistent with forgetfulness ; and if it be our duty to meditate on death and eternity, nothing more naturally leads our minds to that subject than the recollection of departed friends, who, if pious, are not lost, but only gone a little while before, taken from our earthly and added to our heavenly treasure.

The death of friends makes life less desirable, and death less irksome ; and is it not much better to endeavour, by familiarizing our thoughts to the subject, to reconcile our minds to an event which must certainly happen, and with the youngest be at no great distance, than by banishing these thoughts



for a time, prepare so many thorns for our last bed, when the pains of body are sufficient of themselves to bear? Dark doubts, and misgiving apprehensions, are the natural consequences of such conduct. The soul must naturally start back from the dark, unthought of, uncertainty which lies before it, while the pains of dissolution assure it there is no falling back. It is true, our gracious God, whose mercy, like his other attributes, is infinite, often hears the thoughtless sinner's prayer, even in his last moments, and opens a ray of light on his benighted soul, dispels his doubts, and reveals himself as a God, long suffering and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. Some who, at the first approaches of death, have been seized with dreadful apprehensions, have, at last, been able to look up to God with filial confidence, and with a hope full of immortality to resign their souls into the hands of their Saviour without a doubt or a fear. But these are privileged cases, and ought not to be presumed upon. Thus it pleased God to deal with my dear husband, to the great joy and satisfaction of this poor widowed heart. His life was more thoughtless than guilty, and at first he felt the distressing consequences; but the evidences of his forgiveness and acceptance were so strong, we were both filled with the same entire resignation, and equally willing to part for a season. My peace of mind consists not now in forgetfulness, but in recollecting those cheering circumstances, and in looking for-

ward to that hour which shall again unite us,—when our friendship will be renewed, and glow with a more pure and exalted flame, undisturbed by worldly passions, or the dread of another separation.

Believe me, my dear father, to a mind abstracted from the world, and devoted to God, death, though solemn, has nothing dreadful in it ; on the contrary, to a mind rightly disposed, it is rather a desirable object. Just conceptions of God, and converse with him, will very soon change the aspect of the king of terrors to a welcome messenger, who comes to set open the gates of immortality, and to usher us into the kingdom of our heavenly Father. And now may our most gracious God grant you, through your few remaining days, his direction and consolation : may he bestow upon you that peace which the world can neither give nor take away : and when the appointed time of your change shall come, may the comforts of his Holy Spirit so cheer and refresh your soul, that you may be able, without a doubt or a fear, to resign it into the hands of your Redeemer.

Give my love to Hugh. The sentiments expressed in his letters bespeak him a worthy brother, and deserving of my highest esteem. I would have written to him, but I have still some directions to commit to writing concerning my little family, and my hour is at hand ; but tell him I will remember him in my last prayers. I charge him not to banish

the idea of his worthy and now glorified mother, lest with that he also forget her precepts ; but prepare to meet us who are gone before ; and oh ! that our meeting may be with joy on both sides. It is hard for youth, in the present age, to follow our Christian pattern. Every real Christian, every Bible Christian, must lay his account with the name of enthusiast ; but tell him to remember that the opinion of the world cannot alter the nature of holiness, nor the maxims of Christ. Let him read, think, and judge for himself with an unprejudiced mind ; with a hearty desire to know and be led by the truth ; to be taught of God, and conformed to his will in all things, and I venture to promise he will not be suffered to err. But let him avoid disputes about religion, they are seldom productive of any good ; let him fortify his mind against banter and ridicule,—it is no small degree of persecution : yet, if he be determined to follow his Lord, he must expect to meet with it, and I know, from experience, it is hard to bear. I have found the safest way is to receive it in silence, for those who are disposed to ridicule the appearance of religion in another, are not in a fit disposition to be convinced by any argument, at least at that time, and few can dispute without heat, which is a transgression against the virtue of meekness, and very apt to lessen our love to the person who opposes us. We lose the spirit of brotherly love in hot-headed zeal ; which perhaps deserves a harder name, but

conceals itself under that appearance, and it is no small victory gained over ourselves if we are able to love, wish well to, and be ready to serve, those whose sentiments differ from ours.

I leave you and yours, and mine, upon the fountain of all goodness, and may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

Shortly after this letter was written Mrs Graham gave birth to a son, whom she named John : and thus, to human eyes, it seemed as if God had raised up for her a protector, who, in place of him who had been removed, might comfort and support her during the future steps of a pilgrimage that threatened to be so dreary. But He, who seeth not as man seeth, permitted it to be otherwise. The conduct of "this only son of his mother, and she a widow," proved one of the bitterest ingredients in the cup that was put into her hands; and though all the ends of this most painful dispensation will not be fully unravelled till the day when all secrets shall be revealed, yet an important consequence has already resulted from it,—it has presented to the

world the example of a mother persevering in the discharge of every parental duty in circumstances the most discouraging, "against hope believing in hope," and by the trial of her faith only stimulated to increased fervency in pleading with the God of the widow and the fatherless.

## CHAPTER III.

When the state of her health permitted, Mrs Graham began to make arrangements for returning to her native country, and no vessel being to sail for some time to Scotland, she embarked with her fatherless children, on board of one bound for Belfast. Her passage across the Atlantic was prosperous, though it must often have suggested the contrast between her present circumstances, and the time when she formerly traversed its billows, enjoying the society and tender attentions of her husband ; but in proceeding from Belfast to the Clyde, she had nearly suffered shipwreck. Having no friend in Ireland to direct her, she took her passage in a vessel which she afterwards learned had not even a compass. They were overtaken by a storm, the rudder and masts were carried away, every thing on deck thrown overboard, and, at length, the vessel in the night struck on a rock on the coast of Ayr. But amidst the agitation that surrounded her, Mrs Graham was calm, trusting in Him who is "mightier than the noise of many waters, yea than the mighty waves of the sea." With her babe in her arms, she hushed her weeping children, and

told them that, in a few minutes, they would all go to join their father in a better world. Towards morning, however, the winds and the waves were stilled ; by the rising of the tide, the vessel floated off the rock, and drifting towards the shore, rested on a sand-bank, till assistance was given from land. The shipwrecked company found refuge in a small inn, but, like the lepers of old, one only of whom returned to give thanks ; while Mrs Graham retired to an apartment to acknowledge the gracious interposition of the God of the ocean. her partners in danger and in deliverance had immediate recourse to the excitement and oblivion of intoxicating draughts.

After experiencing the hospitality of a gentleman in Ayr, with whom she had previously been acquainted, she arrived in a few days at the residence of her father. But here new trials awaited her. Possessed of an easy temper and unsuspecting disposition, Mr Marshall had been induced to become security for some of his friends, whose failure in business had reduced him to poverty ; and she found him, not in the ancient mansion at Elderslie, but in a small and humble cottage at Cartside. The transition from the station she had hitherto occupied, the society with which she had mingled, the easy circumstances in which she had lived, the domestic happiness she had enjoyed, to penury, privation, and neglect, was most trying, requiring the exercise of much resignation, as it regarded the pre-

sent, of much faith as it respected the future. But in these circumstances, the energy of her mind was very strikingly manifested. Having received in early life a liberal education, she resolved to turn her talents and acquirements to account, and earn a provision for her family by giving instruction to the young. She removed to Paisley, opened a school, and, though the difficulties and discouragements she there experienced were numerous, and many who, in the days of her prosperity, were eager to court her friendship, now verified the saying of Solomon, that "The poor is hated even of his neighbour, but the rich hath many friends;"\* yet, though thus forsaken of man, God was at this period of her life, in so remarkable a manner near her that she always adverted to it as a time of great spiritual happiness.

"When Dr Graham died, and I was left a helpless forlorn stranger, in a far distant isle of the ocean, I was not left destitute of friends; Oh! no My dear dear husband was so beloved, that the officers, and even the private soldiers, seemed to vie with each other, who could do most to alleviate my distress, and the inhabitants of Antigua, to all of whom I was a total stranger, tried in every way to soothe my sorrows, and paid me the most delicate attentions. But, when I returned to my native land, where I had spent my juvenile years, where many of the companions of my youth were settled,

\* Prov. xiv. 20.



where my husband had practised many years, and was esteemed and beloved, and returned in circumstances calculated to touch, and even command, compassion from every heart where a spark of it was lodged, the place that once knew me seemed to know me no more ; I sunk in obscurity, and could not command even a tolerable school. But though thus low as to outward circumstances, though thus scorned by my fellow-creatures, I regard the few years I spent at that period among the most profitable of my life ; nay more, excepting the grief which the loss of my much loved husband occasioned, it was a time of the greatest enjoyment. I had much near communion with God, practised resignation in all things ; and the privations which from day to day came upon me, I was enabled to bear with the utmost cheerfulness. I enjoyed the assurance of having my cup mixed by the hand of my Heavenly Father. I felt that I was in his hands, and desired that he would do with me as it seemed good unto Him.”—*Extract from a letter of Mrs Graham to her sister-in-law, Mrs Marshall, dated 1806.*

“ I do not think I have experienced happier days since I became a widow, than those I spent in Paisley : daily bread and extraordinary provision made for extraordinary exigencies. You remember, my dear, how pleasant our school was then, and how delightful were our Sabbaths, and our sacraments—calm, comfortable days, out of the bustle

of worldly noise and vanity. Look at the daisy by the dusty roadside, and the daisy in the field, and you will discern (generally speaking) the difference between a Christian hedged in unto the Lord, whether by choice or circumstances, in quiet, retired life, and those living in affluence in the world.”—*Letter from Mrs Graham to Mrs Marshall, dated October 1809.*

“ You have had a peep into the world, I have had a plunge. I have enjoyed the world’s pleasures in youth, in health, and with all the rationality which could or can possibly accompany them : and now on a narrow retrospect, about five years spent, part at Cartside, and part in Paisley, where your mother first knew me, I reckon the happiest portion of my life—next door to poverty, though I never tasted want. There is more equality in the enjoyment of the world’s comforts than most are aware of; one thing I am sure of, that those who increase riches, increase sorrow.”—*Letter from Mrs Graham to her niece, Miss A. Marshall.*

Thus was the experience of Mrs Graham in accordance with God’s dealings towards his ancient people,—“ Behold I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the

land of Egypt.”\* The bleak and desolate path she was now treading, made her seek more of the presence of Him who could cheer her on her way ; the absence of worldly enjoyments made her drink more deeply of the fountain of living waters ; the neglect of former friends caused her to cling more closely to Him who said, “ Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, which is in heaven. the same is my brother, and sister, and mother :” and her sorrows and joys at this period of her history. the cold neglect of fellow-creatures, the riches of God’s loving kindness, illustrate the force of the declaration, “ Thus saith the Lord. Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh, but shall inhabit parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land, and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is, for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, and shall not cease from yielding fruit.”†

In the year 1780, Mrs Graham was called to a higher and more extended sphere of labour. Several persons of influence, knowing her worth and accomplishments, proposed that she should remove

\* Hosea, ii.—14.

† Jer. xvii.—5.

to Edinburgh, and there open a boarding-school for young ladies. To this proposal, after much deliberation and prayer, she acceded, and till the year 1789, continued at the head of such an establishment, having, during the greater part of that period, a flourishing school, and enjoying the friendship of many Christians of eminence, among whom were Dr Erskine, Dr Davidson (whose ministry she attended), Lady Glenorchy, and Mrs Walker. The following regulations were put into the hands of each young lady in her establishment, and afford a specimen of the principles on which her school was conducted :—

1st. We have not time given us to throw away, but to improve for eternity, therefore we would join in no conversation that is unprofitable, but in that which is good to the use of edifying. that it may minister grace unto the hearers.

2d. We are not anxious for the news of the town, nor to be informed of the business of others. but we desire to hear of the things that pertain to the kingdom of God.

3d. Let not the fault of any absent person be mentioned unless absolute necessity require it. and then let it be with the greatest tenderness without dwelling upon it. May God preserve us from a censorious, criticising spirit, contrary to that of Christ.

4th. We offer the right hand of fellowship to every one that cometh in the name of the Lord, but

we receive none to doubtful disputations. Whosoever loveth the Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, the same is our brother, and sister, and mother, for we cannot but remember that God is love.

*5th*, We neither receive nor pay visits on the Lord's day, for we and our house desire particularly on that day to serve the Lord.

*6th*, We earnestly desire every one to reprove us faithfully when we deviate from any of these rules, so shall we be guardian angels to each other, and as an holy mingled flame ascend before God. "And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them."

A school conducted on such principles, and with a person of the character and attainments of Mrs Graham at its head, could not but be an object of attraction to such parents as were desirous of having their children trained, not merely for the duties of the present life, but for happiness and glory in the next : and accordingly many availed themselves of the privilege of such a seminary, and some now in heaven, and others yet on earth, have cause to bless God for what they there "learned, received, and heard." The following letters, although written at a more advanced period of life, afford a pleasing specimen of her powers of giving instruction to the young, and of her views upon some points connected with their management.

## MRS GRAHAM TO HER NIECE.

My Dear A——,

6th October 1810.

I blame myself very much for being so long of answering your letter, especially as I consider it for the advantage of young people to practise letter-writing. I ought to have encouraged you, even if I had written to your mother seldomer, or shorter letters: and, no doubt, as I have now travelled so long in the wilderness, I must know more of the evil of sin, of the deceitfulness of the heart, of the wiles and devices of Satan, and the danger arising from intercourse with an ensnaring world, than any person of your age can be expected to know. Therefore, it is probable, some profit to you, and, perhaps, fruit to my own account, might have been produced by the blessing of God, who works by means, and has made Christian intercourse a duty; but this, among ten thousand other omissions, stands registered against me, for which I must apply to the blood of Jesus, and the pardoning mercy of my Father, that it may be cancelled. I am extremely happy to learn that you have cast in your lot among God's people, and set your name under his covenant. You are the offspring of the godly by both parents, who could, in their turn, lay claim to the Lord as the God of their fathers, and His promise to be the God of their seed. Follow up their prayers with your own; and, oh! may He bless

you, and carry you through your warfare with clean garments. May you steer clear of the rocks upon which I have so often struck, and though saved alive, suffered much loss, and brought upon myself and family severe chastisements. Though, by the superabounding grace of God, I feel myself safe in his covenant mercy, and am delivered from the fear of death, yet a worm gnaws; Oh! world, world, what hast thou lost me, and what hast thou cost me! A worldly Christian neither enjoys the pleasures of religion nor of the world. The last cannot be enjoyed without misgivings of conscience, which will mar communion with God, and the very dissipation will unfit us for it. There is nothing like making an open and decided profession, coming out from the world, and devoting yourself wholly and entirely to God, and associating with his people. I know not, my dear A——, if this caution is necessary, but if it be not, there is no harm done. The human heart is deceitful above all things, only God can search it; the seeds of every sin lurk in it, and require only certain circumstances to quicken and make them spring into life. Grace may oppose, but it will be a fight, and more or less guilt is likely to be contracted. How wise then to shun the temptations congenial to our corruptions. Oh! that I had taken this advice to myself, how many pangs should I have saved myself, and how many sore chastisements! I have not been an example to youth; I would fain become a beacon, and warn

them against those hindrances which have greatly retarded my own progress in the divine life. Did you receive E—— V——’s dying exercises? I was much with her during her illness, and never left the house for the last two weeks. I witnessed nearly the whole contained in that pamphlet and much more. The young lady whom you find addressed by the initial S., and who was a very gay thoughtless girl, till she was roused to think by dear E——, has now cast in her lot among God’s people. Another sweet girl, her cousin, with whom she also took much pains, is likewise become serious. The physician who attended her, I am told, is become thoughtful ; she gave him many charges not to put off preparation to a dying hour. I sat up with her the last night, along with her mother, her nurse, and I—— W——. She had an aunt and two cousins, young girls, sleeping in the house ; she desired they might be called. There were eight of us around her bed, witnesses of the interesting scene. When she had uttered the last words, “I am supported to the end,” the phlegm closed her throat, though she had no struggle. Her mother said, as soon as the spirit had gone, “Let us praise and thank the Lord for all this,” and we fell on our knees, and her step-father poured out the effusions of our hearts to that God who had given her the victory. She was young, beautiful, and had a large fortune, but all was little worth in her estimation. To be with Christ was far better. Even in



*health, she was never fond of gaiety ; she used to say she thought it inconsistent with sound reason for immortal spirits to be intoxicated with public amusements, or even parties of pleasure in their own houses, and left her testimony against them. There is, I think, much fruit in her death. I pray that the Lord may bless you with every thing comfortable in life, as far as consists with your eternal interests ; but above all, may he remember you with the love that he bears his chosen. I am much as usual, which is not saying much ; old age brings with it many infirmities, mental and corporal, but " all is well."—I am, my dear A——,*

*Your affectionate aunt,*

*I. GRAHAM.*

MRS GRAHAM TO A YOUNG MAN ON HIS JOINING THE  
CHURCH.

*September 1798.*

My Dear Young Friend,

You have now ratified in a public manner that transaction, which, no doubt, passed previously in private between you and your God. You have declared your belief of the gospel, and have taken hold of God's covenant of promise. You have fallen in with His own plan, which He has appointed for the salvation of guilty sinners ; and rested your soul upon His word of promise that you shall be saved. You have, at the same

time, dedicated and devoted your soul, your body, your time, your talents, your substance, your influence, all that you *are*, and *have*, to be disposed of, at His pleasure, and for His glory in the world. You are no longer your own. You are bought with a price, adopted into the family of God, numbered with, and entitled to all the privileges of his children. Your motives of action, your views, your interests, are all different from those of the worldling. Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, your aim must be, and will be, to do all to his glory. This must go with you, and be your ruling principle in all the walks of life. By your integrity, uprightness, diligence, and disinterested attention to the interest of your employers, you will glorify God, and have his presence with you in business. By a due and marked observance of the Sabbath, and attendance on the ordinances, you will glorify Him. By regularity, order, and temperance, crowned with an open acknowledgment of God, before all who may surround your board, you will glorify Him. and His presence will be with you, and great will be your comfort. God's interest in the world must also be yours. The good of His church in general, and that of your own family in particular ; and, oh, my son, if you would be rich in comfort, follow the Lord fully, and follow Him openly, and if you would do it, so as to suffer the least from the sneer of the world, do it at once.

Already you have received congratulations on your joining the church, by those belonging to it : soon will it be known to those who will scoff at it. But Christians and worldlings will look for consistency : and, if it be wanting, the last will be the first to mark it. A decided character will soon deliver you from all solicitations to what may be even unseemly, and dignified consistent conduct will command respect. Not but the Lord may let loose upon you the persecuting sneer and banter of the wise of this world, whose esteem you wish to preserve ; but, if he do, the trial will be particular, and He will support you under it, and bring His glory and your good out of it.

And now, my son, suffer the word of exhortation. You have entered the school of Christ, and have much to learn, far beyond what men or books can of themselves teach, and you have much to receive on divine credit beyond what human reason can comprehend.

I would recommend to you to read carefully, and pause as you read, and pray as you read, for the teaching of the Spirit—the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians ; read it first without any commentary, and read it as addressed to you, S—— A——. You will there find what may in part stagger your reason ; you will find what far surpasses your comprehension ; but yet read on, with conscious weakness, and ignorance, and absolute dependence on Divine teaching. When you have read it

through, then take Brown's or Henry's exposition of it.

A degree of mystery, my son, runs through the whole of God's revealed word ; but it is *His*, and to be received with reverence, and believed with confidence, because it is *His*. It is to be searched with diligence, and compared ; and, by God's teaching, and the assistance of his sent servants, the child of God becomes mighty in the Scriptures. Let not mystery stagger you : we are surrounded with mysteries : we, ourselves, are mysteries inexplicable : nor let the doctrine of election stagger you : how small a part of God's ways do we know, or can comprehend—rejoice that he has given you the heritage of his people—leave the rest to him : “ Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? ”

Jesus once took a little child and set him in the midst of the people, and said, “ Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.” intimating, with what simplicity and docility men ought to receive the gospel : and the following text also alludes to this, “ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” There are many promises made to the diligent searchers after truth, “ Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.” “ The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him ; and he will shew them his covenant.” Yet the highly

enlightened Paul calls the gospel a mystery, and godliness a mystery; "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then (in Heaven) shall I know even as also I am known." Therefore, while you use all diligence, accompanied with prayer, and the expositions of God's faithful ministers, to understand every part of divine revelation, be neither surprised nor disheartened at the want of comprehension, far less attempt to reduce it to human reason, as many have done to their ruin. The Scripture says, "Vain man would be wise, though born like the wild ass's colt." "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

I. GRAHAM.

TO A MOTHER RESPECTING AN ABSENT SON.

"The thing that pleases me most, is the intense anxiety he feels about you. He would be willing to labour night and day, I believe, if, by so doing, he could only make you independent. You have indeed a strong deep hold of his affections, and I am also pleased to notice the deference with which he receives your advices; and I cannot help adding, that I am not less pleased with the very judicious manner in which these advices are given. Endeavour to confirm him in the belief that youth is made up of faults,—that although it is common to speak of one boy or girl as being very good, it

is so only in comparison with others who are worse,—and that in the very best, there are many faults in conduct and temper, and errors in opinion and judgment, all requiring the prudent correction of those older in years, and richer in experience ; and even those of their own age, who can often see blemishes, unknown to the person who has them. Recommend him to take every opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of himself, and make strenuous exertions to correct every thing wrong : Not only to take patiently, being reprov'd for a fault, but to be thankful for reprehension, and to endeavour to profit, even by the hard speeches of those who have neither a title to do so, nor any good design. These, my dear sister, are my real sentiments. I think it is a very great error in the management of youth, to seem surpris'd at misconduct and imperfection. In the first place, it is being surpris'd at an evident truth, that folly is bound up in the heart of a child ; that human nature is deprav'd ; that the heart is deceitful, and the temper, affections, understanding and will, all wrong, having a wrong bias, and requiring only to be brought into contact with a certain arrangement of circumstances, to produce corresponding fruits. In the next place, it has a bad effect. Should it even, from a high opinion of self rectitude, produce a guard on conduct ; at every failure, there will be a disposition to hide, or to defend, if not worse. My excellent governess, Mrs More-

head, used to say, "It does not surprise me, my dear ; I expect to find you faulty ; you have faults which others have not ; and others have faults which you have not, at least to the same degree ; but suffer to be told them, open your eyes and take a full view of them, and then ask grace to correct them. and put your finger upon them, and watch."

But though the education of youth, and, in particular, training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was the great object to which Mrs Graham's life was devoted while in Edinburgh ; it was not her exclusive Christian occupation. She had neither the means nor the time to enable her to traverse the wide field of philanthropy, upon which, at a future period of her life, she entered. Yet the words of the Redeemer were applicable to her even then : "I was a stranger, and ye took me in. I was sick, and ye visited me." The Edinburgh Society for the Destitute Sick in a certain measure owed its origin to her exertions, and the following letter is indicative of the affectionate tenderness with which she watched over the sick of her own household.

## MRS GRAHAM TO HER DAUGHTER.

*Edinburgh, September 1786.*

My Dear Daughter,

Such a scene as I have been witness to : poor M. B—— is gone to her last abode—her state is fixed for ever. I attended her sick-bed for eight successive days and nights, except perhaps for an hour, that I lay down in the same room. I held by life to the very last, because I feared she was not in a fit state to die.

She took every medicine that was prescribed for her, which I administered with my own hand ; but the time appointed to end her mortal state had arrived, and go she must. She lived four days after the physicians had lost all hope, and I think I never witnessed greater distress. I watched every word with anxious care, to find if any breath of prayer was to be heard ; but, alas ! I had no such satisfaction. As she was insensible after the first few days, it was not to be expected she could either think, or pray.

Oh ! why will sinners resist the grace of God, and spend the precious time given to seek and find it, in thoughtless folly ? What can they do, on such a bed of distress, who have no God ? Time mispent and gone—opportunities unimproved and gone—calls resisted never to be repeated—death hunting the soul through every avenue of life—a



dreadful, unknown, unthought of, eternity at hand—an awful Judge, and no advocate secured to plead. A time was, when a kind Saviour was in their offer, expostulating with them, “Why will you die?”—“Hear and your soul shall live”—“Ask, and ye shall receive”—“Seek and ye shall find”—“Knock, and it shall be opened unto you”—“Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved”—“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon”—“Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.”—(Blessings purchased by Christ; pardon of sin, reconciliation with God, new heart and spirit, all that is necessary for time and eternity.) He that hath no money, (no merit, no good about him, no claim upon any account whatever,) “Come buy and eat, without money and without price”—“Why spend ye your money (time, talents, affections, desires) for that which is not bread (and cannot satisfy)? Incline your ear and come unto me, hear and your soul shall live, and I will make with you an everlasting covenant. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation; to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.”

Such is the language of the dear Redeemer to sinners every day, in ~~his~~ written word, from the pulpit, and in the dispensations of his providence; but oh! the madness of sinners, who will not think,

who will not attend, will not apply to this Saviour, whose sole errand into this world was to seek and to save sinners, yea the very chief; but they will not put their souls into his hands, nor give him any employment. A time will come, and we are forewarned of it, when this same inviting Saviour will say—"Because I have called and ye refused; stretched out my hand and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity, and will mock when your fear cometh."

Improve this dispensation, my dear child, beg of the Lord to search you, and try you, and see that your hopes be well grounded.

Your affectionate mother,

I. GRAHAM.

In the autumn of 1787, Mrs Graham revisited the scenes of her youth, and subsequent struggles with this world's adversity. The associations and recollections awakened she describes in a letter to her friend Mrs Walker.

#### MRS GRAHAM TO MRS WALKER.

*Edinburgh, September 1787.*

My Dear Madam,

I have been on a jaunt for nearly three weeks, my school mostly dismissed, the remainder I left with Miss S——. Goodness and mercy have fol-

lowed me, and the Lord has taken care of my house also, for I find no missing of my presence. Yours was put into my hand on my return, and brought fresh cause of thankfulness ; your observation, that we were mutually feeding on the same allowance, continues to hold. I too, have been considering the works and doings of the Lord, and many of them have been refreshed in my memory, by the scenes I have passed through. I visited the seat of my juvenile years, with my dear and only brother ; there I recollected the days of my vanity, and the Lord's patience and long-suffering, my repenting, my returning, his pardoning, his blessing, my backslidings, his stripes and chastisements, his restoring and recovering, yea many and many times. There too, I found my old acquaintances no more ; most of them had finished their course under the sun ; some I could still clasp in the arms of faith, as united to the glorious Head, and now singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. From the idea of others, I was obliged to turn away and say, " The Judge of all the earth shall do right." I recollected a cottage, a mean one, where lived a holy pious father, mother, two daughters, and a son, where the voice of prayer seldom ceased, the voice of complaint was seldom heard—not one stone remained upon another, only the bushes which surrounded it, and the remains of a little garden, the seat of secret communion of each with their God, in turn ; for one little earth-

floored place was all their house convenience, and in the winter's storm, their little cowhouse, built under the same humble roof, was their secret temple. I found three had gone to glory, of the other two I could learn no tidings ; but I shall see them one day in very different mansions. I saw others spreading like a green bay tree, adding field to field, and dwelling alone, servants and dependents excepted. I saw my father's cottage, in the day when the Lord pressed him down, and the place where my dear glorified mother poured out many prayers for me and mine ; my own retirement too, after the vanity I had seen of human life, and tired and sick of it, sought to end my days in solitude, saying, " It is enough, here let thy servant depart in peace, and let my children be reared in obscurity." Then I returned to the town, where my husband had practised as a physician, where I had been respected, and tasted largely of life's comforts. I saw the house we had lived in, and many tender ideas passed ; to this same town I had returned a widow, helpless and poor, was neglected and forgotten. I saw the house where I had taught my little school, and earned my porridge, potatoes, and salt ; then I found myself totally neglected, by some who once thought themselves honoured by my acquaintance ; others shining in affluence, for whom the kitchen was then a proper seat, and some reduced to humble dwellings, who had excelled me in my best days. Then, the

Canaanites had reared their heads whom I had never seen before, yes, wild weeds which I trust the Lord, after bringing them into view, rooted out and destroyed. Many buffetings of Satan I recollected, many rebellious risings of pride, while the Lord said, "Go down, that others may go over thee." I was not willing to tread the valley of humility, and was ready to say, "Verily I have cleansed my hands in vain." I sometimes thought I should fall by the hands of Saul; but still ever the Lord has been a rock to me—the floods saw him—Jordan was driven back. This is a new application of the words, but I communicate with you, and find it forcible; may he have an extraordinary purpose for his own glory.

The sacrament was at Paisley, the friends of Christ gathered together to keep the feast of love. A child of Mr T——, the minister of the High Church, died on Sabbath morning, who had been born the morning of the sacrament Sabbath preceding. Mr Balfour preached a sermon on, "All things work together for good to them that love God:" how suitable to the exercise I was then under. Here I am again restored to my family—I bless God I find no moral evil, though I find little of any spiritual good. The Lord has been saying, "Know and consider all the way by which I have led thee, to prove thee, and try thee to shew thee what was in thine heart, that he might do thee good, in thy latter end. He is now saying, "What-

soever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," — "Occupy till I come." Oh for a thankful heart, a loving, a zealous heart, a meek and humble heart. Oh for diligence and steadiness in the path of duty, a due sense of our own weakness and inability, of the Lord's power and all-sufficiency, and firm faith in the same. Give my love to —, she is the Lord's ; her Heavenly Father mingles her cup, not one unnecessary bitter drop shall be put into it ; bid her trust in the Lord ; the time, the set time, for deliverance shall come. I can witness, with many thousands on earth, and an innumerable company in heaven, that He is the best of masters. I have suffered much, yet not one word of all that he has said has failed. I expect to suffer more ; but whatever bitter draughts may yet await me, I would not give one drop of my Heavenly Father's mixing, for oceans of what the world styles felicity.

I. GRAHAM.

The concluding letter of this chapter is expressive of Mrs Graham's state of mind at this time on the subject that principally engrossed it.

TO MRS WALKER.

*Edinburgh.*

My Dear Madam,

I received both your letters, and cannot express how much I am soothed and I hope, partly quick-

ened by your attention. I number my Mrs Walker among my blessings, and tokens for good at the hand of the Lord.

What a strange life is mine ! I can scarce look beyond my own threshold, and it is only when such as you put me in remembrance, that I think of Zion as a whole. I wish I may not be among the number of those "that are at ease"—yet I think the commandment runs, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," or I would explain it, Whatsoever is laid to thy hand to do—"do it with thy might." Our capacities are so narrow they can only take in few things at a time. I am willing, therefore, to be a hand, or foot, or tool of any kind for more able heads, so I put your letter into the post-office with a petition that the Lord might prosper it. When I enter at any time deeply into church disputes, I feel that it becomes a snare to me ; I enter too deep ; project, plan, and what not ; O that I could but pray for the whole, and do my own little with zeal.

I was at Cramond at the sacrament ; Mr Bonar preached on the whole of that beautiful passage, which relates Mary's anointing the feet of Jesus ; the remarks of the disciples on His allowing it, and His dear condescending answer, full of comfort to the penitent sinner, and a reproof to the Pharisee. Mr Paul gave a table service on the Shunammite "All is well."

I hear M—— is a little better ; I know not what

the Lord is about to do with her, but I am sure all is and will be well. When we trace the tenderness of our Days-Man's conduct through the whole of his tabernacling here below, and add to this, the many gracious words which he spake, and to these again what were spoken by the disciples by his authority, can we refuse to cast all our burdens on Him, and to trust Him with ourselves and them? You know how sweet it is in the time of tumultuous distress, when the spirit is overwhelmed, when God's mercy seems clean gone for ever, and his promise to fail, how sweet at such times to get even a lean upon the Saviour; but when He, as He does at times, takes the soul out of itself, and away from forebodings, reasonings, and suppositions, to His own divine attributes, and gives it a believing view of its interest in them all, in His wisdom as unerring, His power as almighty, His goodness as boundless, His faithfulness unchanging;—when we add to these his humanity, and consider that our High Priest was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and that he has feeling for our infirmities;—when we find Him listening to every petition—a widowed mother for her son—the centurion for his servant—weeping with two sisters over a brother's grave—embracing and blessing the little children whom mothers like you and me, pressed through the crowd, in spite of the reprehensions of disciples, to present to him—accepting the effusions of Magdalene's penitent



heart, with tender consolation ;—O, how near does this bring the Divinity to us, and how sweetly may we confide in such tenderness ! O, my friend, He rests in his love. Let us rest in our confidence, All shall be well.

## CHAPTER IV.

Mrs Graham's feelings of repose on first settling in Edinburgh, must have resembled those of a mariner, who, after long buffeting with the tempest, finds himself secure in a safe and peaceful haven. Having passed through years of suffering, from the loss of her mother, her husband, and the external comforts she had from her infancy enjoyed ; having endured the privations of poverty, with the chilling coldness of this world's neglect,—in Edinburgh, her circumstances were prosperous, her school flourishing, and the friendship and esteem of many of the excellent of the earth added to her happiness, and promoted her improvement.

Public favour, however, is capricious, and even God's people are not free from such mutability. They are often capricious as it regards their own spiritual teachers ; the favourite preacher who for a time is the object almost of idolatry, being frequently forsaken and superseded by another ; and if thus variable in their feelings and conduct towards their own instructors, can we wonder that they should also be so towards the teachers of their children ? The attendance on Mrs Graham's

school, accordingly, began after some years to fall off. She was again threatened with pecuniary difficulties, and finally led to the adoption of a plan, which the following communications will unfold. Her correspondent, Mrs Walker, to whom the letters contained in this chapter were addressed, was long distinguished for eminent piety, consistency, zeal, and activity.

TO MRS WALKER.

*Edinburgh, 1789.*

My Dear Madam,

There is a change in my family ; only seven boarders, when this time last year I had twenty. The Lord could have filled my house this year also, but sees it better that it should be otherwise. He could also, with the same ease, have made your cup to run over ; but He feeds us both with food convenient for us—I say “amen” with you. In my humbling circumstances, sin has been brought to my remembrance, and felt to be bitter. I doubt not but you also have thus felt, and join me in saying “We are unprofitable servants ;” but though we bemoan these melancholy consequences, and feel that we have destroyed ourselves, yet, in Christ our help is found, and our victory in the end secured. We read the promise, we believe and hope, and have received already an earnest of the full harvest. With all our backward

and sideward steps, does He not keep our faces Zionward? has He not in part subdued our enmity? and while others are saying uniformly, "We will not have this man to reign over us," we feel a renewed part within us, echoing to His Spirit, "Hosanna to the son of David, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." Though nature then will crave, an unrenewed part wish, and groan, and sigh, when disappointed, and say "Verily, this is a grief;" yet dare we shake off the yoke? dare we put out our hands to unhallowed means? dare we burst his bands, and cast his cords from us? No! I hear you say, "Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it;" but this is not going far, even the worldling must bear it. But a little after you say, "I embrace it," this is beyond the reach of the worldling. The Lord hath brought us into humbling circumstances, and hath not only taught, but helped us to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good;" or if we cannot always believe, as in Psalm xxvii, we can for the most part turn it into prayer, and say, "Help thou mine unbelief."

But there is another view I would take of humbling circumstances,—though we need them ourselves, and shall be gainers by them,—they may be also answers to prayer for our offspring. You and I are widows in Israel, the only surviving parents of four precious souls,—each in this, as in other things alike; we have embraced the

Covenant for our offspring,—we have cast our fatherless children upon Him, and plead His promise to save them alive,—we refuse to be put off with a temporal outfitting,—we wrestle for a spiritual one: If so, we must leave it to Him to choose the means by which they are to be brought out of Egypt, and their faces set Zionwards. Moses was quickened by trials, and his self-will subdued, before he was made a leader to his kindred. He did not loathe the manna, his heart turned not back to Egypt, he lusted not for flesh, he refused not to go in and possess the pleasant land. Yet, even he must remain in humbling circumstances, to instruct, to lead, to reprove, and to plead for the refractory. He must be turned back to the wilderness with them. It fared ill with Moses for their sakes, in temporals, although God had made all his goodness and his mercy to pass before him, and spoke to him face to face, as a man speaks to his friend. Well, perhaps, we must often (being brought in some measure into subjection ourselves) pass under the rod with our children, that they also may be purified, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints. Let us then not only be content, but rejoice in our changes, and take them as tokens for good, not only to ourselves, but our offspring, and join Moses, Exodus, xxxiii. 13.

Ever your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

My Dear Madam, *Edinburgh, 1789.*

The Lord has cleared my way, and made it as plain as concurring circumstances could make it. No letter yet from Charleston ; but last week I had a long letter from Dr Witherspoon, in which he says, "I have not a doubt of your succeeding in your plan of a boarding-school, either in New York, Philadelphia, or Charleston," but gives many reasons why the first should be preferred, and engages to have a dozen ready to enter on my arrival. In short, nothing could be stronger.

I sent his letter to Mr R——, who decided immediately. In Edinburgh it is a finished thing ; I have only eight boarders—five of these finish within three months, some of them in one month ; of the other three, I am only sure of one that will continue the winter. I know not of a single new one.

What the Lord is to do with me I as yet know not ; but he calls me to leave my country and kindred, and go and sojourn in a land of which he has told me ; and, lo ! here am I ready to break through every tie of nature and friendship, and follow whithersoever He leads me.

I yesterday wrote to Dr W—— that I expected to be out before winter, and begged a lodging might be provided.

I wish all my friends would write before me, as I do dislike to be the bearer of any thing concerning myself, beyond a simple introduction. There is a vessel advertised to sail for New York the 1st of May ; a month longer may be reckoned upon. If you have any friends there I wish you would write to them.

I do not see how Dr W—— can recommend me, without something from this ;—he knew me as a private individual, but never in the line I am now in.

I read in your last letter much sweet truth. I enjoyed it on receiving it, and now taste again on perusal. I do not build castles, perhaps deeper trials yet await me ; but if they do, they shall be among the “all things.” “I AM” is enough for me. Perhaps the sea is to be the bed of these tabernacles ; the Lord grant my own petition to me and mine,—“Save, O Lord.” Amen to every thing else.

Wait you also on the same promise-keeping God. All is, and shall be well.

Where I am to get money, I yet know not : I have it not of my own. If I sell my furniture, I purchase at double cost in America ; but no more of this. I hope for a comfortable meeting soon.

Ever yours affectionately,

I. GRAHAM.

“The newspapers are full of French teachers, music-teachers, boarding-schools, with great friends. I stand upon character alone. Had nothing offered in America, or from any other quarter, I should have quietly come down as I did before, to almost bread and water, and you would have heard few complaints; and my consolation would have been the same, “The Lord will provide.” But, when he shuts me out of the line he once fixed and prospered me in, and opens a door for me elsewhere, I dare not set his call aside, come afterwards what may. I have tabled it before the Lord again and again, have begged Him to counsel friends here, and friends there, and to bring my own mind to such views as will lead to a determination, agreeable to His will.”—*Extract from a letter from Mrs Graham to her brother, Dr H. Marshall.*

## TO MRS WALKER.

*On Board the Eleonora before sailing for America.*

Now farewell dear, kind, and tried friends !  
farewell tried and satisfying ordinances ! farewell  
Scotland, who hast embosomed the clay of many  
around the throne, and art now possessed of their  
offspring ! My pilgrimage in thee is over ; it  
finishes in a cloud—sin is the cause. The Lord  
says, “ Bow down that all may go over thee ;” I



have done so, the Lord subjected me to it. A bitter cup has been put into my hands,—one measure is drank, and I am drunk but not with wine.”

Have pity upon me, O my friends ! forgive my faults ; look upon me as a weakling of Christ’s flock, who shall, by means of all these things, be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

I am poor, and weak, and cast off ; yet the Lord will take me up, and when he has chastened and tried and proved me, he will do me good in the latter end.

This little cabin hides me and mine, we find it an asylum for the time,—we cannot be in the world ; but I stop. Let me stifle pride within, and blot out its expression without. “For my brethren’s and companions’ sakes, I will now say. Peace be within thee ; because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.”

Many comfortable Sabbaths I have had in Scotland, sweet Christian communion ; many kind and steady friends,—few real enemies, though some busy-bodies, who have distressed my friends to little purpose. O Lord ! bless and reward every kind and tender thing I have experienced from those who loved me, and every deep cut and wound I have experienced from them,—in both the motive was the same.

I desire to be remembered, me and mine, in the

Tolbooth Church. May the Lord's presence be with you, and go with us. Amen and Amen,

Yours ever,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 16th October 1789.*

My dear friend's letter was balm to my forlorn spirit. Why forlorn? I know not, unless on account of idolatry. For the same Lord and the same Gospel is here; aye, and I am persuaded many of his faithful servants. Still my bowels yearn over those dear dear souls whom I left behind, and my richest comfort is the prospect of meeting them again, although I have no hopes of this while in the body. My heart swells so full when I begin to write to you, my dear friend, whom I used to address at the other end of the bridge, and think of your being now three thousand miles separated from me. You ask where you shall find the poor wanderer? Why, at her destined abode—privileged with the richest of all blessings—a pure Gospel—house and home and many friends provided me, many of whom, I trust, belong to the household of our God;—the comfortable prospect also held out to me of fulfilling the commandment “Owe no man any thing.” I opened school on Monday the 5th of October, and have already eleven

young ladies under my charge ; two more are to enter in a month.

Mrs Witherspoon died a few days ago, after a severe illness of six months : this stroke, preceded by many others, has brought the poor Doctor very low as to this world's comforts. She was universally esteemed as a good wife, a sensible and amiable woman, and a true Christian. I have had little intercourse with Dr W—— as he could not come to town, but you see how well he prepared my way, and provided for me.

Real religion I do think is here, although under a variety of forms ; many Christians are in the Dutch Church, many in the Moravian, Baptist, Quaker, and Methodist ; still, still, there is nothing like the appearance there is in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Paisley.

There is a very large body of Moravians at a place called Bethlehem, about one hundred miles distant. From the purest of all motives they have erected a school for boarding and educating young ladies ; they have twelve female teachers, and one hundred girls, who are taught all the ornamental branches, as well as those more useful. The expense is so small, it is generally thought they labour for nothing. The reward they seek is souls won to the Redeemer. They cannot take in half the number who apply, and are building and enlarging their plans ; may the Lord prosper them, and bless us also, and make us blessings.

I was at Princeton,\* at what is called "the commencement," when they graduate their young men. I never had a richer feast on subjects not religious. Twenty-six very fine young men spoke on various subjects, some in orations, others in disputation, which task was so managed, that two run into extremes, a third followed, and shewed the fallacy of both, and held out the proper medium; all these harangues were consistent with, many of them founded upon, real religion. I never saw a set of finer youths; they all got degrees, some A.B., some A. M. They afterwards graduate at other Universities for particular professions. I could have wished my boy among them. There was a stage erected in the Church, and a large concourse of people from all quarters. Dr Witherspoon opened and closed with prayer suited to the occasion, "That the Lord would employ every talent for his own glory."

So far as I am qualified to judge, I have not found that superficiality in education that I was led to expect.

I find the women sensible and discerning, no way inferior to our own, not even in external appearance. The men are remarkably sober. There is no such thing as drunkenness, nor sitting after dinner; most of them seem as fond of tea as the ladies, and are seldom absent from it.

There is no parade about Congress. General

\* The College of which Dr Witherspoon was President.

Washington goes and comes in his carriage with a couple of members in it ; a postilion, and footman standing behind, are all his servants ; no riders, no fife, nor drum ; he is truly a great man.

Could we only divest ourselves, or moderate that yearning of bowels on account of our distance from friends in Scotland, we might be happy ; but it will not do, and it is so painful that it embitters every comfort. O what a place must Heaven be, where God, Christ, friends, path of duty, capacity for enjoying all,—all shall be present, and no need-be for bereavement ; well, the time cannot be far distant. O for a heart, talents, and zeal to go forward. Do not forget me ; sometimes speak of me as a fellow pilgrim, whose heart (however faulty her conduct) is knit to the Lord's people, and to you and Mr Randal in particular.

Farewell, ever your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York 1792.*

*Sabbath Noon.*—It is not my custom to take my pen on this day even to write to a Christian friend, having occasion for the whole time with my family, or in secret with my God ; but I cannot go to dinner ; I cannot eat ; I cannot talk to my girls ; my heart must bleed afresh on the same altar upon

which it has often been pierced. O madam, my dear Dr Mason\* goes, and leaves me here alone ; in all probability his course is nearly finished, and his crown awaits him.

You will have heard of his being in a poor state of health before this reaches you, for he wrote to his son to that effect, and his strong desire to see him before his departure : his disorder has increased, and is now pronounced to be a confirmed dropsy in his chest and lungs.

He has not been able to speak many words at a time for several days past : it appeared asthmatic to us unskilful onlookers. Five physicians now attend him closely. I have seen him often, and he only says, " All is well, all will be well." Of the physicians he said, " Yes, yes, it is very well—they are useful men in God's hand—they may be instrumental in patching up the tabernacle a little. If it be raised to usefulness I am content ; if not to usefulness, I do not desire it. I feel no concern about the issue of this ; the will of the Lord be done." I say, Amen ; but, oh, I feel alone. I would need large communications from his Master to fill up this blank. I cannot write for weeping ; now my face is so swelled I cannot go to church. I called at the house this morning, found the Doctors in the parlour, and learned from

\* Father of Dr J. M. Mason, who was then in Scotland pursuing his theological studies.

them the worst. The bell was ringing for church. I stifled as much as possible my grief; would fain have come home to give it vent, but durst not be absent from the house of God. I heard a stranger in Dr Rodger's church; our doors are closed; his text was,—"*Henceforth I call you not servants but friends*"—he ran the parallel between human friendship and that subsisting between Christ and his disciples. I ought to be comforted, nay. I am comforted. The Bible lies open before me; it is full of consolation; but all is in prospect. I look at God, what he is in himself, what he is to his people *now*, and what he will be to *eternity*. The consolations of hope are mine; but, for the present, I feel like the sparrow on the house-top, or like a pelican in the wilderness; and when I think on my years, and the robustness of my constitution, I may have a long journey before me; I am not able to look at it. At the same time, when I consider my children, who, having lost their pastor, who bore them on his mind to a throne of grace, have double need of a mother, I dare not indulge a wish, far less put up a petition for release. O that I could get under the influence of that spirit which I have witnessed in my dear pastor,—that entire confidence in God,—that perfect resignation to His will,—that complacency in all He has done, is doing, or will do. That rest in God, of which he seems to be put in possession

even now, while his breast is labouring and heaving, and cannot fetch one full breath. O what cannot God effect.

*Sunday Evening.*—I have again seen my dear pastor, and discern the clay dissolving fast. The words of dying saints are precious, and his are few. He thus accosted me: "I am just waiting the will of God; for the present I seem a useless blank in his hand; I can say very little; be not too anxious for my life, but transfer your care to the church; my life or death is but a trifle; if the Lord have any use for me, it is easy for Him to raise me up still; and if He do, it will be agreeable to observe His hand distinct from men; if He should not, you will all be cared for; leave all to Him and seek his glory." He could say no more, nor will I add to-night, but address myself to our Lord on his behalf, yours, my own, and our dear concerns.

Several days have elapsed since I last wrote; our dear Doctor still lives, often recruits, and again is reduced; but man can do no more; my last page, before the vessel sails, shall be of him.

As to myself and family, we are as the Lord would have it with us, and, I make no doubt, as we need. Business very full; a house full of boarders, and about sixty scholars. I begin to feel the effects of fatigue or age, I know not which.

The almond-tree flourishes; those that look out at the windows begin to be darkened, but the



keepers of the house stand firm, and all the wheels and springs discharge their office, though inore heavily ; there is no judging of my days by present appearances. Well, let me once more return to my rest—*God* ; commit my way to Him who shall bring it to pass, what is best, fittest, and in the end, shall complete my happiness. Like the paper kite I take many a flight, but the string shall neither break nor my keeper let it go, and I find myself daily less disposed to tug.\*

*April 23. Monday.*—It is finished. My dear minister's bitter draught is over. On Thursday, the 19th of this month, a quarter before ten o'clock A. M., the Lord received his spirit, and laid his weary flesh to rest. He had a sore conflict with the king of terrors, who seemed allowed to revel through every part of his mortal frame : his legs were mortified to his knees : he had not been able to lie down for four weeks, and died in his chair. Like his Master, he groaned, but never complained : he had a draught of his Master's cup, but the bitter ingredient *desertion* made no part of it. I had the honour to close his dear eyes, and to shut those dear lips from whence so many precious truths have proceeded, and to mix with the ministering spirits who attended to hail the released. This honour I had desired, but did not reckon myself worthy, and hardly hoped for it ; but the Lord saw the wish, though never formed into a

\* See Newton's Poem, " The Kite or Pride must have a Fall."

petition, and indulged me. I bless him for it. And now, farewell human friendships, let me gird up the loins of my mind, and run with patience the little further, looking unto Jesus, and following also him, my pastor, "who, through faith and patience now inherits the promises."

'This is a great work finished. Dr Mason was "a city set on a hill;" his character very public. He was with the army during all the war after the evacuation of New York; had great influence over the soldiers; preached the gospel of peace uniformly, but never meddled with politics, though he had a head fully capable. In every situation the Lord supported him in uniformity and consistency of character, and carried him clean through without a single spot or stain. Glory to God in the highest for his repeated proof of his faithfulness. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*August 1792.*

My Dear Friend,

A vessel for Leith sails to-morrow. I snatch a few minutes to indulge my heart to a dear friend, not from businsss or sleep, as usual, but from the bed-side of my poor sick Jessy, who has been once more on the brink of eternity. Mr Stevenson had

taken lodgings for her in the country, four miles from town. I received the alarm ten days ago, and two before the commencement of our vacation ; here I have been ever since, night and day, watching and toiling, without ceasing : thank God, she is apparently out of danger. It is remarkable, that when times of relaxation from business come round, and I plan schemes for recreation and pleasure, the Lord generally puts into my hands a very different cup, and, instead of recreation, I have, in body and mind, labour, care, and anxiety. Do not think I complain. I do not. The Lord's visits are welcome in every form ; at all times His will is good ; only let the fruit of affliction be to take away sin, and I set my hearty amen to all I have suffered, and also to every pang that may still be necessary. For my children I have lodged the same petition, and in this hope I stand by and see them emptied from vessel to vessel with a certain degree of pleasure, expecting, trusting, and waiting for the same fruit. I do not live on the mount. I have no such days as I once had ; no such transporting views of the love of Christ, nor of the glory and majesty of his kingdom ; no such ardent zeal to promote it, nor anxiety for its prosperity. A drudge in business, late and early, little time for devotion, and, when time occurs, little exercise, contented to follow out the path of duty, to wait the signals of Providence from day to day, satisfied that my soul is in hands

which cannot lose it—that my Redeemer manages every thing for me in the mean time, and that one day I shall find myself in the possession of his purchase.

Your affectionate,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, October 20. 1792.*

I was much refreshed by the line you wrote on the blank page of Mr Gib's book,\* and which I did not see till a few nights ago ; I thank you for it. I had laid past my own copy even before I came to America, as containing meat too strong for me ; when I received yours, I thought it a fresh call for me to make another trial to comprehend these mysteries ; but still I find I must sit down at the foot of the ladder ; whenever I attempt to soar, and to dip deep into mysteries, I get bewildered. Often have I attempted to climb the ladder of the divine decrees, the bottom of which reaches to *now*, the top is lost in *eternity* ; but as I climb, my head becomes giddy, my judgment bewildered, I lose sight of the divine character, and am glad to creep down to the bottom step of the gospel-call and promises, "So shalt thou know if thou follow on to

\* "Sacred Contemplations," by the Rev. Adam Gib, in which the doctrines of the divine decrees, and liberty and necessity, are discussed.

know the Lord"—“I will bring the blind by a way that they know not,—“The way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein,”—“I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able,”—“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” Farewell—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Amen.

From your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1793.*

Oh how I long for a letter from my friend: a vessel from the Clyde a month ago, but no letter from Edinburgh.

I have no cause of complaint; I rather wonder at your punctuality; but that very punctuality, which has been the cause of many a feast to my mind, is the cause of disappointment in the present case.

We are in deep concern about the state of your dear country. We have such dismal accounts of the state of trade—of credit—and of government—of taxes—of despotism—and of general dissatisfaction that pervades the whole nation. It is often affirmed that many of its inhabitants are ripe for a revolt.

America may boast of her government—it is good. Of her privileges—they are great. Of her

prosperity—that too has been beyond all computation ; yet the Lord has expressed, in awful form, his controversy with her also. A pestilential fever made its appearance in Philadelphia, about two months ago. Between the 19th August and the 5th of October, four thousand and sixty-four of its citizens died, besides many who quitted the city with infection on them, and died elsewhere. By yesterday's accounts matters are no better ; several of the physicians have been carried off by it, and some of them have fled. Dr Rush's praise is in every mouth ; he is still in the city, exerting himself to the utmost, and his prescriptions are universally followed. No neighbouring town will suffer any person to enter their gates till they have been fourteen days out of the city. The stages have been stopped, and even the horses shot, in some cases, where they have been bribed to force their way through. The most dismal stories have been related of whole families dying, and no one to nurse the last. It is not uncommon for people to be well and in their graves in twelve hours. No friends attend the funerals ; most of them are buried in the night, and every precaution taken to conceal the real amount of evil. Among others. Mr Hazard, Dr Erskine's correspondent, died a few days ago. Yesterday, I read in the papers, the death of one of the clergymen, who thought it his duty to remain with his flock ; but all the churches are shut up.

The magistrates of New York have appointed a numerous patrol to guard against any arrivals from that distressed city. Tents and hospitals are provided on an island, about a mile from town, for the sick, and a tavern for the well, till they perform quarantine. It is remarked that this city was never known to enjoy such universal health. It strikes me that this very blessing in such times portends a cup of our own ere long, for we are not observing the hand of God, but harassing ourselves with second causes. Three weeks ago a day was set apart, by the different religious denominations in this city, for confession of sin, humiliation, and thanksgiving. Our minister preached from the words you mention, as Mr R——'s text, "When thy judgments are abroad in the earth," &c., and had an excellent discourse. We meet every Wednesday evening for prayer, for the distressed and apparently devoted city, also in Dr Rodger's church, and the Dutch Churches.

Write me the opinion of the good and the wise concerning the times, for they are most awful ; also the state of the nation, and the general sentiments of the people as subjects. I hope at least they will let this man\* go to his grave in peace.

Now, as to myself, business is not what it was. I havé several rivals. The Lord has others to provide for as well as us. He has granted my only

\* George the Third.

petition as to worldly matters, and now, if we have daily bread, it is enough.

Ever yours,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1794.*

My ever Dear Friend,

I wrote to you lately by the vessel that has sailed from this, with the Minister extraordinary from the United States to the court of Great Britain, to demand redress of grievances, and indemnification for spoliations on the seas. Since his departure the commander of the American army, now warring with the Indians, has written to General Washington, the President, that Lord Dorchester, Governor of Canada, has sent a party to raise fortifications on the Miami river, within the boundaries of the United States. The President has demanded an explanation; has received rather an evasive answer, and has declared that no discrimination will be made between the hostile Indians, and any other force found on that ground. Things look very serious among us, and, however mad the measure would be, I do believe if the British court does not soothe or satisfy the American ministers, there will be war. I ought rather to say the people; but this can no way be done but through their representatives. Dr Priestley arrived



here a few days ago, and is embraced by the double-refined democrats.\* Even here we have our democratic societies, who pretend to watch over the liberties and bark against one of the freest governments in the universe, and against our good President, to whom, under God, they owe what they so highly prize—*independence*. I learn that Dr P—— is in no danger of getting into any pulpit. Alas! for the state of man,—it is not this or that government that is the source of their misery and turmoils, it is the human heart, the anarchy within; every form of government has been tried, and has stood or fallen with self-government in the governing and governed. What but the restlessness and turbulence of the human heart, made it necessary for even God's chosen people to get a king?

God has almost uniformly governed the nations by kings or individual sovereigns, and those countries which, at times, were not governed by kings, had not more quiet. When a king is good, the people are as happy as their corruptions will admit of; and sure, when the sovereignty is in the hands of a number of bad men, matters are even worse than in the hands of one bad man. Oh! the blessedness of the kingdom of Zion; our King gives a peace, “which the world can neither give nor take away.” “Though hills amidst the seas be

\* Dr Priestley emigrated to America in 1794, and made similar efforts to propagate his sentiments there as in this country.

cast, and waters roaring make," &c. I had a letter from my brother, saying the same things of the state of matters in Britain as you do. Oh! I trust the Lord will yet hear the prayers of those who sigh and cry for all the abominations that are in the midst of you. I am sure there is yet a goodly number who have not worshipped the beast. I rejoice to hear there are tokens for good among you still.

Perhaps you cannot join me, but it would be to me pleasant news to hear (whether the French give peace or war) that Britain had given up all idea of indemnification. The Lord has preserved to her (with his blessing) the means of self-preservation, and no inconsiderable degree of prosperity in her navy and commerce. What is extent of territory but a name, and weight, and bone of contention? Oh that she would now become a nursing mother to Zion! what glorious work offers. Oh that she would now support and send forth the soldiers of Jesus among her heathen dominions, to fight the prince of darkness! this would be a war worthy of nations in covenant with God. Isaiah xxix. 17, to the end.

Since Dr P—— came among us, Fuller's Letters have been printed here. I have got nearly through them. Surely the whole tenor of Scripture is on his side, but I think, in some places, he strains Dr P——'s meaning without any necessity. I am persuaded that it requires higher powers than

rationality to prove Calvinism ; and much of his reasoning will be lost. Scripture seems to me the only weapon of defence or attack to serious searchers after truth ; that is the most satisfying proof ; and as for your rational Christians (according to Dr P——'s ideas of what constitutes such) I believe if that take no hold of them, they will not yield their ground to any human argument. The Scripture must be true. “ The natural mind is enmity against God,”—the Scripture God—flesh and blood cannot reconcile us to him. Alas, even those who are taught by his Word and Spirit are often spoiled of many of their best things, through vain philosophy. I hear little of him. I do not think he injures the sheep who hear not the voice of a stranger ; and for those that are without, they will wander in error's maze, somewhere, till the good Shepherd seeks and finds them. O, that he himself may be among the number !

Paine's Age of Reason condemned. — Good news ! We have too much liberty ; men preach in our streets against the very Bible, and say God is no such being as he is there represented ; all priestcraft. “ Shall I not visit for these things ? saith the Lord.”

Ever, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1795.*

My dear Mrs W——'s very indulgent letters, by the Fanny, to which I replied, and again by the Providence, came safe to hand, and were next to my own God's good word, as cold water in a thirsty land ; there is no rest for anxious Britons in these parts. They had in the public papers a sixty thousand—yes, a sixty thousand revolutionary army in London : but why take up time with these things ? I only tell you our alarms are endless. The people in Ireland are emigrating by hundreds, in the same vessel, all crying out oppression ! I hear there is a stop to be put to emigration. I rather wish you were rid of all the discontented ; there would be enough left.

More overturnings ! We hear of a conspiracy in Sweden—a revolt in Poland—the French overrunning Flanders. I am amazed ; who can judge what the Lord is about to do by what he has done ? His path is in thick darkness, fire and smoke go before him ; one thing we assuredly know, that He is preparing a way, and a high way, for his church, and hastening the more glorious manifestations of the Redeemer's kingdom ; the potsherds of the earth are dashing against one another. Oh how they dash ! Oh that the Lord's people may, at his kind invitation, enter into their chambers, and hide

themselves for a little moment, till the indignation of the Lord be overpast. When I consider your situation, your numerous friends and intimates, who live near to God, and know much of his mind, and all in similar trying situations, viewing and watching for the further manifestations of divine purposes, and the many deep and anxious consultations you must have with one another, I could hardly expect such a portion of your time and attention ; but, oh it is good, like cold water to a thirsty traveller, for never can I give up my interest in Britain. There was I dedicated to my God in baptism ; there did I receive my first and second birth ; there was I trained and nourished in the divine life ; there remain my dear Christian friends and fellow-travellers. Oh, how ties, dear and tender, multiply in my view. I must, I will seek her peace, and share too in her troubles and anxieties. I desire not to be in peace when that fold is in trouble, but to join in heart and sensation those “ who sigh and cry for all the abominations which are committed in it.”

Thank you for all the pamphlets ; they are a great treat to the girls and me, for we cannot help taking public things much to heart. Our pastor has entirely given up politics ; no person can say from either his preaching or praying what his private sentiments are ; in private, as a man, he is entitled to an opinion, and it is unreasonable to be offended. Dr Priestley keeps very quiet ; he has

received many addresses from different societies, which he answers with much modesty.

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TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, July 4. 1797.*

Waked this morning by the ringing of bells, beating of drums, firing of canon, to usher in the anniversary of the glorious Independence of America ! The day in which she dared to be free, dared to say, We will no longer be the tame, abject slave of British tyranny. Liberty or death will be our motto. Hail, auspicious day ! “All hail, thrice sweet and gracious goddess ! with thee to smile upon him, as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than the monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.” Let every heart rejoice, and every tongue proclaim, “America is free.” So much of an American rhapsody.

Now the sober Scotchwoman hails her Christian friend under the banner of Zion’s King. Shall they, shall any boast louder than we ? Can any exult in such glorious liberty ? It is our own precious exclusive privilege ; before the cock crow once, thousands of these boasters will prove themselves the slaves of vice, and abjectly glory in their shame ; while we, a true band of patriots, under the banner, in the armour and strength of our glorious Captain of salvation, dare to say, “Sin shall

*not have dominion over us," neither shall we fear the face of man ; all things in heaven and earth are ours. We are the people who enjoy a government perfect in every department, and in every respect to our heart's desire. All governments must bow before it, and be turned, and overturned, to advance its interests ; and when no longer needed for this purpose, shall cease to be and their names become extinct, while ours shall flourish to endless ages, increasing in the number of its subjects, and extent of its dominion. All this I know and believe, but practise not ; nor live as a subject of such a government, and possessing such privileges.*

The Amsterdam packet has arrived, not one letter from any quarter of our dear native land. The Emperor had made a separate peace. The fleet at Spithead mutinied again and again. By the last accounts they were not quieted. From France we hear of great numbers of vessels (transports)—sixty in Amsterdam—ready for sea, on some secret expedition, supposed against Britain or Ireland. Letters from thence say that, through all the north, nineteen out of twenty are determined on a revolution ; that numbers are daily committed on suspicion. The British banks stopped discounting ; petitions from all quarters for a dismissal of the ministry ; an insurrection in Canada, headed by a British colonel ; in short, things look so thick, and so black, and this scourge of the nations has been

permitted to go such lengths, we tremble at what the Lord may be about to do.

O Lord, suffer not this once flourishing favoured vine to be trodden down by thine enemies. True it has degenerated into a strange vine ; but, oh ! dig about it, and dress it, revive it, as in times of old, and spare it, for thy name's sake ; thy seed is yet in it. Scotland is a covenanted nation, literally called by the name ; is it not beloved for the fathers' sake ? The sons have proved rebellious and false in thy covenant ; but, oh ! thy ways are not as our ways, nor thy thoughts as our thoughts : though we be a covenant-breaking people, thou art a covenant-keeping God. Oh, 'are there not many prayers lodged at thy throne against this evil day by those now around it ? Do not the prayers of many yet in these lands unite with them, pleading that thou mayest arise, and have mercy on thy Zion yet ; for in her rubbish and her stones thy servants take pleasure, yea, her very dust is precious for her sake—oh ! that thou mayest build again the waste places, and not make a full end. Let the loftiness of man be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men be made low, and the Lord alone exalted in this trying day. The Lord has stripped you of all your allies ; you are now not in reality more, but more evidently at the Lord's mercy—Oh ! that ye may be the company of lappers.\* I am no judge of probabilities, but I have often had hope in this. I never liked

\* See Judges vii. 6—7.



the coalition with kings, who gave their strength to the beast. Whatever apparent political justice there might be on their side, it seemed evident that the Lord was dethroning the beast; the work shall go on till accomplished; and it seems, at best, dangerous to intermeddle between Him and the accomplishment of his purposes, especially as they are so evidently prophesied. What had Jehoshaphat to do to join himself to Ahaziah, king of Israel, after the Lord had done such great things for him? Chronicles xviii.

I. GRAHAM.

Amidst the gloom occasioned by the political events to which reference is frequently made in the preceding letters, the hearts of God's people were gladdened by a union among Christians of various denominations, for the purpose of spreading the Gospel among the heathen: and it is impossible to read the following account of the joy this happy combination occasioned, and the zeal it excited among our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, without longing for the appearance of even a little cloud indicating the coming of another such refreshing rain upon the earth.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1797.*

I was duly favoured with my dear friend's letters of March, by the Amsterdam Packet, and rejoice

for the consolation—O that it may even be so, that the Lord may now be “creating Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy!” I wish you had been a little more particular; you have several times taken notice of things on the supposition that I must have heard of them before, which were perfectly new to me, (as this was), except some general observations in former letters: As it was, it put it in my power to feast many. We had a meeting of the Synod here at the time; not one of them had heard a syllable on the subject. Its members are almost all from the Secession in Scotland and Ireland, every one of whom enjoyed the tidings, and blest our common Lord. I had to repeat that passage from your letter over and over again, “Nine Seceding brethren of both parties in a prayer meeting with a number of the Established clergy!” It was wonderful (they exclaimed)! was I sure that my information was correct? Yes. I replied, as sure as if I had seen it.

One good old Christian minister who has been here forty years, could scarcely believe the tidings for joy: and Dr Mason came to me at ten o’clock that night to learn all the particulars I had to give, no one having written to him. I had fourteen of them that day at dinner:

“Not all the blessings of a feast  
Could please their souls so well.”

I made it a kind of fatted calf. You are quite mistaken when you think these things speedily

reach us; your letters have always brought the earliest intelligence of any thing of a religious nature. We have few inquirers after the state of Zion,—religion among us is confined chiefly to labourers and mechanics. Monied men and men of information are worrying themselves to death to add field to field: poor men, they can but at last have the narrow house appointed for all living!

Yours affectionately,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

1797.

I thank my friend for her letter. I rejoice with you, and bless the widow's God. He has, indeed, been so to us, to the full amount of the promise. I have now much to sing of, little to complain of: my dear 'girls, and Mr B——, go forward steadily, having laid aside the weights of amusements and gaiety, and seem determined to follow the Lord fully through good and through evil report. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." We have a full school, and a very comfortable set of girls. The Lord has delivered from all heavy burthens; even our servants are tolerable,—a thing very rare in this place. Last week a considerable number of ministers and lay Christians met, for the third time, and established a Society for sending Missionaries among the Indians, and also among the poor

scattered settlers on the frontiers. A sermon was preached in the evening, by a minister of Dr Rodger's society, in one of the Dutch churches, "The liberal deviseth liberal things," &c. : after which an address was read by the Secretary, (our dear Mr Mason,) which, when printed, I will send you. I was a little vexed by the minister, who preached the sermon, speaking of the spirit that animated their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic; he said *in Europe*, why not say *Britain*? When it came to our minister's turn, he said, "It began in and round the metropolis, and vibrated to the utmost corner of the Island. Amidst alarms of war, and important disputes in politics, the soldiers of Jesus were uniting, with one heart and soul, to invade the kingdom of Satan, and extend that of their dear Lord and Master. And what do we in the possession of every possible temporal blessing—liberty, peace, abundance, the gospel, &c. &c.?—Shame! shame!" O he is a darling, though he does cram some strong meat down our throats with little tenderness at times. The Society is to keep up a correspondence with your and the other Societies. If they can effect any thing themselves, apart here in America, well; if not, they will throw their subscriptions into the common funds, and get help from you. This view is very pleasant to us; there is great need of itinerant preachers in our back settlements; they are scattered, and no churches of any kind; even in

some thick settled countries they will not pay a minister. These are the high ways and hedges, O that the Lord may compel them to come in.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1798.*

I wrote to my dear friend by the Edinburgh packet, though perhaps this may be first received.

I am now confined to my seat with a sprained ankle—cannot point my foot to the ground. I had set apart this day (Saturday) to write to you, but friends calling to visit the invalid, have occupied the time till the day is nearly spent. I have been dipping into the Missionary Magazines, and am greatly refreshed, indeed rejoiced. I trust the Lord is appearing in glorious majesty, and will soon put to silence the gainsayers. Considering the convulsions in the political world, the licentiousness of manners in those who reckon themselves the moral world, the blasphemies of the philosophic, and the abounding error in the Christian world, it is wonder all.

“ Our God shall come and shall no more  
Be silent, but speak out :  
Before him fire shall waste, great storms  
Shall compass him about.”

My heart is very full, I pray the Lord may succeed ; and oh, till the full harvest come, may he

give some handfuls as an earnest in the mean time, to comfort and animate the hearts of those who, at his command, have forsaken all, and have gone after his lost sheep. Do you remember how I used to rave about our dear Methodist Society in Antigua? and the three holy, harmless, zealous, Moravian brethren? and how the preachers gave each other the right hand of fellowship, forgetting their differences in that land of open hostilities on the kingdom of their common Lord. Thither the Lord brought me from a land of entire barrenness, where, as far as I know, a gospel sermon was never preached. Here I was brought into great affliction, and to pass through the severest trial that I ever experienced before, or since. The Lord brought me into this fold, a poor straggling lamb, who had for five years herded among the goats, and little difference was there between them and me, except that my soul longed after green pastures, and rejoiced to hear the Shepherd's voice, and, when I heard it, I knew it, though from one who did not belong to my original fold. These good people nourished me with tenderness, bore with patience my carnality. When my dear husband was taken ill, they wrestled with him in prayer; Mr Gilbert was every day with him; the Lord heard and gave a joyful parting; yes, joyful, never did I experience such joy; then they sympathized with, and soothed the widow's heart, fed her with promises, and, in a measure established

her. Thus they wrought with God in calling one, and restoring another ; never, never, shall I forget the labours of love of that dear little society. How many such stragglers as I may be wandering in both East and West Indies, and may be restored by these precious missionaries. I owe them, of my labours, more than others. I send you a bill for fifty pounds. I have received eighteen copies of the *Missionary Magazine*, as far as No. 9. I have got subscribers for them all, who will continue ; pay these, and send me what more numbers have been published, by the return of the *Edinburgh* packet, also eighteen complete sets from the beginning. I hope to be successful in disposing of them also. I suppose the sermons go to the same fund : send me a hundred sermons, I will see to get them disposed of ; send them single, not bound, and of the best ; perhaps they may pave the way for more to follow ; every little helps ; drops make up the ocean.\* We cannot yet produce any thing ; we are gathering intelligence, and endeavouring to collect money ; but I grudge that what we can spare should be idle in the mean time ; the cause is one. Pay the magazines at once, and the sermons, if you have enough of my money. I hope to remit again in September. I have a great wish to have a finger in your pie in some

\* The importing and disposing of the *Missionary Magazine* led to the formation of the first *Missionary Society* in New York.

way.; if I must not subscribe past our own society, I may sell books for yours.

Ever, my dear friend, yours,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1798.*

My Dear Friend,

I am a very great slave to business, still I have great reason for thankfulness ; my health is in general very good, my comforts many, my trials few and kindly, my prospects bright and certain. The second Wednesday in February, we commenced our first monthly meeting for prayer for the Lord's blessing on ours, and on all the missionary societies. It was far from full ; but we must be thankful for the day of small things, and pray, and wait, and hope. The Dutch churches, Dr Rodgers and colleagues, the Baptist, and our ministers, have united so far as to officiate in each other's churches. They have collected about seventeen hundred dollars, and are looking out for two missionaries to send among the Indians, or to the frontiers. I observe by the papers that Mr A—— sends me, that you get every thing of importance through that medium, so you will soon hear of us, and of the Philadelphia plan, of which you will not approve ; every man may be a member by paying a



dollar, and every missionary is to have a trade, or be bred to agriculture. The wisdom of this world?

I have not yet got a peep into this wonderful discovery of "the illuminati,"\* having some religious pamphlets on hand which I wish to read first. I gave it to Mr Mason : he spread its fame ; the professors were reading it when they should sleep, till I told them they might take day-light to it. I would not die with curiosity, though I did not get it for three weeks, instead of three days. As soon as I can spare it they are going to print it : there is one other copy, and but one in town.

I mentioned in my last that we had planned a society for the relief of poor widows with small children ; the success has been beyond our most sanguine expectations. We have now a hundred and ninety subscribers, at three dollars a-year, and nearly a thousand dollars in donations. We have spent three hundred dollars this winter, and nearly all upon worthy objects. The poor increase fast : emigrants from all quarters flock to us, and when they come they must not be allowed to die for want. There are eight hundred in the alms-house, and our society have helped along many, with their own industry, that must otherwise have been there. The French, poor things, are also starving among us ; it would need a stout heart to lay up in these times.

I am very uneasy about our dear country. O

\* Proofs of Conspiracy, by Professor Robison.

that, the Lord may now work, for his name's sake, and be a wall of fire around it ! I no longer look at probabilities ; there is no calculating in these times. and glory to God we who trust in an Almighty arm, are not called to it. His purpose shall stand ; and as he hath poured out a spirit of prayer and supplication upon you, I think he will incline his ear to hear. Love to all your dear fireside.

I am, as ever, your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1798.*

My ever Dear Friend,

I have three letters before me of precious contents, and they are still more precious because of the love I bear to the writer. While I read my heart teems with matter ; but, oh ! this bondage to trifles, which swallows up all my time. Well may you say, I do not understand (I know not if you do) the subject of sovereign grace, or rather you say we do not understand each other. Alas ! I have never understood any one on the subject. I am a mere infant, and know nothing, and the more I seek to know the more ignorant I become. It hath so pleased the Lord to deal with me : the sin of ignorance must be mine ; I know it must, and will in the end be found to be so, but that with ten

thousand more I roll on my Surety ; His atoning blood ; his justifying righteousness ; his finished work is the milk upon which I am fed, nourished, satisfied, and by which I grow, in a measure ; and He is teaching me other things too in connection, for he is teaching me my ignorance, and more and more of my own emptiness ; and I am satisfied with this too, because my all is in Him ; I am complete in Him. The wisest of men know nothing to purpose, till taught by Him who taught Simon Barjonah. O ! how David pants for this teaching, “ remove far from me the way of lies, and teach me thy law graciously.” Have not you and I seen some who have tasted of the word of life, and the powers of the world to come—who have been taught in part, and savingly—after running well for a time, ensnared in the way of lies, which, though it might not marr their final salvation, has marred their progress in knowledge, holiness, and comfort ? “ Lord, remove far from us the way of lies,” lead us to the pure unmixed unerring word of truth, and in as far as we are ignorant, keep us sensible of our ignorance ; and humble under it, ready to sit at the feet of Jesus, or even at the feet of his sent servants, who bear his image, and prove their doctrines by the unerring word. Oh, the difference between him who reads under the influence of the light which God has prepared to dispel the Egyptian darkness which has overspread the whole human soul, and him who reads with no

other assistance than his own poor blinded reason ! The word of God is ever the same, but oh, the difference of the readers !

We get teasing, distressing news here every day, and many disaffected persons are constantly coming over who speak evil of the country, people, and constitution, and prophesy a downfall ; but I trust the number of those who sigh and cry are not yet so few, and that the land will be spared and blessed, and a church nourished and built up in it ; and that it shall be written of thousands, “ This man was born there.” Say what the wise think of it, not the politician ; but what say *they*, with whom is excellent wisdom in understanding the prophecies, and the signs of the times ; for sure such a century has scarce ever been in the history of the world, since the days that our Lord tabernacled among men. What of the revivals in Wales ? Will you send me any thing that is printed, and thought worth noticing, on the times.

I have, as usual, written all night, and so fast, and with such a pen, I wish you may make it out. My friend, my dear friend, by-and-by there will be no Atlantic between us ; we shall not need pen and ink,—no, nor words to pour out our hearts, but soul shall meet soul in full and heart-satisfying communion. Give my love to E——. I hope the Lord will yet raise her up. Accept of my thanks for all you have done.

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1798.*

My Dear Friend,

Before this reaches you, the public prints will have announced the desolation in this city. Awful indeed has been the judgment, not only here, but in Philadelphia. Boston, New London, Portsmouth, Wilmington, and every town of any consequence, over the whole Continent, Charleston excepted. We are among the escaped. My own health and that of my daughters, made country air necessary for us, so that we had removed previous to the great mortality. Mr B——, however, was in town every day, till we understood that forty-five had died in twenty-four hours ; The mortality increased to fifty-four, reported to the health committee, by the physicians and sextons. The inhabitants abandoned the city in crowds, spreading over the whole adjacent country,—Long Island. York, New Jersey,—indeed for sixty miles around. In the most trading streets of the city, one might have walked half a mile without meeting a single individual, or seeing an open house or shop. Eleven physicians and six surgeons fell a sacrifice, besides six of inferior note ; others were confined through mere fatigue, and were obliged to lie by to recruit and relieve others in their turn. Temporary buildings were erected for the poor, the sick.

and particularly for those recovering, from the hospitals. When the city seemed entirely abandoned, the reports stood from fifty to fifty-four for three weeks. Some remained in town from fool-hardiness, others from avarice, and not a few from very superior motives. In some families, one after another were taken ill, which prevented their removing. I am acquainted with one family of ten, where four were cut off, and two of the other six were removed in a litter not expected to live : with another family of eight, who put two into the hospital, left another with a nurse—all died,—and one of the five who fled took it in the country and died there. I know of, although I am not acquainted with, a gentleman who buried six, and moved to the country alone.

Multitudes carried the infection to the country sixty miles round, nearly all of whom died, having no proper medical attendance.

A number of humane persons (among whom were my favourites, “the Friends”), formed themselves into a society for the relief of the poor and destitute. A committee sat at the alms-house from nine till two o’clock every day, to receive such applications and reports as might be made to them : others patrolled the streets, went into the houses of the poor, and ministered relief of every kind, hiring nurses, employing physicians, and removing those who could be removed to airy and more healthy situations.

Two cooks' shops were opened at different ends of the town; or rather in the suburbs, where the poor were supplied with soup, meat, bread, and vegetables. Notwithstanding all this care, many, many, suffered; nurses were not to be had; doctors could only be in one place at a time; and some liked not to be paid with a blessing, or from the public funds.

Coffins were ready made, graves ready dug, and the moment the last breath was fetched they were buried with the utmost dispatch. Three hearses were in constant waiting, and often the driver and sexton performed the last office. Some were entirely deserted by their relations; often *one*, after nursing to the last, was obliged to get the assistance of the hearse-driver to shut the body up in the coffin and place it in the machine. One day I met three well-dressed females following the hearse, and not a man but the driver. But this was no uncommon circumstance. Women stuck by their dying friends; men fled;—strength of affection more than balanced want of courage.

It is now over,—fragments of families are returning to town; all is again bustle, and this fleeting transitory world pursued with as much avidity as ever. The newspapers have long been filled with causes and cures; but oh! the true cause—sin, the true cure—repentance, are laughed at, or never thought of. Our churches are now open, but not better filled. All will soon be forgotten

by the children of this world. Lord, bless it to thine own, and may the heathen also know that the Lord doth this, and woe to them who lay it not to heart. It is calculated that above two thousand persons have died within the last three months, besides many before the reports were made up, and many unknown. It is now evident that this disease originates in the place. I have not heard of any person catching the infection from another in the country, but persons passing through the city, without having the least communication with the sick, have carried it with them and died. Great numbers also have suffered by returning to town too soon. Well, shall there be evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it? I desire silently to adore and be thankful.

Now for myself,—illness having returned upon me so often, and my daughters being now all settled in life, I began to think it might be duty in me to yield to their entreaties, and retire. I have done so. I hope I have not, in this case as in many others, blundered. I have done little else through life. The Lord hath overruled, let me praise him. Hitherto, He hath blessed me, and it is of His goodness that I am as I am, my face Zionwards. In this country He has drawn a veil over my faults, and I retire from public life with credit, regretted and beloved. My own heart tells me it might have been otherwise. Therefore again let me praise



Him. My life has been full of changes and incidents. It seems to me now as if my work were near done, or rather altogether so, but it will be as the Lord wills.

I am hurried, having had very short warning of this vessel's sailing. I cannot, therefore, enter on any other subject. Accept of my warmest, sincerest thanks for all your acts of friendship, and above all for the hours dedicated to our epistolary correspondence, for which also I thank my God. I can say as David said of Jonathan, "Very pleasant has my friend been to me." My heart is at this moment like to burst, but we have an eternity to spend together.

Love to your dear girls and my precious counsellor in my heavy hours. The Lord honoured him—blest his labour of love—he was as an angel of God to me. I am, as ever, with affection, yours,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*Greenwich, July 12. 1799.*

My Dear Friend,

Could I transport myself with a wish, and your dear child's warfare not over, I should be at her bedside in a moment. I would mingle my tears with yours, and sit in silence with you, or I would take a share of active duty about the dear

suffering saint, and pray you all to take a little rest. But this is not permitted me ; may it be blessed to those who have that honour !

It is now two months since your few weighty lines left you. Much has passed in that time ; I hope it is finished, and she entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God : if so, her joys have already far outweighed her sufferings, and if so, you acquiesce, I hope rejoice. However it be, I know your God has been, and still is, with you, to support, to soothe, to sanctify, to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, as the consequence of this sore and lengthened affliction.

I know, I am sure of all this ; yet still I feel pained for you, my friend,—the wringing of maternal affection, the bursts of human grief, recollecting thousands of affecting circumstances, the absence of the beloved object, the room, the bed, the apparel,—Oh ! I know it all, and your own Jesus knows it ; soothing have these two words been to me, “ Jesus wept.”

Yes, my friend, it is left on record for our consolation, that even in mere human sensibilities we may have communion with him, and pour them out into his merciful bosom. But I do wrong, I am not near you ; a space of time must elapse ere this reach you,—the merciful Lord heals these wounds by means of time, why open them afresh ? I forget this. Well, my friend, in a few years, you and

*all* yours (how few mothers can say all !) will join the happy throng. O, then, who can tell what shall succeed when, totally freed from sin and perfected in holiness, we shall see Jesus as He is, and be made like unto Him. The language of inspiration itself comes short here.

It is not common for you to receive two letters from me without calling upon you for sympathy. In this I only ask your prayers that the same Lord who hath shewn me and carried me through great and sore adversities, may guard me and preserve me in prosperity. My cup with temporal blessings runneth over. That the Lord has conducted things to this issue, seems to me as a dream. What can I say, what can I render to the Lord for all His gifts to me and mine ? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord, pay my vows by acknowledging His goodness before His people,—ever his debtor, deeper and deeper ; so must I be through all eternity.

Thus far you may see how very pleasant every circumstance in our lot is at present ; but O the heavy cloud that seems suspended. What may my next announce ?

The dog-days have commenced ; the Lord again, again calls to the city. It is said, it is averred that four individuals have died of the yellow fever, that the infection was communicated by a vessel from the Havannas. After riding her quarantine,

they neglected to have the goods aired, &c. “Except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen watch in vain.” The weather is burning hot, the fields brown and withered, and what is all nature but God’s storehouse of means, which he calls forth at pleasure, to work the purposes of His will. Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?

*September 28.*—Thus far I wrote under the former date; the opportunity I expected never occurred. I have now to write of changes as usual. A few days after writing the above, the Lord called me again to pass under the rod. I was seized with the same intermitting fever I have had the last two summers; but I enjoyed so much of the Lord’s presence, and experienced such sweet acquiescence in His will, and such confidence in Him, as my covenant God, that I scarcely tasted the affliction which brought down my body, and led me to look to my house not made with hands. In the mean time the alarm increased in the city, and towards the middle of August the inhabitants were scattered over the whole country; by the end of the month it was nearly evacuated by all but the poor, who wanted the means, and some foolhardy and stout-hearted, who appeared as if they had made a covenant with death, and could brave the Almighty, many of whom have been cut off. At the same time, there were a few who remained

from principle, some of whom the Lord has also removed by death.

Ever your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, 1800.*

My ever Dear Friend,

More than one vessel has sailed since I wrote to you, nor have I any thing new to say to you now. *Your* letters are filled with important matter of church and state, the stately steps of the Lord of the whole earth. Mine contain little more than what passes within one breast or in one household.

We are sitting still and at ease, notwithstanding God's judgments around, and in the midst of us. This is the case in general, although here and there the print of our Lord's feet appear in bringing home individuals to himself. The accounts we hear from the back settlements are encouraging. One missionary was sent, and his son accompanied him ; he has now returned to carry out his family, having received a cordial reception from the Indians. They have expressed a desire to know more of the Great Spirit, and how to find acceptance with Him, also a desire to cultivate the earth and lead a settled life. Not one single

magazine have we received since the last you sent us, and the subscribers are much disappointed.

We have heard, but not particularly, of the Lord's providence in overruling an insurrection in Otaheite, for the furtherance of the Gospel, and prospering the scattered Missionaries at the Cape of Good Hope. The purposes of the Lord shall stand.

I also hear by the newspapers, which Mr A—— kindly sends me, of all events of a public and national character ; but I hear not of the Lord's special work, as I could wish,—that for which He turns and overturns. I long also, to hear from your own pen what appearances occur from day to day among yourselves. The more I think of the glory of the Church of Scotland, its spiritual order, doctrine, discipline, and government, the Lord's rule in it, and the prosperity with which he has blessed it, the thousands around the throne, born, nursed, and perfected in it, and the thousands who have bled for it,—the more I think of this, the more I am persuaded the Lord will yet return, and visit this his vine. I am no judge, but I cannot help being pleased that you abide by the form, as well as the faith of that stately fabric.

Saturday next, being the birth-day of our late General Washington, is to be kept to his memory. Two of our ministers are appointed to preach funeral orations. Dr M—— is one. In his eulogium, he will, I daresay, leave him where he

ought. Among men he was a great man, and a great blessing to men.

Nothing new has happened to me or my family since I wrote to you ; as to myself, I have all and abound, health, peace, and comfort. What shall I, what can I say ? The Lord who has shewn me great and sore adversities, and saved me from being overthrown by them, will, I trust, also keep my face Zionwards, now that days of prosperity have come, seeing they too are of his own appointing, and surely, as such. cause of great thankfulness. When I look back on former times, when he first prepared room for us in Edinburgh, and before that, when apparently destitute in the West Indies. with three babes, the fourth unborn ; and consider all the way by which he has led me and provided for me since, and look now at my fair spreading family, words are wanting to speak my feelings. O, shall I not with zeal and industry care for his poor widows and orphans, over whose provision he has placed me.\* By His grace I will. The society prospers, and, I believe, is made a blessing ; it is also respectable. Ladies of the first rank take an active part in it, and not only minister to the poor of the society's funds, but also of their own substance, which proves a great blessing to themselves.

Ever yours,

I. GRAHAM.

\* Mrs Graham was first directress of the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows.

TO MRS WALKER.

*New York, July 27. 1802.*

My dear Mrs W——'s letter of the 12th lies before me. I received another since, but have left it, through mistake, in the other house.\* I am now so rich in homes, that, like all other riches, my cares are increased by them, and my poor remains of memory sometimes burdened. Next to the intelligence of your own and family's health and comfort, for which I join my thanks with yours to the God of all grace, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and every comfort, spiritual and temporal, I notice the place my dear minister holds in your judgment and (for his Master's sake) affections. I love, I honour, I esteem him highly, for his work's sake. I obey him as having charge of my soul, and watching over me, as one who must give account: he is faithful, and will render that account with joy, and not with grief. I also love his\* person, for his own sake, with the love of friendship. After all, he is not my God, nor is he my Bible; neither is he Lord over my judgment, in matters not decided by any revelation. I make little doubt but he kept my letter,† from views of prudence, to prevent the accounts from Kentucky

\* Mrs Graham lived alternately with her children after declining business.

† Dr Mason was at the time in Scotland.



being circulated.\* I desire not to censure him, and others ; for the most part of the Christians here who are esteemed men of sense and discernment, adopt the same conduct with Gamaliel on a former occasion ; others pronounce it enthusiasm, infection, and some spare not to pronounce it delusion ; while some of the weaker sort, among whom class your friend, have formed different views, or other hopes of it. If upon Gamaliel-supposition this matter will come to nought, I must stand among the most credulous and most foolish of the fools, as my mind is nearly, though not decidedly, made up. One reason why these religious impressions gain *no* or *small* credit as the work of God, is, that the Methodists are the principal agents as means, and they are by all other sects esteemed an enthusiastic people : This, in my mind, proves nothing : Be it so, that men have much against them ; be it, that God has, where is there perfection ? Of the seven churches of Asia, six were reprehended ; yet among them were some who had not defiled their garments, and they walked with Christ in

\* This conjecture was correct. Her pastor was aware of the powerful prejudices existing against the religious excitements in the West. Many pious persons, remote from the region, who, from the incidents attending it, suspected the genuineness of the revival, were afterwards convinced that it was the work of God. That Mrs Graham, circumstanced as she was, should at that early period have formed so correct an opinion, proves the clearness of her judgment, and the liberality of her views.

white. These indefatigable, laborious men have suffered all manner of hardships, the extremes of heat and cold, hunger, fatigue, contempt. In Virginia, near to the sea, where, supported by the fertility of the soil, the labour of slaves and traffic, pride, luxury, and dissipation, hold their seat among a people of education ; here there is no temple to the known or unknown God. Here and there, perhaps, once in thirty or forty miles, stands the ruins of a Methodist hovel for the worship of the true God,—even these could not be kept in repair ; yet even *there*, there are those who, in confused expressions, speak gospel truths ; the depravity of nature is felt and lamented ; the grace of God, the blood of Christ, the price of pardon, and acceptance, and gospel precepts, are in some measure understood, and deniedness to the world and self practised. These are the fruits of Methodist preaching in the back settlements. Among the mountains, there are many more who live to God, and acknowledge them their spiritual fathers. There are a few Presbyterian churches in these parts, the ministers of which acknowledge that God has done much good by the Methodists, both among black and white.

It is now five years since these extraordinary appearances began, first among the Methodists. I have it from undoubted authority, that individuals, known personally to my informers, were the subjects of these violent agitations of body and mind,

in the season, of what appeared to them, conversion, who have since given good evidence of it by their walk and conversation. These agitations have not, for two years, been confined to Methodists: the very same appearances have accompanied the religious impressions made on the minds of vast numbers under the preaching of Presbyterian and Baptist ministers, all of whom are satisfied that it is the outpouring of the Spirit on thousands, whatever agency or contrary spirit may be permitted in making counterfeits. Finding that the Lord honoured these men, that the harvest was great, and the labourers few, they have united their exertions, and are in those great gatherings in full communion. I have heard several letters read from the most esteemed among them, which all speak the same things; and who dare despise whom God delights to honour? God said to his ancient people, that he would provoke them to jealousy by a people which were not a people, and by a foolish nation he would anger them. Has he not, in effect, said the same to backsliding corrupted churches, when about to remove their candlestick? Has he not said something like it to the Church of Scotland, in the countenance he has given to new sects? Has he not been shaking all things, dignities, properties, churches, and states? Has he not run his providences entirely above and contrary to the views of the wisest of the wise, with the prophecies in their hands? Who shall say that He shall not step out

of his ordinary course in overturning the kingdom of Satan, in a place where he seemed to reign, not only over willing slaves, but over the most daring avowed opposers of Zion's King? And in days when a nation is to be born at once, are we sure that the time is circumscribed, when he shall pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, and young men shall dream dreams, and old men see visions? Is the extent of that Scripture confined to such a degree of conviction, as shall leave the members of the body at rest—Thine arrows are sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee?" Is there not a spiritual meaning to the 107th Psalm—"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end?" And how do they find rest? When the Lord maketh the storm a calm, and stilleth the waves, then are they glad, and he bringeth them to their desired haven—to peace and rest. Is all prophecy understood? By "the multitude of camels, the dromedaries, the flocks of Kedar, the rams of Nebaioth," are understood the nations where these are natural to the soil and climate. Little has yet been discovered of this great continent and its numerous inhabitants, yet are they and it the subject of prophecy, however concealed from the past and present generations. Perhaps we are the sons of strangers mentioned in the 10th verse of the same chapter, 60th of Isaiah; but I speak as a fool.

## CHAPTER V.

Mrs Graham's correspondence with Mrs Walker presents her in the public character of a teacher of youth, an active promoter of every scheme of Christian benevolence, and an intelligent observer of events, whether affecting the nations of the earth, or the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Her christian principles were not less clearly developed in the domestic circle ; where, withdrawn from the eye of the world, it is only the desire of pleasing God that can lead to unvarying consistency. And few, we believe, who have sympathized with the widow, left desolate and heart-stricken on the island of Antigua, but will be desirous of knowing how it fared with her fatherless children, and how she, who proved so affectionate and dutiful a daughter,—so fond, and tender, and judicious a wife,—acted as a mother, when bearing the undivided burden of parental responsibility.

The prominent feature of her domestic character was, singleness of aim, and constancy of purpose, in seeking the spiritual and everlasting welfare of her children. Some parents, while sincerely desirous that their children should have treasure in

heaven, are also very much bent on securing for them treasure on earth. They pray that their offspring may “so pass through things temporal that they finally lose not things eternal;” but a rival object of solicitude is, how they may reach some coveted height of worldly prosperity, the giddy eminence of which often proves ruinous to their souls. The following extracts breathe a very different spirit.

“My God knows I have sought first the kingdom of God for my children, leaving temporal things to be given or withheld as may best suit with the conversion and sanctification of their souls. I have not asked for them beauty, riches, or honours; God knows what share of these consists with their better interests, let Him give or withhold accordingly. One thing I have asked of the Lord, one thing only, and will persist in asking, even the life of their souls and my soul.”—*Extract from Diary, dated Edinburgh, March 1789.*

“Glory! glory! glory! to the Hearer of prayer. I have cast my fatherless children on the Lord, and He has begun to make good my confidence. One thing, only one thing, have I asked for them, leaving everything else to be bestowed or withheld as consisting with that. I seek for my four children and myself, first of all, ‘the kingdom of God.’”—*Extract from Diary, New York, Oct. 10. 1791.*

“I this day take a fresh hold of thy covenant, for myself, for my children, and for my children’s

children, to the latest generation ;—for my brother, and sister, for their children and children's children, for the near concerns of our dear D. B., and for all whom I carry on my mind to the Throne of Grace. This is the sum and substance of my prayers ; bring them into the bond of thy covenant ; deal with them according to the order of it, and the provision made for them in it in all possible circumstances.”—*Diary, April 1804.*

Mrs Graham thus chose, not only for herself, but for her children, that good part which could not be taken from them ; and her singleness of aim in seeking this object was as remarkably manifested in the bitter regret she expressed on account of any deviation from it, as in the ardent supplications to which, in the preceding extracts, she gave utterance.

“ When I came to Edinburgh,” she wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs M——, “ and got plunged into the world, I lost much, much more than at the time I was aware of ; I did not watch and pray, I did not search my heart and principles of action as I ought to have done, and as many trying occasions required. My children grew up, and the pleasure of seeing them admired, excited my vanity, and engendered ambition, and instead of leading them forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feeding them beside the Shepherd's tents, I made them too much to pass through the fire of temptation, and to bow down to the god of this

world. The Lord took vengeance on these inventions. I read my sin in my punishments, and it deepened the affliction, and though He whose mercies are like himself, not only pardoned, but healed, restored, and brought good out of evil, yet I cannot forgive myself, and many a bitter tear it costs me still.”—*Mrs Graham to Mrs M.*, 1806.

These prayers, confessions, and exertions, were accompanied with the result so ardently longed for. She who went forth thus “weeping, bearing precious seed, could not but come again rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her.”

“Thou Husband of the widow, thou Father of the fatherless, how fully, how manifestly hast thou fulfilled these relations to thy worthless servant ! Thou, in my early widowhood, calledst upon me to leave my fatherless children on thee, annexing the promise that thou wouldst save them alive. Thou didst put it into my heart to plead the promise in a spiritual sense, to ask, to hope, to wait for the new birth, the life which Christ died to purchase, and lives to bestow.

“In three of these fatherless, I have seen thy work. Long did the grain of mustard seed lie buried among the weeds of worldly-mindedness, long were my hopes and fears alternated, but now the blessed discipline of the covenant has been exercised ; I have witnessed it ; I have felt it ; suffered the rod with them and for them, but waited for the fruits in hope ; and glory to thee, dear Hus-



character were more distressingly developed: the medical profession, for which he was training, was abandoned, and at length, in compliance with his ardent wishes, he was allowed to sail as an apprentice in a vessel in the merchant service. At the time the preceding extract from her diary was written, he had paid his mother a visit at New York, and two years after she addressed to him the following letter.

TO JOHN GRAHAM.

1793.

My long lost but still dear Son,

If this ever reach you, hearken to the voice of your mother, your only parent, and to the voice of God by her. O my son, you have had a long race in the service of Satan; he has kept you in bondage, and made you his drudge. You are far advanced in the broad way that leads to destruction—to that place of endless torment prepared for the devil and his angels, to which Satan is dragging you. He has even been seeking the destruction of your body, that he might have you secure.

O my son, think. Has he proved a good master? What have you found in his service? Has he not disappointed all your gayest hopes, and fed you with husks? Have you, my son, been happy? Are you not obliged to drive away your own reflections? I know you are. Dare you, my son, to sit

down and think over all the past, all the present, and look forward to the future with any degree of comfort? My son, you cannot. Hear, then, the word of the Lord; that Lord, that merciful Lord, who has seen you in all your rebellion, heard every profane oath you may have uttered, seen your rioting among the sons of Belial; yet, what is his voice to you? O my son, it is not, Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. No, my son, the door of mercy is still open to you. The Lord calls, "O sinner, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." "Only repent, so iniquity shall not prove thy ruin." "Hearken unto me ye stout hearted, that are far from righteousness: I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry." "Hear and your soul shall live." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,"—Saved from hell! saved from Satan and his snare; saved from the force of corruption in your heart.—I do not call upon you, my poor corrupt boy, to turn from sin and work righteousness in your own strength; this you can no more do than the Ethiopian can change his skin; but I do call upon you to receive the whole of God's salvation, and power to resist sin is a principal part of it. In God's word it is said that the Lord gave Christ to be a covenant to the people,

we have to covenant with him on our part ; we are all poor lost miserable creatures, I as well as you by nature ; but the Lord Christ is God's gift to sinners. All the other promises are made to those who have received and accepted of his gift ; but Christ himself is God's gift to sinners—to the chief of sinners—to *you, John Graham, by name*—and the Bible says, to as many as receive him, to them gives he power to become the sons of God. God gave Christ to become the price in our hand ; we take this gift, and offer back, as the price of our redemption, his atoning sacrifice, his all-perfect righteousness ; and on this ground we are entitled, by his own plan, which he prepared from first to last, to plead for the full accomplishment of all the promises in the Bible : for the pardon of sin ; for the new heart and right spirit ; yea, for an entire new nature. O my son, open your Bible, go to your knees, look out words there fit for your case : present them humbly before God ; turn all the promises you find there, all the offers, all the calls, all the commands, all the threatenings into prayer, for you of yourself can do nothing, and ask that God, for Christ's sake, may pour out on you the spirit of prayer. I know not how to have done, yet I well know, unless the Lord soften your poor obdurate heart, it will still remain hard. O, my son, be willing to put it in *his* hand, to receive his salvation, and give yourself up to his guiding. I beg you will read with care the 15th chapter of the

gospel of Luke. The Lord spoke these parables to shew how very willing he is to receive returning sinners. Your mother, and all your sisters, are willing to follow his example ; return to us, my son. We will watch over you, we will pray over you, and we will try, by every endearing method, to restore you, not only to health but to comfort. Your sisters wish you to come ; all your friends are willing to receive you ; we will not upbraid you.

Do, my dear, leave Greenock, come out to us by any way you can find, I will pay your passage here : or, if you can get to any port in America, you can write to me from that, and I will get you forwarded here ; and, after you are here, if you still wish to follow the sea, we can get you a birth in some trading vessel from this. All your friends here send best wishes.

And now, my son, I commend you to the Lord. O, that he may bless this to you.

Your affectionate mother,

I. GRAHAM.

This letter was returned to Mrs Graham unopened, her unfortunate son never saw it, and the following letter is the last she ever received from him.

## . JOHN GRAHAM TO HIS MOTHER.

*Demerara, June 8. 1794.*

My Dear Mother,

After seven months' absence from Amsterdam. I arrived here, where I am rejoiced to find an opportunity of writing to you. I have been very unlucky since I left Holland, the particulars of which I shall relate, as you before desired me to write all that happened to me. I shall, however, first write concerning my health. I am sure you have been anxious about me, as my uncle, no doubt, wrote you what a dangerous situation I was in when I left Greenock ; especially in the line of life that I now follow.

I left Greenock, to be sure, very awkwardly, and behaved myself there, I am now obliged to confess, very foolishly ; but I now see that it is best that the foolish should have a bite of their own bridle, and I have had a very severe one of mine since I left Greenock ; but I hope it will be for my good. At first, to be sure, I had returns of my disorder, but I soon got the better of it. After I came on board this Dutch ship, I took a fit, and fell from the fore-yard, and was so much hurt as to confine me to my hammock for six weeks ; but, thank God, I have had no return of the disorder since ; but I am sure, I do not know what I would do were these fits to return upon me, in a strange land, where

I had no friends to attend me. When I was in Greenock, I had a good and kind mother to give me clothes and all that I stood in need of. I had also, when in health, a merchant to find me a ship, and when ashore, a house to eat and sleep in ; but all this would not satisfy me, but I must have my own pleasure. Now I am among strangers ; no one here knows who I am ; here is no one to give me good advice ; if I do not do right of myself, there is none to desire me. I wrote to you what happened to me from the time I left Greenock till I arrived in Amsterdam. I shipped on board of the Polly, Captain Peterson, the second of November : we lay in Texel, waiting for a fair wind, three weeks. You may be sure I was very awkward at first, among people that I could not understand, and as little they me ; but, however, as I knew my business (not to praise myself) as well, and better indeed, than any on board, I soon came to speak a little, and to gain the favour of the captain and mate. I lived happily on board for six weeks, when it was interrupted by a very unlucky accident for me, and all hands.

It was on the 8th of January that we saw a sail standing right for us. Our captain would not alter his course, so that we came so close as to see that she was a French sloop of war, of twenty-two guns ; as our ship only mounted eight, it was impossible to fight her, and we were obliged to surrender. When they came on board, it was with

hard pleading that they did not throw us all overboard. The people went immediately into the steerage, where we all lodged, and rifled our chests of all our clothes, leaving us only what we had on. The captain, mate, and eleven of the men were taken on board the French ship, and put in irons ; one Dutchman and myself remained in the Dutch ship, as he could speak Dutch and I English. We saw no ship for several weeks ; but, at last, a vessel appeared in sight about twelve o'clock, but at a great distance, and, when night came on, we did not expect to see any more of her ; but in the morning she was close to us, and we could see she was an English ship of war. She hoisted English colours, and so did we, thinking to deceive her ; however, as you shall hear, we could not. I was appointed to speak to her, and dressed as the captain. A man stood behind me who could understand a little English, with a drawn sword in his hand, that if I should tell them any thing of our having been taken, he should immediately run me through the body. The English captain hailed us, " Whence came you ?" I answered, as directed, " from Barbadoes." " Whither are you bound ?" " To Bristol." " With what are you laden ?" " Sugar and coffee." " Very well," answered he, " I shall hoist out my boat and go on board of you." When he did, he soon saw what we were, for the poor Frenchmen were running some here and some there, as if they were mad. He left

men on board of the prize, to put the men in irons, and to take care of her, and took the Dutchman and me on board the English ship : he then told us that he was going to the coast of Guinea, and would send the prize to England, and gave us our choice to go in either ship ; for my part, as I had no clothes, neither shirts, jackets, nor trowsers, and the weather cold, I chose to go to the coast. When I arrived there, I was put on board the ship I am now in, and have been nigh four months, at L.1, 10s. a month. The ship's name is the Hope, and the captain's name Dutson.

I am very badly off for clothes. I would ask you to send me some, but I know not how long we shall be here. If we do not leave in two months, we shall probably stay six or seven ; however, I will write again before I go. I am well in health, except a hurt I received in my leg. I have little to write ; indeed I must do it when I should sleep. Farewell, my dear mother ; give my love to my sisters and all friends.

I am your affectionate and only son.

JOHN GRAHAM.

The following extract records the emotions with which this letter was received.

“ This day I have a letter from my poor wanderer. It is more than a year since I heard of him. Accept of my thanks, my good and gracious Lord ;



I feared that his cup had been full, and that he had been called out of the world with all his sins on his own head ; for I have no tidings of his turning from his sinful courses, or fleeing from the wrath to come, by taking hold of the hope set before him.

“ I bless thee ; O I bless thee, for thy sparing mercy, thy long suffering, thy patience, thy forbearance. Yea, even to him, thou hast been more than all this ; thou hast been his preserver, his provider ; thou hast watched over him in many imminent dangers, in the great deeps, in burning and in frozen climes.

“ Thou hast followed him with thy preserving mercy and temporal bounty. He is still in the land of the living, and amongst those who are called to look unto thee and live. Still thou feedest my hopes of better things for him ; thou sufferest my prayers to lie on the table of thy covenant. I will trust, I will hope, I will believe, that, in an accepted time, thou wilt hear me, and in a day of thy power thou wilt bow his stubborn will, and lay him an humble suppliant at thy feet. I trust, thou wilt bring this poor prodigal to himself, and turn his steps towards his father’s house. See how he feeds with the swine upon husks, and even these not his own. O turn his thoughts to his father’s house, where there is bread enough and to spare.

“ Lord, remember thy gracious word, on which

thou hast caused me to hope, and which has ever been my comfort in the time of my affliction, and in my straits my *only* relief.

“ He is again launched into thy great ocean. Lord he is far from every friend, and from every means of grace, and, for any thing I know, far from thee by wicked works, under thy curse, and hateful in thy sight ; but thou God seest him. Means are not necessary if thou wilt to work without. Thou canst find an avenue to his heart, dead as he is, vile as he is, guilty as he is, at once far from the help of man, and in the most unlikely situation to receive the help of God ; yet I know that all these hindrances, all these mountains, shall melt as wax at thy presence. I believe, thou knowest I believe, that if thou but speak the word this dead soul shall live,—this vile, this guilty soul shall be cleansed, and my son changed to an humble, thankful, genuine child of God, through the cleansing blood of atonement, the imputation of the Redeemer’s righteousness, and the implantation of thy Spirit. I can do nothing for him, but thou canst do all this ; I wait for it, Lord ; I wait for thy salvation. Lord, let there be joy in heaven over this one sinner repenting ; I roll him on thee : I trust in thy sovereign, free, unmerited mercy in Christ. Amen.”—*Extract from Diary, 1794.*

Of her son Mrs Graham heard no more. Some months after the date of his letter, a vessel named the Hope was reported to have been captured by

the French, and his friends suppose he died in a French prison.

Did the promise then, in this instance, fail, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?” We are not warranted in coming to such a conclusion. Mrs Graham had it not in her power personally to train up this child. With an establishment of young ladies, he could not, with propriety, have been under her roof, beyond the years of early boyhood. By his first teacher he was neglected, and his mother, in one of her published letters, expresses regret at his absence, in such a way as to shew how fully she was aware of the disadvantage connected with it :—“My dear friends, I would recommend it to you to keep your children about you. No other had ever the influence over my son I had ; I regret that I did not bring him with me.” And neither are we to conclude that because, in the course of God’s providence, his mother was deprived of the privilege of rearing this child for God and for heaven, the many prayers with which she encompassed the throne of grace in his behalf were unanswered. In the letter he wrote from Demerara, there are indications of a striving of the spirit within his breast :—“I left Greenock, I am obliged to confess, very foolishly ; but I now see it is best the foolish should have a bite of their own bridle, and I have had a very severe one of mine, since I left Greenock, but I hope it is all for my good.” In a

foreign prison he would have time for reflection, while he would be removed from many of the temptations that had been wont to get the mastery ; and we hesitate not to adopt regarding him the words of the Bishop whom the mother of St Augustine besought to expostulate with her son, when going on in a course of wickedness, “ Good woman, it is not possible that the child of such tears should perish.”

Amidst distressing alternations of hope and fear respecting her son, Mrs Graham was visited with another domestic trial in the death of her eldest daughter ; but under this bereavement she was upheld and cheered by those hopes that deprive death of its sting, the grave of its victory.

“ Why, O why, is my spirit still depressed ? Why these sobs ? Father, forgive. Jesus wept ; I weep, but acquiesce. This day two months, the Lord delivered my Jessie, his Jessie, from a body of sin and death, finished the good work he had begun, perfected what concerned her, trimmed her lamp, and carried her triumphing through the valley of the shadow of death. She overcame through the blood of the Lamb.

I rejoiced in the Lord's work, and was thankful that the one, the only thing, I had asked for her, was now completed. I saw her delivered from much corruption within, from strong and peculiar temptation without. I had seen her often staggering, sometimes falling under the rod. I

had heard her earnestly wish for deliverance from sin ; and when death approached she was more than satisfied, said she had been a great sinner. but she had a great Saviour, praised him, and thanked him for all his dealings with her.”—*Extract from Diary, October 4. 1795.*

“ On the 4th of August, after a sore struggle with dissolving nature, we committed the spirit of our dear Jessie into the arms of her Redeemer, who gave her a complete and an evident victory over much corruption within, strong temptation without, and a nervous habit of body, ill calculated to fight against such formidable enemies. She was perfectly sensible as long as we could understand her ; she spoke a great deal, had a deep sense of sin on her mind, but no fear of wrath : she called herself a great sinner,—said the Lord had chastened her, healed her, stricken again because she revolted again ; but, blessed be his name, his covenant standeth sure,—her last words were “ All is well.” She told me she had had a sore fight with sin, corruption, temptation, and disease. She was beautiful, had a fine address, sung and played so as to charm. She was the boast and pride of her husband, and the admiration of his acquaintance.”—*Extract from letter to Mr A. D. Edinburgh.*

May 28. 1796.

“ This is the anniversary of my dear Jessie’s birth, no more to call us together here : but I yet remem-

ber it as a day in which our God was merciful to me, and made me the mother of an heir of salvation. I bless, I praise my covenant God, who enabled me to dedicate her to him before she was born, and to ask only one thing for her, as for myself, even an interest in his great salvation, leaving it to him to order the means, time, and manner, as of her natural birth and ripening age, so of her spiritual birth and ripening for glory. He accepted the charge, and He has finished the work to his own glory, to her eternal happiness, and to my joy and comfort. I have witnessed remaining corruption fighting hard against her, and bringing her again and again into captivity to the law of sin and death warring against her. I have seen the rod of God lie heavy upon her, according to the tenor of the covenant, when she forsook his laws and went astray ; when she walked not in his judgments, but wandered from his way, yet his loving-kindness he never took from her, nor altered the word which he had spoken, that he would never leave her, never forsake her. I saw the sinner after being sixteen years in the school of Christ, taught by his ministers, and most effectually by his rod, taking shelter in the city of refuge, in the atonement of God's providing, and in a surety righteousness, and finishing her struggles with " All is well !" My heart echoed, does echo, and will to all eternity, " All is well." Glory to God ! sing, not unto her, not unto me, not unto any creature,

but to God be the glory that she is now delivered from a body of sin and death, and made meet to be a partaker with the saints in light. Halleluiah."

A few years after this breach in Mrs Graham's family, her brother was visited with a similar bereavement in his. A child, also named Jessie, after having given satisfactory evidence of being washed, justified, and sanctified, was removed to her Father's house above; and Mrs Graham's letters of sympathy not only shew how believers are enabled "to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith they themselves are comforted of God," but refer also to those trying events in her own family by which her heart had been pierced with so many sorrows.

TO DR H. MARSHALL.

*New York, 1801.*

My dear, dear Brother.

Your letter I have just received, giving me a most melting account of your darling's illness and death. I do indeed feel for you both. I well know how it is with you,—well know I the officiousness of busy cruel memory, which calls back our departed joys, and the blank in the heart which refuses to be filled by any other object. But though I sympathize with my dear brother and sister, I desire not to grieve. I congratulate my dear niece on

her early privilege,—her escape from a world of sin and sorrow, “where shadowy joy or solid woe allure or tear us from our God.” And oh, the stroke has been kindly, the consolations great, and I thank our good and gracious God that you have these consolations, and sorrow not as those who have no hope. When my dear Jessie drew her last breath, my first words were, pressing the clay lips, “My darling, I wish you joy;” yet did the deep-fetched sobs wring out the big round drops in great profusion, and to this very hour every trifle calls back her image with melting tenderness, for, though far from a perfect character, she was made up of love and tenderness, even to a weakness, and she was *mine*. But, my brother, I have known the pungency of grief,—grief without consolation,—grief that reached to eternity: Could you have written such accounts of my poor, wretched sailor-boy after laying him in the earth, as you have done of your Jessie, I could have said as in her case, “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” But all my other trials put together could not balance what I have suffered, and still at times suffer, on my poor wretched child’s account; and were it not for a Throne of Grace, and the hope of mercy for him, I think I must ere now have sunk under it. But having besieged the throne of mercy so long and so importunately for one thing only, and having obtained so many answers to prayer, I



have attained to a hope of this son also. "this only son of his mother and she a widow."

It has been often remarked, that wicked children lie nearer a parent's heart than the well-doing. The parable of the prodigal points out this to be nature ; and with me it is so of a truth. The continual anxiety, the alternate hopes and fears, the heart-felt compassion,—all deepen the interest the parent takes in such a child, so that could I at this moment be any how convinced, that this my boy were with our Jessies, though the clay lay in the bosom of the ocean, my joy would be—what could I compare it to?—to nothing in this world. But I am speaking foolishly, let me do as I have done. "leave my fatherless children on Him in whom the fatherless findeth mercy,"—on Him, in whose hands are all hearts, and who can turn them as the rivers of water,—on Him "whose name is merciful, gracious, long-suffering, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin ;" the God of forgiveness, who multiplies to pardon, whose "ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts," who calls wretches from the high ways and hedges, and *compels* them to come and to be partakers of His salvation,—who could save a thief in his last moments, as well as a Cornelius seeking the knowledge of salvation by fasting and prayer :—this God of pardon, this God of forgiveness is my hope, my only hope.

I know nothing of my poor unhappy boy for the

last four years : at that time he was running in the broad road that leadeth to destruction : but my God knows all about him, and with Him nothing is impossible. He can take the prey from the mighty, and the spoil from the strong ; He can lead captivity captive : this has been and still is my hope, and I will continue to trust in His mercy, as I believe in His power.

I said I could not grieve with you, my brother : no, you will perhaps think it hard when I tell you that while my heart melted for you and my dear sister, I felt at the same time more than acquiescence ;—I felt complacency in this providence, not merely on the dear child's account, but on yours also. It realizes eternity, brings it near, strips the world of its apparent realities, and discovers its shadows. O my brother, I trust the prayers of our dear sainted mother, your father-in-law, followed by your dear wife's and my own, and perhaps many others whom eternity will discover, are now answering, and that you are to be brought to the foot of the Cross, more humbled, emptied, weary, heavy laden, seeking rest in God's own appointed way, casting yourself entirely, unreservedly on his mercy, and believing in his offered pardon, and free forgiveness, as the purchase of Christ, and freely bestowed for his sake.

I have marked your sufferings through life, emptied from vessel to vessel, seeking rest and finding it not in this world, seeking to feed on husks,

but they were not given you. I have marked your despondency with regard to your family, because God did not put their provision into your hands, or discover to you by what means He would provide for them. But all these sufferings and chastisements were grounds of hope in my mind, that the Lord was preparing your heart to seek him; that you were chastened, that you might not be condemned with the world. In this God was my hope for you and for my children, while they also were fluttering after this world; often have I sat by their bedsides with an aching heart, and yet with complacency in their very sufferings, as the rod of that dear Lord God merciful and gracious; and while I sat, my heart was lifted up in prayer, not so much for the removal of their distress, as that it might be sanctified to their souls. And he has heard, O yes, he has heard my prayers; he has called my girls into his family, he has brought them off from the world, and given them the heritage of them that fear him; they bear fruit in part. that proves their being engrafted into the "true vine;" and He is yet digging about them and me, proving us, trying us, shewing us more of the hidden mystery of iniquity in our hearts, that we may watch more, pray more, strive more, search more, crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, and seek more and more after that conformity to our divine Head, which shall fit us for heaven and the pure society which is there. Bless the Lord then

O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ; let all that is within me be stirred up to bless and magnify His holy name.

• Your affectionate sister.

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS M——

My very Dear Sister,

You are indeed a happy mother, and I rejoice with your glorified child ; still knowing your feelings. I sympathize with you under your bereavement. It must have indeed been a sore trial, and it is not the Lord's will that we should not feel ; but while we melt under His hand, let us still meekly say. " Not my will, but thine be done."

It is a serious thing to be a parent in this age, whether you view the abounding errors and daring infidelity of multitudes, or the prophecies respecting the times in which we live. What a consolation then that your darling Jessie has escaped,—that she is safely landed in Immanuel's happy land,—has gone educated for Heaven to join the little children of which it is made up. You are sensible how little she has lost in this world, and how much she has escaped : she has already served her day and generation, already the Lord has perfected what concerned her. Bless Him for the fruits that appeared, proving the work of God in her young heart. Bless

Him for redeeming love and sanctifying grace. Bless him because He hath taken her to himself : she is not lost but found : she shall not return to you, but I trust we shall all go to her,—meet together, and rejoice together in our God and Saviour, and in one another.

Few of God's people can be long without chastisements and crosses ; the Lord knows best what peculiar corruptions lodge in their hearts, and orders their lot in the manner best calculated to mortify and finally destroy these. My soul desires to bless God with peculiar energy for the discipline of the well ordered covenant : truly it has been good for me that I have been afflicted. Often, often, have I forsaken the fountain of living waters ; but the Lord has brought me into the wilderness, and *there* he has pled with me. When I look back to Antigua, and think of how I was left in that distant isle of the ocean ; when I think of the very reduced circumstances in which I found my aged father on my return to my native land ; when I take a view of all the way in which the Lord hath led me—the many crooked ways I chose for myself—the many hedges He set round me—the many snares prepared by the instigation of Satan, seconded by my own wicked heart—the many escapes by the intervention of an overruling Providence—the many sore adversities and deep afflictions, the fruit of my spiritual alienation ; when I think of my unfaithfulness to my children, whom I led not by the footsteps of the

flock, but in the vanities of the world ; when I take a view of the many escapes these children have made ; when I look at them now—their faces Zionward—the wives of men of the same principles—their houses little sanctuaries of God—their children the seed of the righteous, devoted and dedicated to his service—I myself honoured, and attended for my dear Saviour's sake ; when I add to all this, the account you give me of my dear, dear brother, O I can scarce believe it, it is indeed wonderful ! Is there in all this wide world such a debtor to free unmerited grace ? I have long been delivered from the fear of hell ; but I had reason to expect, and did expect, that though God did forgive, he would take vengeance on mine inventions, that great and sore adversities awaited me, that, like Jacob, like Eli, like David, I should yet be made to possess the sins of my youth, and my old age be embittered. But no ! “ As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts. He hath not dealt with me according to mine iniquities, nor rewarded me according to my transgressions. He hath cast all my sins into the depths of the sea, He hath blotted them out for ever. He remembers them not against me.”

O my sister, I pray that you may be abundantly supported under this affliction ; it is all good, nothing but good can come from our covenant God. It

is but a little while, and we shall all meet in perfect happiness, never more to part ; and O shall my dear, my precious, my beloved brother be with us ? The Lord has made this world a wilderness to him ; but if he land in the heavenly Canaan, how great will be his gain ! how much better than to revel in palaces of ivory, in gold and purple, with those who have no God, no Saviour, no promise, no prospect beyond this life. O, our God, do as thou hast done, mark out our lot in life, feed us with food convenient for us, and perfect thine image upon us, and take our children, and our children's children, to the latest generation ; and as thou hast been our God, so be theirs, and gather us at last without one awanting when thou makest up thy jewels—for every thing temporal we put a blank in thy hand. Now, farewell ; the Lord be with you all, to protect, to direct, to overrule, to perfect what concerns you through this, and every succeeding year, till time shall be no longer.

Your affectionate sister,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS M——.

My dear, my precious Sister,

I have written part of three letters to you without being able to proceed, sometimes I am incapable of either writing or reading, or doing any-

thing that requires thought. I begin a sentence, and before I have brought out any idea, I find myself in the midst of another.

This, my dear sister, has a language ; my brother knows from the study of the mechanism of the human frame, that it says “ Be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.” Great cause have I for thankfulness, even on the subject of my bodily frame ; a very large portion of health, with many other temporal blessings, has fallen to my lot. Goodness and mercy have followed me in these respects ; and, to the praise and the glory of His grace, “ who loved me and gave himself for me,” I dare add, “ I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.” I shall reach my appointed measure of sanctification, and stand in my lot at the latter day.

With regard to your Jessie, I hope you have found the consolations of the gospel neither few nor small. Could we divest ourselves of selfish principles, we would rejoice over the escape of our dear children, of whom we have good hope through grace. In these days of heresy, irreligion, and immorality, it may almost be said, “ Blessed is the womb that never bear, and the breast that never gave suck ;” but still more blessed the parents whose seed according to the flesh, are made Christ’s seed by the Spirit ; though removed from their sight they ought not to sorrow as those who have no hope, for “ Blessed indeed are the dead which die in the Lord.”



In my late tour, I narrowly observed the state of churches. I found Calvinists, Arminians, Arians, Socinians,—all associating together like the same body. If a minister satisfy his congregation, he is accountable to none else; and if a congregation agree to call a certain man, the neighbouring clergy will ordain him on barely professing in the most general terms his belief in the Scriptures. The consequences are dreadful all over America. The precious, zealous ministers of the Gospel may perhaps obtain the blessing, as did the original fugitives at Boston; but if there be no system of church government, after consequences may be bad, by men of corrupt minds getting in among them.

I spent four months in that once famous city. I heard many ministers,—they making a constant practice of exchanging pulpits, though of different tenets; and with the exception of two ministers, I did not hear one sermon, but on some moral duty, exclusive, or nearly so, of doctrine of any kind. The fact is, the sentiment of Pope is become almost universal:

For modes of faith let angry bigots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

One fact, however, is certain—none deny it—that morality has taken its flight as well as what is termed fanaticism. New England is not what it was in virtue, since *rational* religion pervaded it. The churches are deserted, and where human laws

interfere not, every man does that which is right in his own eyes. We have not wholly escaped, but I do not think there is a city in the United States in privileges equal to New York ; we have ten ministers, all nearly of the same sentiments, wholly so indeed respecting the doctrines of grace. But I must say a little more of Boston, the scenery around which reminded me much of my dear native land,—it is truly picturesque. The Christians I met with there also reminded me of some of my dear valued friends in Scotland ; this, I believe, entwined them closer around this heart. I met with a praying society which greatly refreshed my spirits, and confirmed my faith—a company of women. The society has existed sixty years, and was once above sixty in number, who meet for prayer, reading the Scriptures and conversation, and once every quarter they spend one whole day together. If I ever heard genuine gospel prayer, if ever I witnessed nearness to God, or ever experienced it, it was among these blessed women. Their number at present is thirty, some of the very first station :—among whom I reckoned five young ladies, one of whom has become my correspondent. These have no other teaching in the sanctuary than such as I mentioned ; but richly are they taught ; boldly and confidently do they ask for their blessed Saviour's sake, while humility, self-abasement, and absolute dependence accompany, and disclaim all merit, all confidence in themselves, or in means farther than

God is pleased to grant. These prudent holy women do not absent themselves from their churches. They keep their places, exclaim little, but pray much, and wait for a revival. I met with them four times, and at parting, our hearts, though most of us old, embraced with the glow of youth. I got particularly intimate with one dear old lady, ten years older than myself; the tears of sensibility ran down our withered cheeks while we mutually unfolded what God had done for us, our families, our churches, and His church universal within our particular observation. She told me that of this society, all gone, had died in faith, many triumphing, and none had been permitted to spot their profession with spots not of God's people: that the progress of infidelity had been very rapid,—men who had professed sound doctrine seemed of late bewildered, unhinged, and silent, because they could not answer gainsayers: that they (the women) grieved much, but being women, they held it most prudent to say little, and pray much, and trust much, and wait a revival in God's time, which they did not doubt would come. Lord, hasten it, and make them mothers in Israel. Give my love to my dear brother and the young ones.

Your ever affectionate sister,

I. GRAHAM.

The concluding letters of this chapter, full of comfort and instruction, particularly to timid, dis-

couraged, believers, also evince the strength of the writer's affection, not only for her relatives, but for those knit by the ties of ordinary friendship, and shew how, like the Apostle, she could be "gentle towards them even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

TO MRS O——, EDINBURGH.

*New York, 1800.*

What is the matter, my dear fellow-traveller? You have been in bad health, and your spirits have suffered, and thus you are broken down, and sigh for rest. Well, it will come in the Lord's time, and be assured His time is best. Pour your complaints freely into the feeling, sympathizing bosom of your own reconciled Father, and Jesus Christ, one with the Father, who is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Tell him all your griefs and all your pains. Flesh and blood cannot support them, but you have a strength superior to mere human nature.

It is your privilege to be strong by Christ's strength, to lean on him and feel support. It is your privilege to cast your burden on the Lord, and his promise stands recorded, "I will sustain thee." My dear friend has chosen the Lord for her portion, you have taken hold of his covenant, and he will, yes he will, keep fast hold of you. All

the promises and privileges of his covenant are the purchase of our Redeemer, and the free gift of the Father, with the gift of his Son. Search them and comfort yourself by them, for they are all yours. “ I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade on thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thee from evil, the Lord shall preserve thy soul.” “ They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, even for ever more.” Put forth, then, the withered hand, try if you have received strength, try to sing in place of sighing. Say, “ Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly.” “ Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.” “ The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.” “ His mercy endureth for ever.” “ Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight. My goodness and my fortress ; my high tower, and my deliverer, my shield, and he in whom I trust.”

All these promises and many more are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Cheer up,

then, my friend ; lay your shoulder to the cross, and attempt to bear it a little farther. Reckon confidently on ~~imparted~~ strength, for He is faithful who hath promised “ That as thy day, so shall thy strength be.” I, too, have my feeble times. dry, empty, dull, stupid times ; I am often so trifling, so much under the influence of empty trifling things, even on Sabbath days, in the house of God, even on my knees addressing my Maker, that I cannot command one serious train of thought, nor hear what is said, no, nor know many a time at the end of a chapter what it contains. Think not, then, that you are the only poor thing in the flock. The word of God must be true, and the Lord sees it wholesome for us to feel, as well as believe, that “ the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked.” At such times there is little or no enjoyment. Then it is truly a warfare—“ The thing that we would, we do not, and the thing that we would not, that we do.” But even then, though we have great cause to be humbled, we have none to fear, at least not of being lost. The Lord is still surety for us for good. It is not our feelings or our frames that secure us—it is God’s promises. We trust not in any thing in us, nor done, nor felt by us ; we trust in a righteousness wrought out by another, even by our surety, Jesus, and we are complete in him. At such times we are less comfortable, but not less safe. “ Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of

his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

"Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, that he might sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." It is good to trust in the Lord at all times, and to hope for good at his hands. "Weeping may endure for a night," nay, worse than weeping, stupor and insensibility, "but joy cometh in the morning."

I am confident the Lord will carry on and finish the good work he hath begun in your soul, even though he may deny you the comfort of knowing what he has done and is still doing. To him I commit you; and that he may lead you in a plain path, lift upon you the light of his countenance, and give you joy and peace in believing, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS O——.

My ever Dear Friend,

With what inexpressible satisfaction did I receive and read your letter of 11th February. I discern my once staggering friend, gathering strength in the divine life. The Lord treated you like an infant in the beginning of your pilgrimage, till he had confirmed your choice, and fixed your determination to follow him through good and through

bad report. At first you could suffer little for him, was ashamed even to confess him before men, then he called you to little, and laid but a small portion of his cross upon you ; but as you grew he called you to severe trials, and mortifying acts of self-denial, and has shewn you how easy it is with him to perfect strength in weakness.

I never received your two first letters which you mention to me, and I am sorry for it, as I like to hear of the Lord's ways with his people ; but from your last, I can discern that you have often been driven to a Throne of Grace, have risen from your knees, and set your shoulder to the cross, determined to take it up meekly and bear it after Jesus ; have staggered again ; murmured at times, and been as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke ; yet hedged in and corrected by your heavenly Father. you have gone on, waxing stronger. Your cross seemed lighter, from conscious help and assistance from Him who sends none a warfare on their own charges. You now wish to join the Lord's people openly ; I rejoice at it, and bless our God and Saviour on your behalf ; I do, my dear, I do praise God with you, and for you.

The Lord's ways with his people are various as their characters and faces ; yet mercy marks them every one. Often they are in great tumults arising from different causes, and they cannot see why and wherefore the Lord deals thus with them. Nay, they sometimes think none of his were ever



in such circumstances, and that they shall certainly faint and fall off. But no ; he will assuredly keep and bring through all who have taken hold of his covenant, and resigned and committed all their concerns to his management, saying from the heart, “ Not my will, but thine be done ;” “ thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.” They may lose hold of him, but he will not lose his hold of them ; and O what a comfort to know that our souls are in better keeping than our own ! Let us both then, my dear friend, in our darkest days and deepest trials, even though we may be so beset, as to see no possibility of keeping up our heads, comfort ourselves with this,—that Jesus has pledged his faithfulness to keep that which we have committed to his care, and that whatever may intervene, death shall rend the veil between him and us, and we shall find ourselves in his embraces, amidst the last struggles of expiring nature. Realize it, my friend ; realize it, for we shall one day or night experience it.

Let us then set ourselves resolutely to our most difficult duties, doing, bearing, suffering, as every day presents. We are as hired servants, whose food and raiment, house and home, are provided for them ; and they need care for nothing but fulfil the business of the present hour. In other respects we are as children, an inheritance is purchased and provided for us without our care. Come then, my friend, let us lay aside every weight and

run with patience, yea with cheerfulness, the race set before us, our faces Zionward, to which we shall assuredly reach, through the merits of our dear Redeemer. And when you sit in the Tolbooth Church, and send up your prayers with the many chosen of God there, remember the banished. My seat there is now empty, or rather filled by another, who perhaps prizes it more. My heart melts and I weep when I think of the privileges I left in Edinburgh: yet, in this too I sin, for I have a dear worthy pastor here, whose hands I ought to strengthen, and for whom I ought to be very thankful. "Now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, working in you that which is pleasing in his sight, through Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Farewell. I ever am your affectionate

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS O——.

My friend, my very dear friend, my friend till death and through eternity, Why do you talk of being favoured or obliged by my letters? I hope we are mutually benefited, comforted and refreshed by our correspondence. I can say, for my part,

that inclination alone, and the pleasure I took in conversing with you as one whom I loved, and one who loved me, and one whom I believed was dear to my Lord, was the sole cause of my keeping up the correspondence, and no sense of obligation.

I cannot say as the Lord says, "Can a woman forget her sucking child ;" No. My heart is a deceitful heart. Should the love of God wax cold within me, love to his people will wax cold also ; but, while he reigns there, his people will accompany.

My dear Mrs O—— was as one of my children. I knew her feeble, weak, trembling, and unbelieving. I was honoured of my Master and hers as her comforter ; I comforted her with the same comforts with which I myself was comforted. I saw her grow stronger and firmer ; I was refreshed and comforted in my turn, yea I rejoiced over her. I find her going forward, cleaving to the Lord and to his people. I find the Lord increasing her faith and patience by the cross, calling her to experience the portion of all his children, and leading her through much tribulation to the kingdom of heaven. All this is matter of joy and comfort to me, and I have my share of profit in the correspondence.

I have not a doubt but we shall both know and enjoy each other in the world to come. Not one faculty will be obliterated, no natural pleasure lost, or lessened, friendship will subsist with more

tenderness, more sincerity, and more purity. Go forward, then, my friend, in the ordinary course of duty, fervent in spirit, diligent in business, serving the Lord, and the time will come when you and I shall not only say but see how He has done all things well.

I can enter into your feelings, and weigh your cross. I grant it is not a light one ; you must feel it. you must suffer. But take the Lord's advice, " Consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds." Carry all to a throne of grace : tell the Lord when patience is like to fail, and put him in mind of his promise, " As thy day is so shall thy strength be." Read, as a means of strengthening patience, not only the sufferings of our Lord, but of his servants. Compare them with your own, and you will find your trials lose a great part of their magnitude, and seem much lighter.

I commend my friend to the guidance of a good, a wise, and a faithful God, who will perform what concerns her. I am, as ever, your affectionate friend.

I. GRAHAM.

## CHAPTER VI.

When a parent believes his children to have fled for refuge to the hope set before us in the Gospel, he enjoys repose of mind, as it regards their interests, both in the next world and in the present. While here, such children are under the protection of Him who has said respecting his Church, "I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it. I will keep it by night and by day." When they die, they go to be "with Christ which is far better;" and they leave their parents the comfort of being able to say with David, "I shall go to him, though he shall not return to me."

We have found Mrs Graham enjoying this consolation when her eldest daughter was removed from this sublunary scene, and it was also her stay when visited with new anxieties about other members of her family.

In the year 1801, Mr and Mrs Bethune, with their eldest child, visited Scotland. They encountered very tempestuous weather on their passage, and an unusually long time elapsed before their anxious parent heard of their arrival. Her fears and forebodings, with the comfort she enjoyed from

knowing that whatever happened, the eternal interests of her children were safe, are expressed in language so touching, in the correspondence already published, that we select a few extracts.

*Sabbath, after morning service, 29th March 1801.*  
:—This, my dear children, is a day of storm and rain. O that the prayer of our dear pastor, and I hope of many present, may be with you, and be answered to and for you. It was thus expressed :  
“Lord, be with that family who, now on the mighty ocean, desire an interest in our prayers. May He, whom winds and waves obey, preserve them in this tempestuous season. May they see and approve His wonders in the great deep. May the blessings of the everlasting Gospel preserve their souls in peace. Conduct them in safety to their destined port, and restore them to us enriched with the blessings of thy well ordered covenant.”

I sent two notes for the Dutch Churches enclosed to Mr B., one for Wall Street to Mr A., and one for the Brick Church to Mr M. I watered all with my tears.

*April 10th.*—What the Lord is going to do with his and my children, I know not, but the Samuel Elam has returned to port with a leak, after being out nineteen days. On the day of storm she had seven feet water in her hold. I hope the Lord in mercy to you, to his church, and to me, his un-

worthy servant, has guided you in safety, and that the prayers of his church were answered on your behalf. O my children, what would be the situation of my heart, had I not confidence of your being within the ark ! I desire to rejoice over all my fears, for this unspeakable consolation. Nothing can hurt you. I experience for you what I did in my own case, when amidst darkness and tempest, and the horror of many, our vessel kept dashing on the rock.\* I too, expected her to go to pieces every moment, but the idea was ever with me, “ In the bosom of God’s ocean, I shall find the bosom of my Saviour.”

On the night of the 29th of March, I dreamed my dear J.† fell overboard, and I saw her floating on the billows, supporting herself by her little chair. This is the state of my mind, yet I am thankful, and enjoy much peace. The Lord has given me all I asked—the salvation of your souls. In a little time we shall all be gathered around His throne. Well may I leave to Him all intervening circumstances, as well as who goes first, and how. O how he blesses my latter end, how he soothes and comforts my old age ! Far other things have I merited ; that my soul knows ; but he has not only pardoned, but comforts and draws a veil over my transgressions, covering them from the world’s observation. What can I say ? He is God, and mercy is his darling attribute.

\* On the coast of Ayr.

† Mr and Mrs B.’s eldest child.

*April 27. 1801.*—I wrote to my children by the Draper, by the British packet, and by I know not whom. This, however, is the fourth.

I shall now begin to number my letters, for I prepare them to go by the first opportunity without being able to know, at the time of writing, which will be the first.

The weather has been tremendous. It is not *my* anxiety alone that makes the observation. Others allow it, and the winds are easterly. Were not my God your God,—did I not know and believe that all his providences shall be overruled for your interest,—did I not enter more into your eternal state, than your temporal, I should be miserable.

I have brought the reality near me, that mine eyes may never behold you again on earth. I can say even of that, “It is well ;” but the idea of the horrors of a tempest, a leaky vessel, racked by the winds, and sinking by inches ; sickness, nervous timidity, and the sufferings to be undergone before the entrance to the haven of rest be obtained—this is my disquietude, I will not say distress, because when these horrors (horrors they are to mere nature), dart across my mind, filling my soul with momentary anguish, Satan too seeking to distract my mind—the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him, and comforts me with his own word, the everlasting promises, suited to every possible circumstance in the believer’s lot. Thousands of times have I grasped that promise, “Leave



thy fatherless children upon me, and I will preserve them alive." I pleaded it for the life of their souls; He answered my prayers; He has given them life, and they live to him. Yes, I see the fruit; and though iniquities still prevail against them, He purges away their transgressions; kindles their repentance; humbles their souls; lays them prostrate in penitential confession; washes them afresh in the open fountain; restores to them the joys of his salvation; seals their pardon by shedding his love in their hearts, and making them "walk in the paths of righteousness for his own name's sake."

*April 28.*—The storms and tempests that have almost unremittingly succeeded each other, ever since you left us, have kept my mind in constant exercise about you; the wind roars and howls in my windows, though not facing the storm; and the white waves in the river, picture to my mind the foaming billows of the ocean. The name of our God is my consolation; "Though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, there is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. God shall help her, and that right early." When I "walk about Zion, and go round about her, when I tell the towers thereof, mark her bulwarks, and consider her palaces," my heart rejoices, that this God is our God; that he will be our guide even unto

death ; and O the joy that my children are the citizens of this Zion, and the heirs of all the promises, by virtue of the new testament in Christ's blood ! A covenant of works it was to our Surety, and his heart's blood finished the requisites of it. It is now a testament to you, sealed by the same blood. Wherever in his word I meet the character, the providence, the work of God, I read my own and my children's interest.

*May 21. 1801.*—I would fain hope that my dear children are now on, or near the green fields of Albion. Many a severe gale has agitated them, and tried their faith and confidence, before this day. But as He who sitteth on the clouds, commanding and governing the elements, is their own God in covenant, who loves them, cares for them, and perfects what concerns them, I hope that they have had much of his presence, and have found even on the boisterous ocean, amidst the horrors of the swelling deep, agitated with winds and tempests, all things necessary to life and godliness in those great and precious promises, accompanied by divine power, by which they are made partakers of divine life, and escape the pollution that is in the world through lust.

I have been here a week. All vegetable nature glows, and shines, in the perfection of beauty ; flowers, shrubs, trees, grain, grass, falling waters turning the busy mill, the brook murmuring on its way to the ocean, fit emblem of eternity,—all glorify

their Creator ; and although no such birds as in Britain charm the listening ear, we have some sweet chirpers to his praise ; and what is wanting to the ear, is made up to the eye, for in beauty they excel.

*June 17. 1801.*—Difficult it is for me to exercise patience; the 23d of this month will make three months, since you waved your handkerchief on board the Mars, off the Battery.

I had made up my mind, not to give way to expectation short of three months ; they are nearly past. How many events take place in that space of time ! How many duties ought to be performed ! How many sins are committed ! How guilty to wish to annihilate the time, that a certain event may come round !

*June 26. 1801.*—I now begin to be very anxious. Friends tell me that considering the quick passages of vessels coming hither, while you were going, I ought not to look for letters so soon : it may be so. but still my mind works. However, by this time the Lord's will is done ; you are already in port. on earth, or in heaven. Blessed alternative ! Ought I to be sad who can say, or in heaven ? Oh no, I trust grace will be given to acquiesce in his most blessed will, a most gracious will it hath been to me and mine.

*July 17.*—What shall I render to the Lord for

all his mercies ! I had hardly hoped to see the faces of my children again ; for he commanded, and raised the stormy winds, and lifted up the waves of the sea : they mounted to heaven, and sunk again to the deep ; death, with all its natural horrors, surrounded them ! but God, their own God, was at hand, their anchor of hope ; their ark of safety ; their hiding place, till the calamity was past. They cried to him and he saved them ; he made the storm a calm, and the waves thereof were still, and he brought them to the desired haven. This trouble was not unto death, but for the glory of God. O then let us praise the Lord for his goodness ; let us exalt him in the congregation of his people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

Yours of July 3d from Glasgow, is to me like cold water to a thirsty soul. I thank my dear J. that, tired as she was, she sacrificed her necessary rest to the relief of her anxious mother. I hope that my God did not allow her to be a sufferer ; yet, my dear, two sheets were not necessary to my relief, though every line in them was interesting. To hear of the attentions of our dear countrymen, is most gratifying : to learn that your health permits you to accept of these, more so ; to hear of your attention and that of others to my lonely sister is soothing. But words are wanting to express the delight of my soul, on reading of the Lord's goodness to your soul ; in dispensing to you so liberally

the bread and the water of life ; yea, feasting you on the dainties of his house, along with his choice favourites, giving you to see the good of his chosen, and to rejoice in their joy.

Soon after the anxieties so feelingly expressed in the preceding extracts were allayed, Mrs Graham was visited with a new source of domestic solicitude in the illness of a child of her youngest daughter, Mrs Smith ; and being one of two grandchildren born about the same time, and named Isabella Graham, all the warm and tender feelings of a grandmother's heart were called into exercise.

*November 22. 1801.*—Isabella S. is very ill, she appears to be in a stupor. Two physicians are attending her, but “my eyes are to the Lord.” She is his own, dedicated to him in baptism, in which we took hold of his covenant, a God in Christ for her, in particular, for ourselves and our children.

I desire not to draw back, but, the Lord strengthening me, to give up at his call. If it be his will to spare her, she is still his own to be done by, with, and for, as his infinite wisdom may see fit for his own glory, and her eternal interest. If he is about to remove her out of the world, she is his own ; out of the mouth of this babe, will he perfect praise ; with that company of little children of whom is the kingdom of heaven, she shall join in the song of Moses and the Lamb, “ **To Him** that re-

deemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to Him be glory, honour, dominion, and power."

O Lord, one petition I prefer,—if it be thy will to take her out of the world, take her in thine arms, and carry her through the dark valley; grant to her an easy passage, and an abundant entrance into thy kingdom, and tune our hearts to sing "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Amen.—*Extract from diary.*

*November 23.*—This day the dear Isabella joined the church triumphant—took her place among that company of little children which Christ has pronounced blessed and "of the kingdom of heaven." I yesterday asked of the Lord, that he would take her in his arms, and carry her through the dark valley; that he would give her a gentle and an easy passage, and an abundant entrance into his kingdom. He heard my prayer; it was indeed soft and gentle; not a struggle, not a groan, and the affliction which brought down the frame, was moderate throughout. I was enabled to resign the Lord's own into his own hands, in the faith that he did receive, and would keep that which I committed to him.

My soul is satisfied, more than satisfied. I rejoice and congratulate the lovely babe on her early escape from a world of sin and sorrow, to the arms

of her dear Redeemer, and to perfect blessedness with him.—*Extract from diary.*

*November 24. 1801.*—The beautiful clay of our Isabella is now consigned to the tomb. Never but once did I behold such a lovely object—it seemed to say “Weep not for Bella, she is happy!” Weep we did, though grieve we did not. It was a strange, delightful melting of heart over a sweet child, gone home to her own Father and God, to be consummately happy.

In the morning, the Rev. Mr P. and Mr A. came in ; Mr P. prayed. The parents and I spent much time musing over, and feasting our eyes with the lovely relic, which seemed to brighten in beauty as it lay waiting the company to convey it to its parent earth.

It is done, finished—the soul with God—the body in the tomb. It is all well—yes, our covenant God, thou dost all things well. I firmly believe thy mercy is over all thy works. Goodness, mercy, yea, loving-kindness, has marked thy every step. I believe it now, I shall see it soon.

Now, our God, follow this bereavement with thy purifying, sanctifying grace. Enable us all to search and try our ways. Lead our souls into a knowledge of the secret corruptions of our hearts, that we may confess and mourn over them, wash in the blood of Christ, be pardoned, restored, and get a great victory. Enable us through life to abide in

Christ ; to keep close to thee, transacting all our affairs with thee, before they come into the view of the world. Let thy wisdom, and thy Spirit in connexion with thy providences, be our councillors. O keep us in a dependent frame of mind, humble and watchful. Strip us of all self-confidence. May we at the same time be strong in the Lord, and the power of thy might, rejoicing in thee ; the God of our salvation, the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever. Glory, glory, glory, to Father, Son, and blessed Spirit. Amen and Amen.—*Extract from diary.*

TO HER DAUGHTER WHEN IN SCOTLAND.

*New York, January 23. 1802.*

My Dear J.

I suppose by this time Mr Bethune has informed you, that it has pleased God to separate the loving cousins, and take to himself I. Smith. The trial to me you may suppose is not small ; the circumstances that endeared the lovely pair, so peculiarly pleasing to me, are well known to you. Old people's temporal comforts are generally limited : many things that were pleasing, and innocently so, in youth, lose their charms in age. The few that remain, too often take stronger hold than when the affections were more divided ; parental love is among the foremost. It is generally thought to be



stronger in the grand-parent, than in the parent's own breast. I would not wish it so, and thought to guard against it; but the calls of duty drew this in connection. Be it so,—were it not needful that my heart should suffer still more, it would not be exercised by it. I have full confidence in the wisdom, power, and goodness of our covenant God. He has done, he now does, and he will do, all things well.

Into thy hand, my heavenly Father, my Redeemer, and my Sanctifier, I commit all my personal concerns,—all the concerns of my children, and children's children. I ask one thing—it is a great boon—that to the latest generation my natural offspring may be thy spiritual seed; this only I ask with importunity, and put a blank into thy hand for every thing beside. \* . \*

You write in heroics of the beauties of Scotland, especially of Ross-shire. Yes, Scotia, thou art a lovely land, and thy kind hearts are congenial with my own. Soon the lark and the thrush will tune their throats, with many other sweet choristers, which might tempt even me to quit my bed of sloth.

Dear native land! may every blessing from above and beneath be thine—serenity of sky—salubrity of air—fertility of soil—and pure and undefiled religion, inspire thy sons and thy daughters with grateful hearts, love to God, and one another.

I may thus pray for my country, though I shall

not see it with these eyes of flesh and blood ; but a still better country awaits me, a happier clime, fairer flowers, sweeter music, more exalted friendship, purer, ecstatic, yet eternal joys. There the redeemed, from every country, shall meet and mingle in pure affection—Christ the bond of union and love.       \*       \*       \*

TO MRS O——, EDINBURGH.

*New York, 1802.*

My ever Dear Friend,

I can easily discern, however you may at present feel, that you have made very considerable advances in the divine life, since our intimacy in Edinburgh ; it is now a settled point with you, that, painful soever, as many things in your lot may be to flesh and blood, they are all overruled for your best interests.

You have taken hold of God's covenant,—committed your temporal and spiritual concerns into his hands, and have, in some measure, entered into the rest prepared for the people of God even here,—a foretaste of that eternal rest which awaits them after dropping the tabernacle. I think you have no more doubts about the safety of your state : this is a great point gained—this is a rest, leaving the soul in the hands of Him who redeemed it, believing that he will perfect what concerns it.

We walk at liberty, we are made free,—free from the law's condemning sentence,—on account of daily shortcomings ; Christ is the end of the law for righteousness ; every jot and every tittle of it was fulfilled by Him in his life and death, magnified and highly honoured by a penalty, and an obedience infinitely superior to what man could have yielded had he never fallen. It is our privilege also to be gaining daily more and more freedom from indwelling sin, under the banner and in the strength and armour of the Captain of our salvation, going forward in the path of duty, conquering his and our enemies, working out our salvation with fear and trembling, in the full confidence that God worketh in us to will and to do. There is no provision made in the covenant of grace for perfection, but there *is* provision made for daily advancing : God has not promised to drive out our enemies all at once ; we must fight, in the use of means, and in full confidence that we shall finally overcome. No regenerated soul will deliberately sin because grace abounds, yet is there comfort provided for us when we do. If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and his blood cleanseth from all sin. Thus is there provision made for our immediate restoration, that we stand not frowning over the advantage indwelling sin and outward temptation have gained over us, but by humble confession,—fresh application to the blood of sprinkling,—faith in the intercession

of our blessed Advocate ; we may ask and obtain pardon, reconciliation, peace, and go forward in love with our reconciled Father, even God, whose ordinary way is to make the very slips of his children, the means of their greater stedfastness. It is his prerogative to bring good out of evil, and we may even take the comfort of this to the praise of his grace. I am not afraid to say so ; I know the use an unregenerate person might make of it ; but I know and you know, that nothing in heaven or earth could reconcile a soul, conscious of being redeemed, and in union with the blessed, pure, and holy God, to the deliberate practice of sin, even were it possible to assure it, that good would come out of it—no it cannot deliberately choose that which God hates. It is contrary, perfectly contrary, to its nature by regeneration. In this view “ he that is born of God *cannot* commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him ;” and yet, “ if any man say he has no sin he is a liar, and the truth is not in him.” This is also true, my friend, we sin through infirmity ; we sin through carelessness and heedlessness, but chiefly, because we do not keep close to God,—we do not keep up intimate communion,—we do not use the means,—we do not go forward to duty in a dependent frame of mind,—we do not study pure motives and ends,—we do not pray without ceasing, that in duty, trial, temptation, our Keeper, our Shepherd, our Guide may be with us, and believe confidently, that he *will* be with us,—we do

not go up through the wilderness leaning on our Beloved. Here we fail and let go our stay, and failing here, we fall—we stumble over a straw—a servant breaking a China cup will put us out of temper, a festered finger will put us out of patience, when we ought to reprove with meekness, suffer with patience, and keep the temple of God in peace and order.

Thus, my friend, it is with me, and too too often, instead of flying to my refuge, a distance takes place ; I quarrel with myself, grieve, fret, feel unfit for devotion, perhaps neglect it. Satan gets the advantage, I become cold, lifeless, dead, a prey to wandering thoughts, and would go from bad to worse did not my Shepherd seek, find, and bring back his wandering sheep, perhaps with the rod, and blessed ever blessed be God for the discipline of his house.

My time of life debars me in some measure from being charmed with any thing that riches can add to the necessities and natural comforts of life—comfortable food and raiment, a comfortable room and bed, is all I now need of this world,—all I now desire. Wherever my children may reside, if in their power, this they will afford me. My Bible and my God may be equally enjoyed every where ; if any thing can be added, it would be the conversation of Christian friends, especially the friends of youth, and lively public ordinances ; in all these respects I should be a gainer by returning to Scot-

land, and if it ever happen it will be a pleasure well worth the Atlantic voyage. But I must not get a castle-building, but rather lay my account with dropping the tabernacle here—my Saviour is every where present. I have lately been made to experience that nature's pulse still beats strong. It hath pleased our God to separate the two lovely Isabellas of the same age, baptized on the same day, by the same name, "Isabella Graham." The one is taken, the other is left. The one removed is Isabella Smith, most highly privileged; her journey here short, her crown eternal; she was one of those fascinating children that caught all hearts at first sight. But the more lovely, the fitter offering for heaven; all is well, I am satisfied. It has gone deep with the poor parents; it is their first trial, but they are both the Lord's, and must be trained. Amen.

Your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

TO DR H. MARSHALL.

*New York, 1801.*

My Dear afflicted Brother,

I am daily on the look-out for mournful tidings. I find from your letter you think it not likely my dear little name-child can be long an inhabitant of this world.\* The Lord gave me three,

\* A child in Dr M.'s family, also named Isabella, was at this time very ill.

born in the same month, to keep my name in remembrance. This day week one took her flight to the mansions of bliss from my own lap ; I expect to hear of another having joined the same blessed happy society. The third is yet spared, but it perhaps may only be till her parent's return, that they may be exercised by the whole dispensation. When bereavements take place it is a happy experience to have resignation going before ; but whatever the circumstances, whatever the exercise of mind under it, every affliction in the lot of God's people shall prove a blessing. These three infants were dedicated to God in baptism : we took hold of his covenant for ourselves and our children ; the discipline of that blessed covenant is part of its provision, and affliction is the food he sees convenient for us at this time. I think it is Young who says "that we by many means scarce gain one end ;" but God, by one means, produces ends great, and numerous. The same dispensation that removes our babes,—*His babes*,—from a world of sin and sorrow to those mansions which he has purchased, prepared, and taken possession of in their name, where, according to his promise, he will out of their mouths perfect praise, where, skilled at once in the music of heaven, they join chorus to him that loved them, and redeemed them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood, their young souls brimful of happiness ; this same dispensation reaches to our hearts, it tears the bands of nature asunder, and seems to rob us

of part of our life. We look at the clay ; it is still—it speaks not—it cannot commune with us—it returns not our caresses—it is no longer the object of our tender care—there is no room for those offices of love which repaid us in pleasure ; we must part with it, we must bury it out of our sight, while our souls, by a tender instinct, follow it, as if all dear to us were there inclosed. But why seek we the living among the dead ? Let us turn and see Jesus, who comes to pour into our wounded spirits the oil and wine of consolation. When the first bursts of grief are over, and often in the midst of them, he leads our minds to more comfortable exercise, bids us sorrow not as those who have no hope, excites in our minds sweet complacency in viewing their happiness. Or he calms our tumults by resignation, convincing us that in wisdom, in covenant mercy, he deals with us and ours,—that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. and own that he does all things well. Or if need be, he turns the tide of nature's grief to tears of contrition ; he brings sin to remembrance, enlightens the conscience, bids it tell the nature. the number, the aggravations of our transgressions,—gives new views of the law of God,—rakes up the latent corruptions of the heart,—retraces the life. actions, with their principles and motives which appeared fair at the time, and for which, perhaps. men praised us, but will not now stand the test : then are we ready to exclaim with the prophet.

“ It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not con-



sumed, because his compassions fail not ;” “ wherefore should a living man complain for the punishment of his sins ;” and with the Psalmist, “ Thou hast not dealt with us as we sinned, nor rewarded us according to our transgressions.” This, though the most painful, is one of the most profitable exercises in which we can be engaged. It is generally followed by a believing application to the Saviour, and a consciousness of forgiveness. We wash in the fountain, put on the righteousness provided, and find joy and peace in believing ; then are we in a frame to say, “ It hath been good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy holy law. Well hast thou dealt with thy servant according to thy word,” God grant that this tender melting trial which you look forward to, may be the means of lifting your affections from earth, and earthly subjects and objects, and fixing them on God and eternity. O my brother ! be not so overwhelmed with anxieties and cares regarding your children’s future prospects ; the Lord will provide, yea and has provided richly for one of your little flock. Your darling Jessie he has already put in possession of the purchased inheritance ; her infant sister is perhaps, by this time, an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem ;—trust him for all the rest. My dear brother, try to trust for both worlds. The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof, and as much of it as consists with the best interests of his people shall not be withheld. But such is the depravity of human nature, that ease

and plenty are seldom the cause of thankfulness, but more generally of ingratitude,—men nestle in the gifts and forget the Giver. It was so with the children of Israel, and has been so with others ever since. Besides this, the people of God have afflictions by privilege: they are blessings, and the most ordinary means of their sanctification,—“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;” “I will lead thee into the wilderness, and there will I plead with thee;” “Thou shalt not be as the heathen, but I will make thee pass under the rod, and I will bring thee into the bond of the covenant, and thou shalt be mine.” The Psalmist says of the worldlings that they prosper, “they have more than heart could wish, and have no bands in their death;” whereas David, the man after God’s own heart, was chastened every morning, and the hand of the Lord lay heavy upon him. This being the case, I would have you look at the nature and kind of your trials; they are such as very often have been made blessings,—they are kindly ones, immediately from God’s own hand—not through the instrumentality of man, raising up corruption in the heart against the instrument, and leading off from the view of the hand of God: and try, my brother, to look at your mercies, praise more, be more thankful and more resigned; also trust more. O this vile unbelief! This mower of our peace and comfort! Is not all nature in God’s hands as means which he calls forth at his pleasure to accomplish his purposes?

Taking prospects at the worst, is happiness attached to any possible state in this world? Can health and plenty bestow it? Can the necessity of labour banish it? You know better. My dear brother, pray, watch, strive against gloomy forebodings. Thus far the Lord has helped, thus far in his patience and long-suffering he hath waited to be gracious; yet perhaps your distrust has thinned, and may yet thin your fireside. The Lord's hand is stretched out still. One child is gone to heaven; another, perhaps, is fast ripening for it. Turn then to the hand that smiteth—kiss the rod—acknowledge his sovereignty over you and yours—his right and title to do with you what seemeth good in his sight. Take hold of God's covenant for yourself and your offspring. Take a God in Christ as your and their portion, and while you endeavour to provide for your family, as the Lord giveth opportunity, try to trust, casting all your care upon Him who careth for you, and bring your mind to your lot when you cannot get your lot to your mind,—and remember bread and water is the promise. \*

My letter is sent for, so I must have done. The God of salvation bless you, and educate all your dear children for a glorious immortality, and then shall we all stand at God's right hand, and praise him through eternity, when time shall be no longer. Thus prays your loving sister,

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

TO DR MARSHALL.

*New York, 1802.*

My Dear Brother,

A letter from my son-in-law a few days ago dated Rothesay, gave me unspeakable pleasure : glad was I to find they were under your roof, and my dear J. benefiting under your care and superior skill. The account Mr B. gives of your family is truly delightful. Be comforted, my dear brother, concerning their provision in this life ; what is good the Lord will give. Go on bringing them up in the fear, and instructing them in the knowledge of the Lord, and in all other kinds of useful knowledge ; and exercise trust that the Lord will make way for them when they come to need it. Let this comfort you on your way through the wilderness ; but let your chief comfort be, that Jesus Christ has died for sinners, and that through that great sacrifice, life eternal is purchased for all who believe. Yes, my brother, a little longer, and then all who believe in Christ shall meet, where sin shall not scorch, nor the cold blasts of adversity blow, where sin shall cease, and sorrow with it, where every faculty of the soul shall be improved,—every affection tending to happiness enlarged—where duty shall be pleasure, and pleasure duty. But eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath provided for them that love him.

It is my daily and earnest prayer that the Lord may sow the grain of mustard seed in the hearts of all your dear children, that he may make them as willows by the water courses, that in riper years they may be plants, yea pillars in his house, and that he may fill your mouth with praise and gratitude, and your heart with gladness, that your latter end may be better than your beginning, and that you may yet see good, according to the days in which you have seen evil, that he may grant you health, and open a way for your enjoying the blessings and bounties of his providence. Yet must you and I leave these in his hand, what is good he *will* give, though perhaps not in our way ; when he crosses and disappoints our hopes we must still believe. It is our duty, our wisdom, our comfort to roll our burden on him, to commit our ways to his keeping, and rest assured that though what he does, we know not now, the day is coming when we shall exclaim, “ He hath done all things well.”

The world has no idea of the Christian’s pilgrimage ; their trials in general are great and frequent ; these they feel keenly, for insensibility is not Christian resignation ; but the entire dependence they have in their heavenly Father’s wisdom and power, their confidence in his love and favour give a kindliness to their sorrows which cannot be described ; and their hopes are not like the uncertain hopes of the worldling ; they are sure and certain as to the end, though not always as to the means ; they know that all things shall work together for

their good, though they must trust their Father with regard to these “all things.” Many of them wear the appearance of evil, the work of evil men, and evil spirits, yet the Lord overrules all, “bringing meat out of the eater,” yea, he often overrules their own blunders and follies for their good, though he may chasten them for their agency in them. O who can tell the patience and long-suffering of our God, verily it passeth understanding.

Have you seen Wilberforce’s *Practical View of Christianity*? it is an admirable work. If you have it not, I wish much you would purchase it, study it with attention and pray over it; when I hear so much of priestcraft, of enthusiasm, of trammels and church tests, obliging men to preach and write as they do, and know also how much the evil spirit,—the enemy of all truth—takes advantage of these things to harden the hearts of sinners, and to lull them asleep on the quicksands of a specious morality,—precious to me, and to every lover of souls are such testimonies from such characters as Wilberforce.

Long, long did I flatter myself with the hope of one day making one of your dear domestic circle, but I have now laid aside all hope of ever seeing you again in this world. Threescore years have I journeyed in this wilderness; the Lord has done much for me and mine; my daughters are all that my heart could wish, my prodigal is also in His hand and the child of promise. I have not now a

wish to live, but would rather depart in peace to that dear Saviour, who has loved me, died for me, regenerated me, and in part sanctified me. Though I have every comfort this world can afford in the society of my dear children, yet every day produces cause of dissatisfaction with myself, sin still dwelleth in me, and though I fear not its condemning power, it is a sore burthen. I long to be wholly delivered, to be conformed entirely to the image of my dear Redeemer, to have my whole soul assimilated to his, and made equally capable of serving as enjoying. O my brother, try to rise above this earth, never will you find it better; though it were to pour its riches into your basket and store, and health were given you to make the most of it, you would find it replete with cares, anxieties, and troubles, and its shadowy enjoyments, insipid and unsatisfying. But O the blessedness of conscious forgiveness, conscious reconciliation. This blessedness consists not in reviewing a life well spent. I know nothing of that satisfaction: on reviewing my life all is shortcoming—time mispent—talents squandered—opportunities lost—not one single duty will stand the sentence of my own ignorant depraved conscience, how much less His pure eye, who charges his angels with folly, and in whose sight the heavens are not clean. O my redeeming Lord! away from all that is mine I run to Thee—to thee my Surety do I flee. Thou art my righteousness, in thy shed blood I drown sins and duties.

and accept of eternal life as a free gift. That you, my much loved brother, may build on the same foundation, and experience the same comfort, the same conscious safety, is the constant prayer of your devotedly attached sister,

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

Mrs Graham had three brothers, but the two elder ones having gone abroad when young, and neither returned, nor communicated with their friends, the whole tide of her sisterly affection flowed towards the youngest, whom she had loved as a boy, before she first left her native land : for whom her regard had been increased by his dutiful attention to their parents when she was at a distance : and who had been her companion in the adversity she experienced on her return, sharing with her in difficulty, and struggling with her against it. How tenderly she loved this brother is manifest from the preceding letters : but her feelings of regard were to be called into still livelier exercise, on account of his delicate state of health ; and she who knew so well the heart of a widow, was soon to be called on to sympathize with a widowed sister, whom she loved not only as the wife of her brother, but as a pupil to whom she had been useful, and who cherished towards her the most affectionate regard.



TO DR MARSHALL.

My Dearest Brother,

*New York, 1803.*

The state of your health greatly affects me. my bowels yearn over my beloved afflicted brother ; could I impart to him my consolations of mind in exchange for his pangs ; my God knows how willingly this should be done. But the will of our God be done. I have for you and yours, for myself and mine. asked but one thing of the Lord, and that will I seek to obtain, even the life which Christ died to purchase and lives to bestow, that He himself may be our portion, our God in covenant. All things else I seek in subordination to this, and whatever he sees necessary to draw, or drive us. to seek refuge in his mercy—mercy in his own way. by the plan of his own providing, is among the things I ask. though not specified. In this way I have asked every pang, I have suffered every pang you have suffered, and though no affliction for the present be joyous but grievous, yet in the hope that he may so exercise us by them as ultimately to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. I say Amen, he hath done all things well !

By the strain of your letters for a considerable time past, I have felt satisfied that the Lord has begun a good work in your soul, and 'this, O this to me is above every thing ;—your health, comfortable subsistence, and temporal welfare are very dear.

but your soul's salvation, much more precious, though at the expense of all ! Therefore I wait in hope for the fruit of all this affliction. I hope you shall yet sing of God's mercies. My dear brother, God's mercies are his own, the whole plan of man's salvation is his own, and in no other way but by that plan will he save any sinner within reach of the knowledge of it. He has shut us up to it, and left us no alternative. Take hold then, my dear brother, of God's covenant, meekly acquiesce in his revealed method of saving sinners, and thankfully accept of his offered grace : give your soul into the hands of this Saviour, and rest upon the promise of God that you shall have eternal life. Believing this promise, and considering God as your reconciled Father, commit all your concerns to him for time and eternity, and try to sing of mercy as well as of judgment. Is it not my dear brother's wish to cast in his lot among God's people, to have the heritage of them that fear his name, to see the good of his chosen, and to rejoice in their joy ? What hinders then ? Christ died for the ungodly—you are of that description : Christ came to save sinners—you are a sinner : go as such to the Saviour of sinners, trusting to his promise, " Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Go weary and heavy laden with a sickly body, and a naturally depraved mind, go and find rest to your soul. *There* is a city of refuge, an ark of safety, a hiding place : there, are living waters,—all, all without money and without

price. Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely; come then, my brother, and set to your seal that God is true when he says "that he so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have eternal life." Come, and the consequences shall follow, you shall receive power to become a son of God,—an heir of God,—a joint heir with Christ,—a son of God, having his love shed abroad in your heart, and the image of your Saviour begun in your mind, your understanding enlightened, your will conformed, and your affections and temper rectified. Christ has finished a perfect righteousness in his own person as our Surety, which is, and ever must be, our sole dependence in all our approaches to God. I repeat it, this righteousness, received by faith as the gift of God, is the sinner's only and exclusive title to call God his father, and Christ his brother, the Holy Ghost his sanctifier, and all the promises of God his own: to this righteousness nothing is to be added; with it nothing mixed; it is for ever finished, and is the price of our redemption, and title to heaven. But there is also a great work which must be wrought in us, before we can be put in possession of the purchased inheritance. The believer is, by the constitution of the same covenant, to be delivered from every sinful inclination and habit,—he is to be sanctified, soul, body and spirit—to be transformed after the image of Christ—

made holy as He is holy,—every way fitted for the society of heaven, into which, God hath declared that nothing unholy can ever enter. This work, it hath pleased God, not to finish all at once. In the moment of believing, our title to heaven is secured, but preparation for it is a work which goes on through life, and is perfected only at death. The work which justifies the sinner is wrought out without him in the person of Christ, the substitute: the preparatory work of sanctification is wrought within him, in his heart, will, and affections. In the work of justification the believer worketh not at all, but believeth, trusteth, resteth on Him who by his own work justifies the ungodly. In the work of sanctification the believer is called to work, and furnished for it. “To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.” “Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born again.” There is thus breathed into his soul that spirit of life which Adam lost, and this new life evidences itself in the desires of the heart and affections. As certainly as the new-born babe desires its mother’s breast, so certainly does the new-born soul desire union to, and communion with God, and conformity to his image, in heart, life, and conversation. Worldlings, who seek no other portion, go on in sin, go on, and (in a merely worldly point of view) prosper; but those who have taken hold of God’s covenant, set their names under it, and choose to be fed, led, governed, chas-

tened, comforted, not according to their own wills and depraved judgments and tastes, but according to the wisdom and will of Him who has planned the whole scheme, and promised to perfect all, to make all things work together for the good of those who love and confide in him, they seek to follow the Lord fully. Now, my dear brother, if you have made this choice, examine whether you have endeavoured, unreservedly and impartially, thus to follow Christ; whether there be no reserve, no duty unattempted. I ask not how far you have succeeded, or how steadfastly you have persevered (though much of your comfort depends on that too), but how sincerely, how uprightly, how unreservedly you have attempted, and are now persevering. The righteous fall seven times and rise again: he lieth not still, but returns again and again to the fountain opened, makes fresh application to the blood of sprinkling, and to his Advocate in heaven; still, if you indeed belong to God, he will suffer no secret known sin, nor consciously omitted duty, the heart and will must be upright and wholly on the Lord's side; the rod will not be withdrawn till the heart be humbled and turned to the Lord. Search then, my brother, and see how it is with you in this respect, your mother's prayers, and your sister's, and the wife of your bosom, and her father's stand tabled that you may never find rest, nor peace, till you find it in Christ, and in conformity to him. Had not my favourite subject

swallowed up my time, I might have informed you of much in the course of Providence, in the circle of my connections here, and the occupation of my time among the poor, and others not poor in this world; but I must conclude with the prayer that the Lord, my covenant God, may abundantly bless what I have said to your soul. Your very affectionate sister.

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*New York, 1805.*

My Dear widowed Sister,

Not one of your deeply interesting letters have miscarried, and they all depict a heart full of sensibility, deeply wounded in the tenderest part, yet perfectly resigned to the will of that God who is the supreme object of its love.

Early in life He drew you, and enabled you to follow: he promised you many precious blessings and durable riches, but not of earthly growth—with these you were satisfied, with these you continue to be satisfied. Though at present nature groans, being burdened, still there is not a word, in any of your letters, of complaint against your God: you have, as well as myself, had long experience of his goodness, you have never repented your choice, you still say “The Lord is the portion of my soul, let him be the God of my seed, and let him do all his pleasure.” O my sister, there

is indeed much consolation mixed even with this bitter trial. His warfare is accomplished; his weary pilgrimage is ended, he is now an inhabitant of that blessed land, where neither sorrow nor sin ever enter, and where the inhabitant shall never more say "I am sick." Dear, dear, very dear was he to this heart, and I know the interest I had in his was in proportion; but I shall soon follow. The world recedes daily, and I feel eternity very near; this to me is a sweet consolation, but alas! alas! my widowed sister, no such consolation must you indulge; your children require your maternal care; you must gird up the loins of your mind, and set forward through the wilderness. But your Maker is your husband; he has long been the friend of your heart, the confidant of your soul, in whose bosom you have poured many a grief which no other ear heard or eye saw; he has supported you under many a trial, and to the end even to hoary hairs will he carry you and sustain your burdens; and now you have a double claim, and are become interested in additional promises. He is now to you your Husband as a widow, a Father to your children as fatherless, their stay as orphans. My dear sister, I know your mixed exercise, suffering, and choosing to suffer, believing that the God of love mixes your cup, that he will bring good out of this seeming evil, and perfect all that concerns you; but well do I know also the widowed heart—the strong bond of conjugal love, next to that

which unites soul and body : and who but they who have loved as we have loved, and experienced the change, can know what it is to become a widow ! Yet in this deep woe you shall add your testimony to mine, that the Lord is all-sufficient. that the Lord himself has become your salvation. that truly God is good to Israel. Though small and overlooked by men, you are not forgotten of God ; you are continually with him, he holds you by your right hand, and still upholds you : he will guide you with his counsel, and with his eye set upon you : he shall direct you, and when heart and strength faint and fail, he will be the strength of your heart and your portion for ever. The Bible is your charter, feed upon it, not one word shall fail of all that the Lord our God hath promised. The day is coming, perhaps is even now come, when you shall know and consider all the way by which the Lord hath led you, to prove you and try you, to know and to prove to you what was in your heart, that he might do you good in your latter end.

You are now, my dear sister, the only head of your family. Will you take Joshua's determination, " As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord " ? Take hold of God's covenant for your orphan children as for yourself, and consider them as His, to be brought up for him. Be a priestess in your own house, and keep up the worship of God daily in your family, and confess your Lord



and Master, before angels, men, and devils. They who thus honour God, he will honour.

You are indeed, my dear, arrived at an important stage of your journey through this great wilderness. You are now the head of the family, and are to God immediately answerable. No earthly consideration must make you give up the government of it, nor the prerogative which he hath given you to counsel, and even beseech your household to serve the Lord. You cannot give grace ; you cannot give life ; and where there is no life, there can be no spiritual exercise, but you may use means, although there is much prudence to be observed to avoid disgust. Be faithful, then, my dear sister, to your important trust. See that your household remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy ; your children, of course, will accompany you to the house of God, but let not your servants absent themselves from his ordinances, and endeavour on your return home to explain and bring home the word that may have been spoken to their consciences. Above all, let it be your constant aim to set before them a godly, consistent example, and be much engaged in prayer for them,—I mean for your servants as well as for your children, and God will, in all probability, make you a mother in Israel,—the mother of many spiritual children, and turn your captivity into rejoicing, and fill your mouth with songs of praise ; or should you not have this comfort, should the night of adversity last to the very valley of the

shadow of death, the morning of eternal rest shall then beam forth upon your own soul, and your prayers may be answered for others, when the eyes that wept, and the breast that heaved, are at rest in the dust. O then, my sister, possess your soul in patience, and seek to make daily advances in holiness. I mean, my dear, to lay open my past errors to you, as a beacon for you. I have suffered much in life, and these sufferings were the fruit of my idolatries and spiritual alienations. Small has been my ambition for my own personal self since I became a widow. When the Lord took from me my idol husband, the world to me became a wilderness; but vanity and covetousness started up in a new form, of which I was little aware. When you knew me in Paisley, I was in my prime,—small, despised, overlooked, poor, mean, struggling for my daily bread, yet thankful, joyful, more than content with daily bread for the present and in future prospect. I asked but one thing for myself and my children, and felt a perfect indifference about every thing else; but this indifference vanished at an after day. When the Lord had enlarged my steps, then I courted the world, and though I still held fast by God's covenant,—though still the one thing needful occupied my time at a throne of grace, yet in conduct I even scrambled for a portion among the worldlings.

I have many things still to say to my beloved sister, but I cannot now; I am sick at heart, and

the tabernacle decays fast. Amen. I know in whom I have believed.

Your most affectionate,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

My Dear Sister,

1806.

I am delighted to have another opportunity of communing with you once more in this valley of tears. O, how justly is it so called, though my tears have borne no proportion to my sins, which continue to rise before me day by day, with their numerous and grievous aggravations. How little do we know of ourselves in youth, or indeed in riper years, and I suspect when released from the body, we shall find that little self-knowledge accompanied even old age : enough, however, I do know to convince me that it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed—enough to convince me that I can have no dependence on myself,—for after all I have known of myself—of the folly and misery of distance from God—of living to this world—of forsaking the fountain of living waters, and hewing broken cisterns ;—after all I have known of the infinite compassion of God,—of his boundless mercy and forgiveness,—of his amazing loving-kindness in restoring my backslidings,—of the pleasantness of wisdom's ways,—of the reward that is experienced in keeping his commandments,—after all I have

experienced of these, there is yet deceit enough in this heart to lead me back again to the very things I detest. If I have obtained any advancement in the way heavenwards, I think it is in self-distrust. O that my steady dependence on God were in proportion, for this is my privilege through Christ; He is my surety for good, my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption, my dependence is in *His keeping*, not on my own standing; of this I am convinced, yet live not under the influence of it. I can look back and see many of my own snares broken,—many pits of my own digging, from which he has delivered me—overruling my folly, and saving me from my destroying measures: overruling all, and bringing good out my evil. This is the prerogative, and thus far he has delivered me. O yes, all the way from Egypt he has forgiven me, and now in old age he does forgive me still. In myself, indeed, I have war, but in him I have peace, for he himself is my peace, who has finished every thing for me, and will soon perfect all that concerns me.

What can I say to my dear sister whose afflictions rend my very soul? tossed and tempted you are, but I cannot add, I thank God I cannot add, “not comforted.” The exceeding great and precious promises are all secured to you by your blessed Surety—the everlasting covenant, well ordered in all things and sure is all your own; not only so, but he gives you the faith of it. You believe

(though you are at present in heaviness through manifold temptations) that there is a "need be" for all, and that the peaceable fruits of righteousness shall eventually be brought forth. You have therefore the earnest in the heart exercises you experience, and cannot be said to be without comfort—you know that there is not one drop in your cup of affliction, that is not mixed by parental tenderness, as well as unerring skill ; and you have only to stretch your eye forward a few years, and all your sorrows disappear, and nothing comes into view but the rest which remaineth for the people of God. But with all this consolation, believed and tasted, you still sob, weep, are restless, tumultuated,—your affections feed on joys for ever gone,—life has nothing to offer worth living for,—what was once pleasant is now a burden,—every object that meets your eye, every spot, every circumstance and turn of providence connects itself with the object that engrosses your soul, turns what was formerly sweet into bitter, and adds to the bitter more bitterness. This is nature, and no doubt the enemy of your soul takes advantage, and injects his poison into every unguarded avenue of your heart. But your Lord knows it all, and also all the variation and mortification you experience through the instrumentality of sinful depraved men : and though the christian life is a warfare, though there is no rest for sin within and temptation without—blessed be God for the hiding-place—blessed be

God for the mercy-seat, covering the tables of the law—blessed be God that though there may be much chastisement, much suffering, there is no condemnation; we have redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of our sins according to the richness of his grace. Through much tribulation we *must* enter in; but through the merits of our blessed Surety, we shall enter in to that rest provided for the people of God. “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive glory and honour, dominion and power,” O and blessings more than all the redeemed on earth and in heaven can give, for ever and ever, Amen.

I am daily looking out for my house not made with hands—death and I are very familiar: I look for his approach at every loosening of the pins of my tabernacle; but he is not to me the king of terrors, but a friendly messenger sent to fetch me home to my Father’s house. I go not to an unknown God, but to my own Bible God, whose character I have fully proved,—the God who has fed me all my life,—who has pardoned my iniquities all the way through the wilderness, even till now, and made full provision for the last pardon I shall ever need. Farewell; that the Lord may bless and support, guide, protect, and provide for you and yours, is the constant prayer of your attached sister.

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

## CHAPTER VII.

The thoughts and affections of the men of this world, being engrossed with the interests of time, there is no part of a Christian's conduct more minutely scrutinized, than what is connected with secular objects and pursuits ; and when those professing Christianity shew themselves as eager to obtain, or as unwilling to part with the mammon of unrighteousness, as they who avow themselves its votaries ; the conclusions formed from such inconsistency, are unfavourable to the interests of religion, and injurious to those, who, in the shortcomings of God's people, are glad to find an excuse for their own folly or criminality. When Naaman was cured of his leprosy, he said, " Behold, now, I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel ;" and when Elisha refused to accept his presents, he declared " Thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt-offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord." But when Lot, for the sake of this world's gain, went to reside in Sodom, though " his righteous soul was vexed with the unlawful deeds" of those around him ; yet he did not make a single convert to his

religion ; and when, by the authority of God, he announced to his own sons-in-law the judgment impending over them, he seemed to them as one that mocked.

Mrs Graham's superiority to the love of the world, and uprightness in pecuniary transactions, will appear from the following circumstance. Before leaving Edinburgh, several of her friends knowing her resources were inadequate to the expense of removing her family to a distant country, shewed their regard and esteem by making her a present of a considerable sum of money. This, though not a loan, but a gift, she afterwards returned, stating to her friends her motives for so doing.

“ Why is my friend hurt at my returning the money? I do not return it to you for your own use, No. But as the Lord has prospered me, and we no longer need it, I return it to other destitute friends whom the Lord may lay at your door.

I have a particular view of that deep providence which rendered the assistance of my friends necessary. It seemed needful for a time that I should become dependent on the bounty of others, to be numbered with the destitute, and receive a portion of their provision. But I always considered it as a loan from that provision, and therefore to be returned the moment I was able. To be returned not as a present, suited to the use of the bestower, which might have been reckoned more genteel by the



world, and more gratifying to the pride of my heart; but to be returned in specie ready for the relief of whomsoever the Lord might send. So my friend, it is not yours, but is to be given to your poor relations or some destitute Christian.”—*Extract from letter to Mrs O——, Edinburgh.*

“ With regard to the disposal of the money, I am established in the same mind. One friend writes that some are hurt by it and attribute it to pride; I cannot change my purpose on that account. It lies between God and me on this principle, “ Eat thy own bread.” It has been a heavy burden upon my mind, that I was eating the portion of the poor, and had no title to the bread of successful industry till that was restored. Satan indeed has in many ways sought to thwart my purpose. He proposed to my mind the many desirable things this money might purchase, but his agency here was easily detected. Next, he suggested how mean it would be, nay, an affront to return a gift, how much more genteel to send a present to the amount. This was desirable,—this the natural spirit would have grasped at, but it did not correspond with the views I have long had of the humiliating providence which led to these donations, nor with my exercise before the Lord after. It appeared to me, that God saw it needful for a time that I should become a dependent upon the bounty of others, that I should be numbered among the poor, and receive a portion of their provision :

but I ever regarded it as a loan from that provision to be returned in due time to the several donors, that it might flow again in the channels from which, by being given to me, it was probably for a time diverted.”—*Extract from a letter to Mrs Walker.*

It is impossible not to admire such high-toned integrity ; but she who thus acted, was not only scrupulously just, she was equally remarkable for enlarged well regulated benevolence. It was her invariable practice to appropriate a tenth part of her earnings to pious and charitable purposes, and upon one occasion, when she very unexpectedly came into possession of a considerable sum of money, she rigidly carried her rule into execution. The transaction by which this sum was realized, she thus playfully described to Mrs Walker.

TO MRS WALKER.

1795.

My Dear Mrs Walker,

My last informed you, that we had been made to taste of the Lord's visitation,\* but in great mercy had been spared in the midst of much apparent danger. I have now in my house a girl who lost both father and mother, and many whole fami-

\* The yellow fever.

lies were cut off—my house was emptied—my school broken up—we confined to town, and heavy duty laid upon us at the same time. I trembled again for debt ; but the Lord brought meat out of the eater. Three years ago, when tried by having one house taken over my head, another bought, and obliged to move three times, in as many years, some speculating genius brought me under the influence of the madness of the times, and persuaded me I might build without money. It is quite common here to build by contract. I could not purchase ground, but I leased two lots of church land, got a plan made out, and worried myself for six months, trying to hatch chickens without eggs. I had asked the Lord to build me a house, to give success to the means, still keeping in view covenant provision. “What is good the Lord will give.” After many disappointments I said, Well ! I have asked, I am refused—it is not good—the Lord will not give it—he will provide : but in his own way, not mine.

Of course I had to pay ground rent, which in three years amounted to two hundred and twenty dollars. I think I hear you say, I never could have believed that Mrs Graham could be guilty of such folly. Nor I ; but seeing and hearing of many such things, I fancied myself very clever. Last year a basin was formed, and wharfs around it, opposite to the said lots ; the epidemic raging on the other side of the city brought all the vessels

that came in round to them ; and great expectations were formed for this new basin ; houses and stores sprang up like mushrooms, and Mr Bethune sold my lease for two thousand dollars. Lo ! and behold, part of it is already spent. All my provision, through this wilderness, has been so strongly marked by peculiar providences, my mind seems habituated to a sense of certainty. I feel my portion of earthly good safer and better, in my Lord's hand, than in my own." \* \* \*

On the successful issue of this transaction being announced to her, she immediately replied, " Quick quick, let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard." Fifty pounds she sent to the late Dr Mason, in aid of the funds of a theological seminary : and on this act of liberality, and the trait of character of which it was the fruit, that able and eloquent minister of the New Testament makes the following observations, in a sermon preached by him after Mrs Graham's death :—

" Wishes which cost nothing, pity which expires on the lips,—Be ye warmed and be ye clothed ' from a cold heart and an unyielding gripe, never imprinted their disgraceful brand upon Isabella Graham. What she urged upon others, she exemplified in herself. She kept a purse for God. Here, in obedience to his command, she deposited the 'first fruits of all her increase,' and they were sacred to his service, as in his providence he

should call for them. No shuffling pretences, no pitiful evasions, when a fair demand was made upon the hallowed store ; and no frigid affectation in determining the quality of the demand. A sense of duty was the prompter, candour the interpreter, and good sense the judge. Her disbursements were proportioned to the value of the objects, and were ready at a moment's warning, to the very last farthing. I knew her when in moderate circumstances give unsolicited fifty pounds at once out of that sacred purse to a single most worthy purpose. How pungent a reproof to those ladies of opulence and fashion, who sacrifice so largely to their dissipation or their vanity, that they have nothing left for mouths without food, and limbs without raiment ! How far does it throw into the shade those men of prosperous enterprize and gilded state, who, in the hope of some additional lucre, have thousands and ten thousands at their beck, but who, when asked for decent contributions to what they themselves acknowledge to be all-important, turn away with this hollow excuse,—‘I cannot afford it!’ Above all, how should her example redden the faces of many who profess to belong to Christ,—to have received gratuitously from him what he procured for them, at the expense of his own blood, ‘an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away ;’ and yet, in the midst of abundance which he has lavished upon them, when the question is about relieving his suffering members, or promot-

ing the glory of his kingdom, are sour, reluctant, mean ! Are these Christians ? Can it be that they have committed their bodies, their souls, their eternal hopes, to a Saviour whose thousand promises on this very point of ‘honouring him with their substance,’ have less influence upon their hearts and their hands than the word of any honest man ? Remember the deceased, and hang your heads—remember her and tremble—remember her, and ‘bring forth fruits meet for repentance.’ ”

But the mere disbursement of money, however munificent, did not satisfy Mrs Graham. She took an active share in the management of various religious and charitable institutions in New York, and was herself the frequent visitor, instructor, and comforter of the poor. We again quote from Dr Mason, who was an eye-witness of her exertions.

“ At length, admonished by the infirmities of age, and importuned by her friends, this venerable matron retired to private life. But it was impossible for her to be idle. Her leisure only gave a new direction to her activity. With no less alacrity than she had displayed in the education of youth did she now embark in the relief of misery. Her benevolence was unbounded, but it was discreet. There are charities which increase the wretchedness they are designed to diminish,—which, from some fatal defect in their application, bribe to iniquity, while they are relieving want, and make food and rai-

ment. and clothing to warm into life the most poisonous seeds of vice. But the charities of our departed friend were of another order. They selected the fittest objects,—the widow, the fatherless, the orphan, the untaught child, and the ignorant adult ;—they combined intellectual and moral benefit with the communication of physical comfort. In her house originated the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows, with Small Children. Large indeed is this branch of the family of affliction, and largely did it share in her sympathy and succour. When at the head of the noble association just named, she made it her business to see with her own eyes the objects of their care, and to give, by her personal presence and efforts, the strongest impulse to their humane system. From morning till night has she gone from abode to abode of these destitute, who are too commonly unpitied by the great, despised by the proud, and forgotten by the gay. She has gone to sit beside them on their humble seat,—hearing their simple and sorrowful story,—sharing their homely meal,—ascertaining the condition of their children,—stirring them up to diligence, to economy, to neatness, to order, putting them into the way of obtaining suitable employment for themselves, and suitable places for their children,—distributing among them the word of God, and little tracts calculated to familiarize its first principles to their understanding,—cherishing them in sickness,—admonishing them in health, instructing, reproofing, exhorting, consoling, and

sanctifying the whole with fervent prayer. Many a sobbing heart and streaming eye is this evening embalming her memory in the house of the widow.

“Little, if any less, is the debt due to her from that invaluable charity, the Orphan Asylum. It speaks its own praise, and that praise is hers. Scores of orphans, redeemed from filth, from ignorance, from wretchedness, from crime,—clothed, fed, instructed, trained in cleanliness to habits of industry, early imbued with the knowledge and fear of God, gradually preparing for respectability, usefulness and happiness—is a spectacle for angels. Their infantine gaiety, their healthful sport, their cherub faces, mark the contrast between their present and former condition, and recall very tenderly the scenes in which they used to cluster round their patron-mother, hang on her gracious words, and receive her benediction.

“Brethren, I am not dealing in romance, but in sober fact. The night would be too short for a full enumeration of her worthy deeds: suffice it to say, that they ended but with her life. The Sabbath previous to her last sickness occupied her with a recent institution,—a Sunday school for ignorant adults; and the evening preceding the touch or death, found her at the side of a faithful domestic, administering consolation to his wounded spirit.”

The circumstance last mentioned, directs our attention to Mrs Graham’s conduct as the mistress of a family, towards her servants; and here



she shewed how completely her feelings of Christian benevolence, not only overleaped the barriers that separate those in humble life from the higher circles of society, but the still more insurmountable ones which, even in the United States of America, amidst the boasted freedom of their institutions, divide the man of colour from those of European complexion. At Antigua, notwithstanding the destitute circumstances in which she was left, no consideration could induce her to sell the two Indian girls who had been the property of her husband. When she came to Scotland, one of these girls accompanied her, the other died in the West Indies, and on her deathbed spoke much of the kindness of her mistress; and in the year 1802, when a pious elderly servant of colour died in her house, she treated him, "not as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," attending him in sickness, reading to him the Scriptures, administering instruction and consolation, and bitterly reproached herself, because in consequence of the sudden bursting of a blood-vessel, he died when no one was in attendance.

"Dear brother Pero, happy brother Pero! thy Jesus, in whom thou trustedst, has loosed thy bonds, has brought thee to that rest which remaineth for the people of God; thou drinkest of the pure river that maketh glad the city of our God, of that blessed fountain from which issue all the streams which refresh and revive us weary pilgrims.

But a little while ago, and thou wast weary, dark, and solitary ; thy flesh fettering and clogging thy spirit ; thy God trying thy faith, hope, and patience, which he had previously implanted, watered, and made vigorous, to stand that trial more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire, and was made manifest to the glory of that Saviour who leaveth not nor forsaketh his people. Thou hadst<sup>a</sup> a taste of his cup ; like him thou didst endure the contradiction of sinners ; like him thou didst experience the desertion of friends, even thine old mistress, whom thou lately didst esteem as a sister in Christ, and to whom thou didst look for fresh communications from and through that written word, which she could read and thou couldst not. O how did she prove as a broken reed unto thee ! how did she neglect thy necessity, and her own opportunity of bringing forth fruit in his season ! Thou hast been no loser. The Lord turned aside the slothful servant, the unfaithful steward, who neglected to give thee thy meat in due season, and himself stepped into her place. took thee from that household which was not worthy of thee, and led thee to those mansions of bliss which himself purchased and prepared, set thee at the table where thou shalt feast on all the fullness of God, and drink of those pleasures which are at his right hand for evermore. No need of thine old mistress now, no need of an earthly vessel now, nor of that written word which thou didst

so highly prize. The Word made flesh has removed the veil that shaded the glory of the God-Man from thine eyes ; flesh and blood could not behold it ; of this he has unclothed thee, and left it with us to look upon and mourn our sin. Thee he has introduced into the full vision of eternal day, where thou knowest as thou art known, and seest as thou art seen. O that full communion enjoyed between a holy soul and the perfection of holiness O that light of life, that ocean of love, that inconceivable blessedness ! How hast thou outrun us, brother Pero ! how distanced us in a moment ! Could I not watch with thee one hour ? O that I had received thy last blessing, instead of which, conscious offence, deserved rebuke, painful compunction, wring my heart ; and perhaps the rod of correction may be suspended, and now ready to fall on my guilty head.

“ Father ! O my Father ! am I not still thy child, still thy adopted ? Have not I an advocate with thee, Jesus Christ the righteous, whom thou hearest always ? Does not the blood of Christ cleanse from all sin ? Yes. This is my universal remedy. Thousands and ten thousands of times have I experienced its efficacy. Father, I again apply ; blessed Spirit, do thine office ; wash me and I shall be clean ; purge me, and I shall be whiter than the snow. I confess my sin, I acknowledge mine iniquity. Thou didst bring me to an old disciple, near and dear to his and my Saviour. Thou didst

require me to minister unto him all that he needed. The honour was great, the opportunity valuable. Thou didst empty thy servant for a time, thou didst hide his comfort, that I might, through thy written word, draw living waters for him, and give him to drink. O the honour ! O the negligence ! Thou didst send the call for thy disciple to come up to thee ; in thy providence thou didst make it first known to me that I might be instrumental in conveying to him, through the same channel, oil and trimming for his lamp. Great was the honour ; dignified the service ; but lost to me for ever. I passed by on the other side. Blessed, blessed Jesus ; thou good Samaritan, who pouredst the oil and wine into his wounds, and tookedst him not to an inn, but to those mansions in the skies, which thou, with thine own blood, purchasedst for him ; sanctify, O sanctify to me this thy providence ; pardon my sinful part in it. Saviour, wash me in thy blood, and sanctify me, and bring good out of even my transgression. By thy grace, let it be a means of stirring me up to more watchfulness, that I may meet the opportunities afforded me by thy providence, to occupy till thou come."

Need we add, that the love which embraced with so much warmth the poor as well as the rich, the bond as well as the free, was not restricted or impeded in its exercise by the many divisions that unhappily subsist among Christians, or the feelings of partizanship of which they are the source. That

spirit had no place in her bosom, which, instead of knitting those who hold by the Head, even Christ, in the bonds of brotherhood, because on essential points they are agreed; enkindles feelings of bitterness and animosity because on minor ones they differ. Nothing can be more catholic than the sentiments and feelings expressed in her letters; and while most decided in her attachment to the great leading doctrines of Christianity, most firm in her dissent from opinions inconsistent with them, she exemplified through life the maxim she inculcated on her pupils; he that loveth the Lord Jesus Christ, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. But we are happy again to have it in our power to adduce the testimony of one who had opportunities personally of forming a judgment, and whose mind was unbiassed by the partiality of relationship. "In that charity also," Dr Mason observes, "which far surpasses mere almsgiving however liberal, the charity of the gospel, our friend was conspicuous. The love of God shed abroad in her own heart by the Holy Ghost, drew forth her love to his people wherever she found them. Assuredly she had in herself this witness of her having 'passed from death unto life,' that she 'loved the brethren.' The epistle written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart, the Christian temper manifested by a Christian conversation, was to her the best letter

of recommendation. Unwavering in her own faith as to the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, she could, nevertheless, extend 'love without dissimulation,' and the very bowels of Christian\* fellowship, to others, who, whatever might be their mistakes, their infirmities, or their differences in smaller matters, agreed in the great Christian essential of 'acceptance in the Beloved.' Deeply did she deplore the conceit, the bigotry, and the bitterness of sect. O that her spirit were more prevalent in the churches ! that we could labour to abase our 'crown of pride ;' to offer up, with one consent, upon the altar of evangelical charity, those petty jealousies, animosities, and strifes, which are our own common reproach ; and walk together as children of the same Father, brethren of the same Redeemer, and heirs of the same salvation."

But we proceed with her correspondence during the latter part of her earthly pilgrimage, when she enjoyed every temporal comfort ; when in old age she experienced the fulfilment of the promise, " Even to hoar hairs I will carry you ;" and amidst its manifold infirmities brought forth fruit to the praise of the glory of God's grace.

TO MISS M——

*September 11. 1800.*

There was, my dear Miss M——, something in your countenance and manner, at our last inter-

view, which has dwelt on my mind ever since. Your former attentions, which I also marked, I attributed to the natural benevolence of your heart; but your following a stranger, an old woman, of whom you knew so little, and you were likely never to see again—to solicit her friendship, and an interest in her prayers, spoke a language beyond nature. Either, my sweet friend has already chosen a God in Christ to be her portion, and his love in her heart powerfully draws her to every one in whom she thinks she discerns his image; or she conceives that this world cannot give her happiness, even in this life; and, impressed with the importance of that which is to come, she wishes to cast in her lot among God's people, that she may "know the good of his chosen, and rejoice in their joy," and become a partaker of that peace which the Saviour bequeathed to his disciples, when about to leave them; "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Let me congratulate, my friend, whichever of these be the case. If the first, you have (or will soon have) a peace which the world can neither give nor take away; if the last, the Saviour stands at the door of your heart, and knocks, soliciting that heart which has too long been hunting shadows and vanity. If your soul is dissatisfied with the things of the world, and tired with disappointment, cast a longing eye to the

Fountain of happiness. This is the claim of that God, whose name is Love, "My son, give me thy heart." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest." "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." Be assured, my dear friend, if you could obtain all of this world that your heart could wish for, you would find vanity written on the possession. Nothing short of God himself can give happiness to the soul of man: and exactly in proportion as man becomes weaned from the world, and his affections centre in God, is he in possession of happiness. But how is this to be attained? By God's own plan, and no other. As many weary themselves in vain, hunting the shadows of time: so many great philosophers, sensible of this great truth, that God alone can satisfy the rational soul, also weary themselves in vain, because they will not seek the blessing in God's own way. "When the world, by wisdom, knew not God, it pleased him, by the foolishness of preaching (what was esteemed so), to save them that believe." "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The Saviour said, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." "No man can come to the Father but by me." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." The



Scripture testifies what our own hearts must assent to, that human nature is depraved, and corrupt ; broken off from God ; at a distance from him by sin ; enmity against him in his *true* character ; opposed to his holy law, in its *extent* and *spirituality* ; we are also helpless, dead in trespasses and sins. “ O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself ; (blessed be God for what follows,) but in me is thy help.” The same Scripture which testifies the misery of man, reveals also his remedy ; a remedy of God’s own providing, by which man may be restored to the image and favour of God, and to that communion with him which is life and bliss. “ God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life : for God sent not his Son into the world, to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.” “ And this is life eternal, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.” When man becomes convinced that he is lost, helpless, wretched, lying at mercy, and submits to the method of God’s own providing ; casts himself on the mercy of God in Christ, and, coming to him, rests on his free promise, “ Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out ;” disclaiming all confidence in himself, or in his own works, he accepts of God’s offered grace, in God’s own way, a FREE and FINISHED salvation. “ This is the record of God, that he giveth unto us eternal life, and this life is

in his Son ; who, of God, is made unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and complete redemption." Believing this, according to his faith it shall be. Christ shall be in him "a well of water springing up to eternal life." He will shed abroad his love in his heart, and, according to his promise, give him "power to become a child of God." The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, shall be given unto him, to teach him the knowledge of the Scriptures, and to become a principle of holiness in his heart. Then shall he find that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace ; then shall he experience the blessedness of "that man whose God is the Lord ;" then is the way open for communion and converse with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

If, my dear Miss M——, I have made myself understood, you have my view of God's method of making his creatures happy ; and I believe he will make us to know that he is a sovereign God. and that there is no other name by which men can be saved, but the name of Christ Jesus. But take nothing on my word, nor the word of any creature ; search the Scriptures ; read the first eight chapters of the Romans, the whole of the Ephesians ; stumble not at mysteries—pass them over, and take the milk for babes ; pray for the teaching of the Spirit ; and let me recommend to you the advice of Mr Newton, in his Omicron's Letters, a book well worth your reading, " Lay not too much stress

on detached texts, but seek for the sense which is most agréable to the general strain of Scripture."

My dear Miss M., I am now old, and I hope have done with the world ; but I have been young, and I once drank deeply of youth's choicest pleasures. I was blessed with the most excellent and most indulgent of parents ; I was the wife of a man of sense, sentiment, and sensibility, who was my very first love and lover ; and that love ripened and improved with years. My children were good and healthy ; love, health, peace, and competency, blessed our dwelling. I had also, in early life, taken hold of God's covenant, and tasted his covenant love, and devoted myself to his service ; but very far was I from that non-conformity which the precept of the Gospel requires ; had I kept close to my covenant God, enjoyed his bounty with thankfulness, occupied my talents, devoted my time to usefulness and communion with him ; had I prayed against corruption within, and temptation without, the Lord would have directed my steps, and held up my goings, and I should have continued to inherit the earth, and should not have been diminished. But this was very far from being my conduct ; the bent of the natural, unrenewed heart is still opposed to God ; and the best are sanctified only in part, while in this life ; the law in the members still wars against the law of the spirit of life in the mind. The goodness of God, which ought to have been a powerful motive to gratitude,

love, and diligence, was misimproved : I enjoyed the gifts and forgot the Giver ; “ hugged my comforts to death.” Many, many light chastisements, my dear, my kind, my indulgent heavenly Father exercised me with. I had many repenting seasons under his strokes. I received many manifestations of pardon ; and many fresh and solemn dedications of my heart, life, and substance, did I make ; but no sooner were ease and comfort restored, than my heart “ turned aside like a deceitful bow ;” my whole life, from fifteen to the thirtieth year of my age, was one continued succession of departure and backsliding on my part ; of chastening, forgiving, restoring, and comforting, on the part of my God.

He did not cast me off, but dealt with me according to the constitution of his well-ordered covenant, Psal. lxxxix. 30, “ If his children (Christ’s) forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments ; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail ; my covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.” This is the covenant (made with Christ as the federal head of all who believe) of which I took hold in early life ; my God kept me to my choice, and manifested his own faithfulness,

and the stability of his covenant. When lighter afflictions proved ineffectual, he at last, at one blow, took from me all that made life dear, the very kernel of all my earthly joys, my idol, my beloved husband. Then I no longer halted between two opinions ; my God became my all. I leave it as my testimony, that he has been “a Father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow, the stranger’s shield, and the orphan’s stay.” Even to hoar hairs and to old age has he carried me, and “not one good word has failed” of all that he has promised. “He has done all things well,” and at this day I am richer and happier than ever I was in my life. Not that I am yet made free from sin, that is still my burden ; want of love and gratitude, indolence in commanded duty, self-will, and nestling in the creature. But my heart’s wish and earnest desire, is conformity. The bent of my will is for God ; and, if my heart deceive me not, my God is the centre of my best affections. It is by grace that I am what I am, and the same grace engages to perfect the work begun.

This God is my God ; he will guide me even unto death, through death, and be my portion through eternity. This God I recommend to my friend ; and this well-ordered covenant, this all-sufficient Saviour, for your acceptance ; and the Bible for your guide ; pray to God for his holy Spirit to lead you to the knowledge of the very

truth as it is in Jesus. Accept this as a testimony of friendship, and believe me yours in love,

I. GRAHAM.

*November 2. 1800.*

You have, I find, been the child of affliction : she is a stern, rugged nurse ; but blessed often are the lessons she teaches. “ I have” says God, “ chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.” It is God’s ordinary way of drawing sinners to himself, either to dry up or imbitter the streams of worldly comfort, that he may shut them up to seek that comfort that depends not on any transitory source.

I have not a doubt but you shall yet sing with the royal psalmist, “ It is good for me that I have been afflicted ; for, before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word. Blessed is the man thou chastenest, Lord, and makest to learn thy ways.” Many are the texts to the same purport ; take them for your consolation as a part of God’s well-ordered covenant.

You have met with a late bereavement, which has entered deep into your soul. We are not called to stoicism, but to tenderness of heart and spirit. Jesus wept with the two sisters over a brother’s grave. But still the Christian’s spirit must be resigned, and say, and try to say with cheerfulness, “ Not my will, but thine be done.” And, O my friend, great will be the wisdom, and

happy the acquisition, if every new bereavement enlarge the room for divine love in the heart, and be filled up with that most noble, most blessed of principles. Seek not, my friend, to replace friendship with any mere worldling ; beg of God to fill up the vacuum, then will you be a great gainer. .

Why hesitate to join the church ? Let not a sense of unworthiness keep you back. A deep sense of unworthiness is one grand part of due preparation ; and no worthiness of yours can give you any title to that “new testament in Christ’s blood, which was shed for the remission of sins.” Worthless, wile, empty, helpless, is every son and daughter of Adam’s race ; but it was for the ungodly that Christ died ; it was while we were without strength ; his name was called Jesus, because he should save his people from their sins. “In that day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood among a mixed multitude, and cried, If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink ; whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.”

If conscious at the time that it is the supreme desire of your soul to be washed in His blood, clothed with his righteousness, sanctified by his Spirit—go and take this water of life freely ; go as a *sinner* to a *Saviour*—go at his command, put honour on his appointment, and repeat the dedication of all that you *are*, *have*, or *can* have, over the symbols of his “body broken for you, his blood

shed for you" — go, trusting in his mercy, and leave all to his management, believing that *he will* shed abroad his love in your heart, order your footsteps in his ways, and in due time perfect his image in your soul. Keep close to him in the use of means, but look beyond the means for life and power.' I commit you to our God and Saviour, and pray that he may be to you, *Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.*

I am, my dear Miss M., your ever affectionate,

I. G.

TO MRS C——.

*New York, 1800.*

My ever Dear Friend and Sister in Christ.

O that I could lay open to you your real state, and hesitate not to affirm, that you are among the number addressed in the 2d chapter of the Ephesians, and ought to rejoice always, according to the first verse of the third chapter of the Philipians ! Read the Epistle to the Ephesians. from beginning to end, read it as addressed to thee. S—— C——, by name, for to thee it assuredly belongs, even to thee, whose eyes the Lord has opened to see the emptiness of all created things, otherwise than connected with eternity,—to see the emptiness of earthly enjoyments uninterested in a heavenly inheritance,—yea more, to see your lost



state, your corrupt nature, your deceitful heart, the necessity of a change, and your inability, by any effort, purpose, or resolution of your own, to effect it.

My friend, this is the very character prepared by the Holy Ghost for the reception of a Saviour, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Observe, not groaning and wrestling under trespasses and sins, but dead, insensible, at ease in Zion. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Such was your state once ; you were at ease, were satisfied with an external round of duties, while there was no real spiritual communion between you and the Father of your spirit, nor any real acquaintance with your own heart, nor the demands of God's law respecting it ; for they that worship, must worship in spirit and in truth, and the love required is with the whole heart, the whole soul, the whole strength, and the whole mind, and our neighbour as ourselves, "You were alive without the law once, but when the commandment came" (the knowledge of its extensive spiritual demands) "sin revived," (came into view) "and you died." Thus it was with you, and flesh and blood hath not taught you this, but the Lord, the Spirit who convinceth of sin. You are the weary and heavy laden—you are the hungry and thirsty—you are the poor and needy—you are the outcast, to the loathing of yourself—you are the lost, the pro-

digal, the wanderer, the prisoner, the very person whom Christ came *to give rest, to feed, to save, to set free*. It is with sinners Christ has to do—condemned rebels. I call you not to hope because you are very good, but because you *know* that you are very bad,—because your case is desperate. Come then, arise, the Master calleth thee. It was his very errand to seek and to save such as you. Resign yourself into his hands, as a poor, miserable, blind, naked, destitute, helpless sinner, and give him credit for his promise, that they that trust in him shall never be ashamed—that none perish that trust him—leave yourself in his hand—pore not thus over your own wretchedness—dig not continually into the filth of your own heart—mourn not over your unfaithfulness, your backsliding, your ingratitude. The Lord knows it all; take a repeated hold of his gospel offers; make repeated application to the blood of atonement; again and again, even to your dying hour, trust his mercy, and try to rejoice in his salvation, try to taste the consolations of his covenant. O my dear friend, were not this covenant a covenant of pure grace,—free promise on God's part, we might well sit down in despair—were there one single condition left to be performed on our part, we were hopeless; but Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, When he bowed his blessed head, he said, "*It is finished*;" believers are now complete in Him—"who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righte-

ousness, and sanctification, and redemption.” Look then out of yourself, to a salvation accomplished without you, to which the Lord gives you a full title, a just claim, not because you are virtuous, but because Christ purchased it, and that for the chief of sinners ; Say then with Thomas, “ My Lord and my God !” You do ; I read in yours not only “ my merciful Creator,” but “ my Redeemer,” “ my blessed Saviour who redeemed me from destruction,” “ my good Shepherd.” This is well, the Lord approves, he is teaching you—you begin to lisp the language of Canaan ; then come, my friend, “ come boldly unto the throne of grace, that you may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.” Come as a redeemed soul, as a reconciled child to a reconciled Father. Satan lies when he tells you, that because you backslide, have a deceitful heart, and are ungrateful, you have no title to come to a throne of grace : tell him, the Holy Ghost sayeth, “ If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous,” and teaches you in numberless parts of Scripture to ask forgiveness. Sing in faith the 103d Psalm, the song of an adulterer and a murderer, pardoned and saved by free grace. I have reached my last page without being near the end of what I wished to say.

I cannot at present say any thing of my visit, not being able to discern duty. My girls are mothers, but sickly ; but this is not my principal hin-

drance. I have a large charge given me, even the poor widows and orphans in this city, whether I can leave them or not, I cannot yet determine.

But I am, ever, yours affectionately,

I. GRAHAM.

SUBSTANCE OF A LETTER TO MISS P——

*New York, December, 1800.*

I was favoured with your agreeable letter just as I was finishing my last to you. I have often, in the course of my wanderings through different lands and countries, among Christians of different names and denominations, had my spirit refreshed and my faith established, by finding the language of the Holy Ghost one and the same in the hearts and lives of Christ's people, and all speaking the same things—of themselves, their depravity, their inability to deliver themselves, their certain death unless delivered—of Christ the Saviour, the gift and sent of the Father—his own gift and undertaking—his finished work—his free salvation—his well ordered covenant—his new testament sealed with his blood, shed for the remission of sins—of the Holy Ghost, the sent of the Father and the Son,—the power of God in the hearts of men, convincing them of their sin and misery, enlightening their minds in the knowledge of God, re-

newing their wills, enabling them to embrace Christ as an Almighty Saviour ; taking of the things that are Christ's, and shewing them to his people, consoling them in affliction, supporting them under trial, strengthening them in weakness and temptation, and teaching and guiding them in the path of duty.

Yes, my dear Miss P——, your sweet Christian letter speaks the same language with your brothers and sisters in Christ, brought within the bond of his covenant, and taught by the same teacher, in all lands, in all climates, and under all governments ; for we are all one in Him ! one body, one spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, whether in infancy or in riper years. The spirit, the water, and the blood, are the same ; one God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all. What a mystical union is here ; how ought Christians to love, commune with, exhort, and comfort one another, with the same words wherewith each is comforted. In this view let us bless God for the art of writing ; we, who possess it, have an additional talent to account for, let us occupy it to his glory.

I rejoice, my dear young friend, and bless God with you, for all he has done for your soul, for humbling, self-abasing, emptying grace. I pray for an humble and contrite spirit, in all who are dear to me. They who walk humbly, walk safely.

I rejoice with you also in the confidence you have in the pardoning mercy, and supporting grace of your Saviour ; for when you are weak, then are you strong. Yes, my young friend, you say truly, that of yourself you can do nothing ; flesh and blood hath not taught you this, but the Father of your spirit, that he might make you to prove that you can do all things through Christ strengthening you. Christ is not only the end of the law for righteousness, but he works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, “ who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.” He is the way, the truth, and the life ; and the more we dwell upon these comforting truths, solace our souls with them, delight ourselves in God, triumph in our portion, assure our hearts before God that he will perfect what concerns us, that nothing shall separate us from his love, that our life is hid with Christ in God, and because He lives we shall live also—the more we thus exult in our great Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King, the more we are fitted to run in the way of his commandments. This is eating his flesh and drinking his blood, by which we have life and virtue from our blessed Head. See the beautiful exhortation in the 1st chapter of Peter’s second epistle to all who have obtained like precious faith through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. It is through the knowledge of God, and Jesus Christ, that grace and peace are multiplied unto

us, “ according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him who hath called us to glory and virtue ; whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises ; that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.”

It is by embracing these promises, by feasting on Christ, in whom they are all yea and amen, that we are animated and enabled to “ add to our faith virtue ; and to virtue knowledge ; and to knowledge temperance ; and to temperance patience ; and to patience godliness ; and to godliness brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness charity. That these things being in us, and abounding, we may be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” These are the blessed fruits ; and we are called, in the faith of these promises, to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure, that so, in the full triumph of faith, evidenced by these fruits, our entrance into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ may be abundant. By what follows it seems to me, that though a redeemed soul cannot be lost, the Christian may lose much comfort both in life and in death. The means, as well as the end, are of God’s appointing : the last is his own work, which he will bring to pass according to the purpose and counsel of his own will ;

how far he hath given to his creatures natural or renewed powers to exercise the first, is not to me distinctly revealed, nor, perhaps, is it necessary ; let it suffice us to know, that without him we can do nothing, that in his strength we can do all things, and like the poor man with the withered hand, believe and exert our endeavours.

Let the first chapter of the second epistle of Peter be read at your next meeting, and remember me as present in spirit with you ; and the Lord Jesus be with you. Grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied unto you. Love to all the family, and to dear Mrs M——. If you see my dear Mrs C——, give my love to her. Oh ! neglect not this poor lamb among you, and feed it for the Shepherd's sake. “ *Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ? Feed my lambs.*”

SUBSTANCE OF A LETTER FROM MRS GRAHAM TO  
MISS M——, ONE OF HER FORMER PUPILS.

*New York, April 4. 1814.*

You have reason, my dear, to mourn over your worldly-mindedness, your coldness, your deadness, in the concerns of your immortal soul. Christ says, “ One thing is needful,” Luke x. 42. “ What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?” Matthew xvi. 26. “ How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation ?”



Heb. ii. 3. It is proper that you should be serious and in earnest on a subject so important. An interest in Christ ought not only to be your highest wish, but till you have at least obtained a good hope, you ought not to rest ; at the same time you may err in the speediest way of obtaining that hope.

With regard to the degree of sorrow for sin, there is no rule in Scripture : we find the apostles of Christ, as soon as they found sinners seeking salvation, directing their views to the Saviour. "What must I do to be saved?" said the jailer ; "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," said Paul and Silas, "and they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in the house, and he believed, and was baptized, he and all his house ;" and he gave evidence that he had received a new nature, for, in spite of consequences from the rulers, he washed the stripes of the apostles, and set meat before them.

The Jews, when charged with the guilt of murdering Christ, "were pricked in their hearts, and said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do ? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost ; and the same day there were added to the church about three thousand souls ;" Acts ii. 37-41. "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" said the Ethiopian

eunuch. "If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest," said Philip, Acts viii. 36, 37.

Take your Bible in your hand, sit down with your Saviour, and a crowd of gainsaying Jews, John vi. 28. "Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" Jesus said unto them, "This is the work of God, that ye believe in him whom he hath sent." What are these Jews to believe? Turn back with me to the first chapter. Who does John say received power to become the sons of God? The answer is in the 12th verse, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name." Now the third chapter. Think, my dear, for what purpose was the serpent raised upon a pole? For a like purpose Jesus was lifted up upon the cross. Sinners are diseased, they cannot heal themselves. Christ says, Look unto me, and believe that I will heal you. Try this, and the like exercises.

God's revealed truth must not stand at the bar of man's benighted reason. God has convinced the world that human wisdom "could not by searching find out God;" and there are facts revealed which are above the investigation of human reason, and which men have darkened by wisdom. Scripture is the best key to scripture, and such parts as cannot be unlocked by Scripture, are, in my opinion, better left as subjects of adoration or submission.

All things necessary to salvation, to life, and to godliness, are revealed so plainly, that the most ordinary capacity may understand. But this is the condemnation, that men will not come to the light that they may be saved. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Infallible for this reason, that both in substance and in language it is the production of the Holy Ghost, and all human deductions and assertions must be tested by that unerring rule.

Preaching is an ordinance of God, yea, a principal and reasonable ordinance : men acquainted with the circumstances of the times, and the language in which the Scriptures were originally written, are best qualified to elucidate them, and they have the promise of God to be with them, and to lead them to all truth. But God commended the Bereans, because they "searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things (which he preached) were so ;" Acts xvii. 11. So must you, my darling girl. You stand between a cold carnal unrenewed Episcopalian, a warm pious Hopkinsian, and a Scotch Presbyterian colonist : much need have you to search the Scriptures for yourself. All of us hold to the form of sound words in the language of inspiration. The truth is in your church, your prayer book, your homilies, and there are millions around the throne, from that church,\* who have earnestly contended

\* The Episcopal Church.

for the faith once delivered to the saints ; and join in the song of Moses and the Lamb, with that noble army of Presbyterians from Scotland, Switzerland, Germany, &c., and the origin of them all, the noble army of martyrs, the Waldenses. There too sings with them the pious Hopkins, who now finds that none have the lot of glorifying God in hell who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and rested on him for salvation as he did. There too many of his followers have obtained the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls, and many are now on their way to the sacred company of believers, where they shall see as they are seen, though even there, they shall not be able to search into, so as to comprehend “ the breadth and length, and height, and depth, of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge ;” “ the unsearchable riches of Christ,” “ into which the angels desire to look,” and learn from the church the manifold wisdom of God ; Ephesians iii. 10.

I live chiefly in my Bible. The deep things of God I leave in his own infinity. I stand in awe of Scripture words ; I read ; I believe ; but upon some parts I will not reason ; I cannot comprehend what God can. He can reconcile what I cannot.

I “ wait the great teacher DEATH,  
And God adore.”

I know not what to say to your leaving the church.

I rather think you had better wait a little longer. Go and hear where you receive the most benefit. I charge you, my dear, be in earnest with God. It is his commandment that you believe in his Son. The duty is yours, the power his. It is his ordinary way to give the command, and while the sinner aims the power is given. Observe this in almost all the miracles which he wrought.

I cannot, my dear M——, part with you. I am, if the Lord give grace, willing to travail, as in birth, till Christ be formed in your soul. *Read, pray, watch*, try to trust in Christ. “So shall you know if you follow on to know the Lord.” Have you “Doddridge’s Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul?” I know no one book that has been so much blest. It was my own guide along with my Bible: it is itself half Scripture. If you have it not, do, my dear, get it; begin even with the introduction, and read with prayer. He was a most laborious minister and guide of youth.

Write me all that is in your heart; even if your views differ from mine it will not lessen my love.

I. GRAHAM.

TO MR AND MRS BETHUNE WHEN IN SCOTLAND.

*June 4. 1802.*

This is his Majesty’s birth-day. You have no doubt been honouring the anniversary, and repeat-

ing the wish of long life, health, and comfort to the lawful Sovereign of Britain.

Here I sit in my dear little room, with a lovely landscape in view ; B — M —'s park in velvet verdure ; the full grown trees scattered thin, to display the carpet, and in full foliage ; the clump of willows weeping to the very ground with a gentle wave, agitated by the zephyr ; while the other trees keep their firm majestic posture ; the Hudson River covered with vessels crowded with sail, to catch the scanty breeze ; some sweet little chirpers regaling the ear with its share of pleasure. I think I never heard any little warblers in this land, sing so sweet as those which now salute my ear ! “ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good ” ! Can all the philosophic ingenuity of London, this evening, produce such a scene ? The gardens, no doubt will be glorious ; but the ground-work is also God's. But why say I that in particular ? All is His ; the very notes that warble through so many little throats are his creation : all the art of man cannot add to their number. Sweet birds, your notes are innocent : O how sweet ! Lovely trees, ye who stand erect, and ye who weep and wave ; I wish no brighter scene. The shadows lengthen fast, so do yours and mine, my sovereign,—a few, a very few anniversaries, and we must change the scene—change to where no courtiers flatter ; no false meteors blaze ; where shadows flee away, realities

appear, and nothing but realities will stand in any stead.

O may we meet ! for me I nothing have,—I nothing am. But One there is, who was, and is, all that the mind of saint or angel can conceive of glory and of happiness ; and He is mine, and I am most blessed. Lengthen on, ye shadows, until all is shadow on these orbs of flesh. Then, O then—

“ My captive soul set free  
From sluggish earth, which oft has made me sigh,  
Ascends the eternal hills, as seen to see,  
As known to know, and grasp the Deity.”

Our friend B—— has now proved how far it is safe to leave the fate of eternity unsettled. He is gone to the state of the dead. With whom his soul is gathered, He only knows, whose mercy none ought to limit. He is gone to his own place ; and if without a surety righteousness, we know where that place is ; but, after reading of a thief on the cross, nothing with God is impossible. My mind is much impressed, that sentence rings in my ears, so often repeated. “ One thing is needful.”

“ Life’s a folly, age a dream,  
Borne along the common stream ;  
Earth’s a bubble light as air,  
If my rest be centred there,  
How can that be solid joy,  
Which a moment may destroy ! ”

Mr B—— was seized with the fever in its most malignant form ; for him every genius was exerted, and the medical store ransacked for the healing balsam ; but in vain. The Judge calls for the soul, and the body must at his command dislodge its tenant : How awful, if no Surety was at hand, if he must stand naked—we know the rest : did I say, we know ? Far otherwise ; what can we know of that wrath which in the Garden of Gethsemane, when no murderous hand was near—no High Priest—no Council—no cross,—wrung the blood through every pore of the pure, the innocent Lamb of God, supported by the Godhead. If such things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry ?

## TO MRS BETHUNE.

My dear Joanna,

Last evening our pastor bade us an affectionate adieu.\* I spent the night writing letters to go with him, and have little time left to address those nearest my heart.

Dear Mr Mason ! Oh, how many hearts he carries with him. He avoided softening us, on his own account, last Sabbath ; scarcely alluded to his

\* Dr J. M. Mason visited Britain to procure funds and books for the seminary of the Associate Reformed Church in America.



leaving in his sermon, and what he said, was not with such pathos as he is master of. After prayer and singing, he told us that in less than two days he expected to leave us, on his Master's business, according to a more particular intimation given two Sabbaths previous. That he had three requests to make. The first, that we would pray for him, that he might have a prosperous journey, and be restored to us with multiplied blessings. Second, that we would carefully avoid harsh constructions of the measures which required this separation,—if we could not reconcile it to our own views, to judge at least charitably of the motives, and be silent. And lastly, that we would keep together in a body, and faithfully attend on the ministry which God had provided for us, and not to lay stress on earthen vessels, which could, of themselves, afford us nothing. He conjured us, if we loved him, to comply with this request, and not wound the feelings and weaken the hands of the faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then added—

“No doubt, my friends, no doubt, much infirmity, much corruption, very much sin, have accompanied my ministrations among you; but, in respect to the truths I have preached, I take you to witness, I am free from the blood of all men, delivering, so far as I knew, the very truth of God's word, not regarding the opinions of men.” He then spoke a few words to his aged fathers in Christ,

acknowledging his obligations to their counsels, support, and consolation, and to their kind and tender dealings with him, and their forbearance. To the young members, his joy and rejoicing in the Lord—to the children the hope of the church, when we shall be gathered to our fathers: he finished with a blessing from Scripture, and, “I bid you all an affectionate adieu.”

By this time he was nearly blind with weeping. And now he goes to you, and other dear friends in Britain. I am consoled, that your spirits will be refreshed. I hope our dear D. B—— will be made a helpmate to him, and that you will return together in the same vessel, piloted by the Master himself. The Lord, the Chief Shepherd, go with him, be with you, and remain with us, to bless and make blessings.

Your affectionate mother,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS WALKER.

*Mount Harmony, 28th July 1801.*

My ever Dear Friend,

This will be handed you by our dear Mr Mason, who carries all our hearts with him, and I hope our prayers will follow him, that the Lord may open all the hearts of his own people to him wherever he goes, that they may bring him “forward

on his journey with diligence," and assist him in whatsoever business he needeth of them, and in nothing be wanting unto him. He goes a missionary from the Church, the object of which he himself will disclose. Receive him, then, as an angel of God, and recommend him to such of your friends in Christ as know him not, and whom he or you may judge to be useful to him ; recommend him not only to their acquaintance, but to the best affections of their hearts, to their love in Christ, and to their confidential communications—that he may have a prosperous journey, and be restored to his flock with multiplied blessings. I have run myself to a point of time, and for once in my life I must write you a short letter, nor is there need for a long one, for Mr Mason knows pretty circumstantially all our family concerns.

We are also parting with a dear stranger, recommended to us by Mr Balfour,\* who has refreshed our souls by his spiritual conversation, and with whom we have enjoyed the most free communications of heart, and union of soul, in union with Christ. How delightful to entertain such strangers ! It is a great consolation to us that they go together, and I cannot help thinking that a peculiar providence has brought Mr—— here at this time. He has gone out and in among us for some weeks as one of ourselves : he knows much of the

\* The late Dr Balfour, of Glasgow.

church, its state and concerns—and no one can recommend the object of this mission as he can, by reason of being disinterested any farther than in the general welfare of the body of Christ.

Of myself, what shall I say? of spiritual and temporal comfort, my cup is full and running over. The Lord give grace to carry with an even hand, or rather keep, and carry all for me.

Farewell, ever your affectionate friend,  
I. GRAHAM.

TO MISS WALKER, EDINBURGH.

*New York, 1812.*

My dear Miss Walker I think is in my debt, but that is no reason why I may not inquire after her health and welfare, and through her of that of her brother, sister, and other dear friends, yet in their pilgrimage. My dear, dear Mrs Walker lives in my affections, and surely what concerns her children can never be to me a matter of indifference.\* Your dear brother's persevering kindness, and tried friendship, have written gratitude in indelible characters on my heart. "A friend in need is a friend indeed"—and such was he. I trust the Lord has rewarded and will reward him. I have still in my possession many dear remem-

\* Mrs Walker died in much peace on the 19th October 1802.

branches of your worthy mother ; her sensible pious letters, some of which have proved prophetic, are among my treasures. What a lovely group presses upon my memory at this moment, united to Jesus and to one another on earth, and the union is now perfected in heaven. Your dear mother, Mrs Brown, dear Mrs Randall, and Lady Glenorchy. all zealous for the welfare of the widow and orphans, whose way lay peculiarly through *Vanity Fair*, and whose spirits were too much assimilated to the wares there exhibited, and most unworthy of all the care and pains they bestowed upon her. Tell my *then*, dear pastor,\* the pilgrim is not lost : he will find her in the 18th chapter of Ezekiel : he may remember that he and dear Dr Erskine gave me over to the Lord when leaving Edinburgh. Well has He kept the charge, though I have not my part, after all the chastisements and charges received. But he is the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands. forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.

I am now a happy Mary, enjoying the full sense of pardon, and the light of his countenance in the mean time, and the full prospect of being soon with him, made like him, and capacitated to praise him.

I. GRAHAM.

\* The late Dr Davidson.

Dr Morrison, the Chinese Missionary, visited New York in 1807. The following letter is expressive of the sentiments and feelings he cherished towards Mrs Graham.

FROM THE LATE DR MORRISON TO MRS GRAHAM.

*At sea, Long. 39°, N.W. Lat. 36°. Lord's day,  
May 24. 1807. On board the Trident.*

My ever Dear Mother Graham,

I think you were led by the special interference of our gracious Lord, to put into my hands the work which you did, accompanied by the edifying and comforting letter which you wrote me.

I thank you for telling me what God did for your soul, and join with you in ascribing to the Lord salvation and honour. I had, my mother, from the time of leaving my dear relations and friends, passed through waters deep as the fathomless ocean which I crossed ; but with the Lord there is mercy ; with him is "plenteous redemption." "He is ready to forgive." He has restored to me, in some measure, "the joy of his salvation," and will not, I trust, take his Holy Spirit from me. This is my prayer.

To-day he enabled me, on board of this vessel, to open my lips to teach transgressors his way. O that sinners may be converted unto him ! I had

not made myself plain, in what might drop from me, relative to “looking to the pit.” Unquestionably we are not to forget “the pit whence we are taken.” Are we not to look at it, and admire the power and grace that delivers from it? Look at it, and cleave closer to Jesus? Lean more and more upon his arm?

*Straits of Bania, August 17. 1807.*

I have now read over, to my comfort and edification, the letter you so kindly wrote to me on leaving New York. I could not help opening my papers to mention it to you, that God may be glorified by manifold thanksgivings to him.

Last Friday I was ashore at Anger Roads, in the Island of Java. The post received a letter from me to Mr Bethune. The poor naked Malays on Java, as well as on the other islands, and the peninsula of Malacca, are duped by the impositions of the man Mahomet. I was desirous of seeing their mosque, but was not permitted to enter it. Supposing there was no person in it, I looked in at the window, and unexpectedly saw a Malay sitting cross-legged, with his face toward Mecca, mumbling, in a plaintive tone, his devotions.

*Canton, September 18.*

We had, in sailing through the Chinese seas, a rather tedious passage, and, on making the coast

of China, the wind, for two days, headed us off the track that leads to Canton : however, in due time, the Lord brought me in safety to the place, whither the prayers of God's people followed me. On the 6th instant, we took a Chinese pilot on board, at the mouth of the Tigris, perhaps forty miles below Canton. It was the Sabbath, but very far from being a day of rest to me. Two days before I had been on shore at Macao, and had seen two of the persons to whom I had introductory letters from Europe : they gave me very little encouragement to hope that I should be able to continue, and hence I was all anxiety, though striving to roll all my cares on our Lord.

I am now with Messrs Milnor, to whom I had letters from Mr Wolcott. At present I have an apartment in their factory, and hope I shall be able to continue.

The Chinese wonder why I came, when they come to me and find that I neither have to sell, nor wish to buy. I, indeed, have to propose to their acceptance "the pearl of great price," but dare not yet mention it. The Lord has, in his good providence, thrown in my way, unsought for, a young Chinese, John Consequence, who was two years at Yale College, with Mr Dwight. John does not seem to possess much talent, but he may be very useful to me. He offered to teach me Chinese, a circumstance which I by no means anticipated.



Bless the Lord on my behalf, my dear mother,  
and sometimes remember, at a throne of grace, the  
voluntary exile.

Yours, in the faith of Jesus,

ROBT. MORRISON.

## CHAPTER VIII.

No requisite is more essential to meetness for heaven than humility. The high and the lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, is as condescending as he is glorious, and dwells with "him that is of a contrite and humble spirit." He who "was in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God," is "meek and lowly in heart." Angels veil their faces and their feet with their wings when they cry out, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord;" and the "four and twenty elders cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and blessing." Pride having thus no place in heaven, a soul prepared for that happy country must not only have faith, and love, and spiritual-mindedness, and Christian devotedness in lively exercise; but also the lowliness of mind that will fit it for intercourse with a God whose condescension is infinite—with a Saviour, "who made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant,"—with angels who think it not beneath them to be "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation," and with ransomed

spirits who can never forget the deep pit and the miry clay from which they were delivered ; who by the joys and glories they inherit, are taught the baseness of rebellion against Him who purchased all with his blood ; and who have feelings of lowliness, on account of past sin, proportioned to their enlarged acquaintance with the obligations which it violates.

Nor is humility essential to meetness for heaven only ; it is equally indispensable to nearness and conformity to God on earth. The humble man, deeply feeling his guilt, will ever cling to the righteousness of Him through whom alone there is acceptance ; aware of weakness he will rely entirely upon the grace that is declared to be sufficient ; sensible of liability to yield to temptation, he will be ever on the watch : esteeming others better than himself he will be meek, and condescending, and charitable, the least of all and the servant of all ; and knowing he has nothing which he has not received, instead of being elated by his spiritual attainments, he will be ever ready to say, “ Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory.” “ So at the beginning,” Bishop Jewell observes, “ the disciples of Christ were poor in spirit, and therefore were they meet to inherit the kingdom of heaven ; they were meek in heart and humble of mind, and therefore were they meet to possess the earth. They learned of Christ to be meek and lowly, they were counted the foolish

things of the earth, therefore were they meet instruments to confound the wisdom of the world ; they were counted the weak things, and therefore were they meet to overcome the mighty. St Paul, notwithstanding all his learning, thought he knew nothing, so much did he humble himself, and therefore was he meet to be an apostle of Christ, and a preacher of his Gospel.”

We have adduced the testimony of an impartial witness, to the active benevolence by which Mrs Graham was characterized. His testimony is equally decided as to her general uprightness and consistency. “ Her religion, not contented to justify her before men, aimed habitually at pleasing ‘ God who looketh upon the heart.’ It was not enough for her to persuade herself that a thing *might* be right ; before venturing upon it she studied to reduce the question of right to a clear certainty. How cautious, and scrupulous, and jealous of herself she was in this matter they best can tell who saw her in the shade of retirement, as well as in the sunshine of public observation. Perhaps it is not going too far to say, that her least guarded moments would in others have been marked for circumspection. At the same time her vigilance had nothing austere, gloomy, constrained, or censorious ; nothing to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse, or to excite in others, even the thoughtless, a dread of criticism after they should retire. It was sanctified nature moving gracefully in its own

element. And with respect to the character and failings of her neighbours, she was too full of Christian kindness not to ‘keep her tongue from evil and her lips from speaking guile.’ ”\*

Nor was it moral and Christian excellence alone for which Mrs Graham was remarkable: she also, possessed what is so much calculated to foster the pride of the human heart,—superior intellectual powers, tastes, and accomplishments, “An intellect strong, prompt, and inquisitive,—a temper open, generous, cheerful, ardent,—a heart replete with tenderness, and alive to every social affection, and every benevolent impulse,—a spirit at once enterprising and persevering,—the whole crowned with that rare inestimable endowment—good sense—were materials which required only skilful management to fit her for adorning and dignifying any female station. With that sort of cultivation which the world most admires, and those opportunities that attend upon rank and fortune, she might have shone in the circles of the great, without forfeiting the esteem of the good; or had her lot fallen among the literary unbelievers of the continent, she might have figured in the sphere of the Voltaires, and other *esprits forts* of Paris, and might have been as gay in public, as dismal in private, and as wretched in her end as any, the most distinguished among them for their wit, and their woe. But God had

destined her for other scenes and services—scenes from which greatness turns away appalled, and services which all the cohorts of infidel wit are unable to perform. She was prepared by poverty, bereavement, and grief, to pity and succour the poor, the bereaved, and the grieving. The sorrows of widowhood were to teach her the heart of a widow—her babes deprived of their father, to open the strings of her compassion to the fatherless and orphan, and the consolation of God, ‘her refuge and strength, her very present help in trouble,’ to make her a daughter of consolation to them who were walking in the valley of the shadow of death.”\*

But with such intellectual endowments, such mental accomplishments, such moral worth, Mrs Graham was clothed with humility. Like him who spoke of himself as the chief of sinners, “as the least of the apostles, and not worthy to be called an apostle ;” while she cast the veil of charity over the faults of others, she most rigidly scrutinized, and judged her own ; and instead of being dazzled and uplifted, by what commanded the admiration of those around her ; she was so much alive to her imperfections and shortcomings, that her services, as well as her sins, humbled her before God. This lowliness of mind characterized her through life ; and when on the borders of heaven it ripened into full and lovely luxuriance.

\*Dr Mason’s Sermon.

“ I have been a slothful servant in thy family. an idle labourer in thy vineyard, an unfruitful branch. Grant, O grant, a little fruit on the topmost bough. At the eleventh hour may I begin to work, to bring forth some fruit to the glory of that grace by which my soul is saved from the wages of sin, and death, and hell, and made an heir by free gift of the wages of righteousness, eternal life, and glory.”—*Diary* 1803.

“ How aggravated have been my backslidings ; and what vengeance might have been taken on my inventions. What were the sins of Israel and Judah compared to mine ? When mine were committed, the great atonement was made, the adorable High Priest had with his own blood entered within the vail, and was set down on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. How aggravated my sins then above theirs ; having such great and precious privileges ; a High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who owns us as his brethren and sisters, yea, the very members of his body, and whose Spirit dwelleth in us.”—*Diary* 1812.

“ I have no complacency in any thing ever done by me. I not only believe that in all things I come short, and that sin is mixed in all that I do, but I am sensible of particular depravity. It is my sincere desire to be stript of every thing that is

mine, sins and duties laid in one heap, and to be clothed in the surety righteousness of my Redeemer, all that is mine being put to his account, and all that he did as the mediator and surety of the new covenant to mine.”—*Diary* 1812.

“Oh Lord, I am not worthy to be named in connection with any good done by Thee. I am the chief of sinners, the chief of backsliders, every thing in me, of me, or by me, is vile as far as it is mine. All that is otherwise, all good implanted in me, or done by me, is thine own ; it is grace, free grace, the purchase of thine own anointed, my dear Redeemer, my dying, risen, ascended Saviour, and the fruit of the Holy Ghost, the sent of the Father and of the Son, to set up a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts of the redeemed. And now, O Lord, I pray for deep humility. I ask for His sake, who was meek and lowly, to be kept where my place really is, at the feet of all thy servants ; and if it be thy pleasure to make me a useful instrument, make me humble in proportion. Let me ever “remember my ways and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more because of my shame, when thou art pacified towards me for all that I have done.”—*Diary* 1804.

“I have entered into my closet ; I have shut my door ; I would pray to my Father, who is in secret ; I would be shut up with my indwelling God. But



see the crowds that follow ; see my treacherous heart that gives them admission ; see my unsanctified imagination going off with them, leaving nothing before thee but a lifeless lump of clay. Help, Lord ! hast thou not redeemed me from vain imaginations ? Lord fill all thy temple ; cast out the buyers and sellers ; thyself prepare room for close, undisturbed, holy conference. Grant that according to the riches of thy glory, I may be strengthened with might, by thy Spirit in the inner man : dwell in my heart by faith ; that, rooted and grounded in love, I may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth ; and "to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God. Filled with all the fulness of God ; Oh what words are these my soul stretches to comprehend, but weak and feeble cannot climb these glorious heights, nor dig into these, to me unsearchable depths. I can only spell after the language of the Holy Ghost, lisp out his own words. I dare not trust my own powers of comprehension to vary even the mode of expression. Well, it may be best for me ; the valley of humility may be safest for me. Father, glorify thy name."—*Diary.*

“ In my large light closet, and in my airy comfortable room ; the prospect from my windows such as I have ever delighted in ; wood and water, flower-garden and fruit-trees, and beautiful shrubs

of various kinds, all as much mine as if my own individual property, by the laws of the land in which I live ; surrounded with books, and my children's rich library at my command ; enjoying rich gospel ordinances under a holy and able pastor, with pious, affectionate, sensible church members ; a carriage to convey me Sabbath and week days to places of worship ; children, whose desire is that I may enjoy all these to the full, without care or trouble, they caring for me ; with all these a large measure of health—why then these tears ? Are they all for sin ? Lord, search and see. Does no wounded pride, no selfish hurt, mingle with that better feeling ? Ah ! Lord, thou knowest. I have detected much, and mourn and weep on that account ; but I fear there is yet much concealed and working, that I know not. I have set apart the remainder of this day for fasting and humiliation on account of past sins, which I already know. and for yet farther search into what I know not of at present. Lord, give me heart-searching exercises.” —*Diary* 1813.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*New York, 1812.*

I received yours of 10th February, and before going farther, I must request my dear sister not to express herself in the way she does often, for the truth is, as it respects my walk and conver-

sation, they are very different from what you imagine. When I turn my eyes to my past life, at every age, in every place, in whatever situation I may have been placed, I am conscious that alienation of heart and affection, self-indulgence, and self-seeking,—manœuvring with my conscience,—shrinking from its search,—having recourse to plausible vain pretences,—are sins with which I have been chargeable. Prevarications, insinuations, hints to give a gloss, I have practised; and though it has been to make peace, to prevent evil, to promote friendship, to cover foibles,—it will not do. The Lord God of truth will visit for these things, for he requires truth in the inward parts. Then there has been a host of sins against that law of love,—doing to others as we would wish on an exchange of circumstances they should do to us: and often, often have I gone begging to the world for pleasure,—forsaking the fountain of living waters, and bringing reproach on the rich provision made by our heavenly Father, who, when his children walk closely with him, feeds them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey from the rock. Self-loathing and abasement then, for the past, is the fittest exercise in which I can be engaged; nor do I mean this in a general way, or on account merely of general depravity, but on account of sins peculiar to myself,—from peculiar temptations arising from peculiar circumstances,—first, in fashionable life in the army, with a hus-

band the idol of my heart,—then in a fashionable boarding-school, with daughters of my own, calculated to excite my vanity a second time. Therefore, my sister, forbear ; talk not to me of a shock of corn fully ripe, of following my steps at a distance. Let me rather be a beacon to warn my confidential friends that they may avoid this alienation of heart from God, for, although he pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin, yet he taketh vengeance on the inventions even of his own people.

But “ there was a voice heard upon the high places, weeping and supplication of the children of Israel, for they have perverted their way, and have forgotten the Lord their God.” Yes, my gracious God, thou hast granted repentance ; I have looked on Him whom I have pierced, and been in bitterness. I hear thy compassionate voice, “ Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings ;” and my answer is, “ Behold, I come unto thee, for thou art the Lord my God ;”—and though with me the spring is past, the summer is ended, and even the harvest gone, and no ripe fruit, yet glory to God there is a blood-bought mansion awaiting me, which my blessed High Priest is preparing for me, and preparing me for it. My temptations now are few, the world is gone from me, rather than I from it. I think through grace I begin to rise above it, and yet there is need for heart-searching, lest that be ascribed to growth in grace which may

be the mere absence of youthful appetite. I dare, however, appeal to the Searcher of hearts, that so far as I know it is my first, my most ardent desire, to be delivered from sin,—to be conformed to his image.—to be clothed with humility and self-abasement,—to lie down in my shame, because of my transgression,—to remember and be confounded, and never open my mouth any more, because of my sin, now that He is pacified towards me.

I have but a little farther to go. Home is in view, and very desirable, but fain would I bring forth a little fruit on the topmost bough. The Lord can do it; he can yet enable me to strike root, spring up, bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit in old age when others fade. \* \* \*

Your affectionate sister,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*January 1. 1813.*

My very Dear Sister,

This is the first day of another year, and I do feel that by me it ought more properly to be spent as a fast than a feast day. My youth was spent in vanity, my prime in a mixture to God and mammon, and now my mind broken, my health broken, and infirmities multiplying. Alas! how ill do I bear them! Now I want to work, when

time is gone, opportunity gone, and capacity gone, when I ought to be willing to be useless, at least as to any thing active.

You will say I am low-spirited ; well, I believe I am. Whenever I dwell upon myself, I get low-spirited ; and Christ out of view, great is the cause. Let me then leave this dark, sinful, depraved creature, and turn to that Glorious One, who left the abodes of bliss and the worship of angels, to tabernacle among, to suffer, to die for such sinners as I am, even the chief, Jesus. This is the dear name that lifts up the sinking spirit,—Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself unto God. and with his own blood hath entered into the holy place, to appear in the presence of God for us,—Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant,—the surety of the New Testament, by the tenor of which we sinners have boldness to enter into the Holiest, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the rent veil, his own flesh,—Jesus, our blessed High Priest over the house of God, by whom we are invited to draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. This Jesus is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Now, I am better, ceasing from my own works

farther than to be humbled by them ; and, looking unto Jesus, I enter into rest : seeing I have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with my infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as I am, yet without sin, I will come boldly to the throne of grace, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help me in time of need.

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TO MRS MARSHALL.

*April 24. 1807.*

My Dear Sister,

I am this day favoured with your letter, accompanying the large packet of letters I wrote to my mother, brother, &c., from Canada. Why should parting with them be so hard upon you, who have literally cart-loads of my letters to yourself and dear husband ? But my surprise is greatly increased by the hasty glance I have given this said packet. Read it I have not, nor do I think I ever shall ; there seems so little worth reading in the whole—I never was more disappointed. I did indeed know, that during that seven years, in which I enjoyed the summit of earthly happiness, without, I may almost say, one cross or cloud ; I was most ungrateful to my God and Saviour ; that I did forsake the fountain of living waters, and hew out to myself broken cisterns which could hold no living water—that, after tasting the grace of God, and joy

and peace in believing, and vowing to be eternally and irrevocably His, I had become carnal,—a backslider in heart and life. Yet as I have ever thought the root of the matter has been in me since I was fifteen, I could not have supposed, that corresponding with so pious and spiritually minded a mother, there should have been so little in my letters like spiritual life. Yet so it is ; indeed, there is little in them of any sort worth reading. I am glad, however, that I have seen them—they are good humbling stuff, and the valley of humility is the safest to sojourn in. The Lord says of the Sabbath that it is a sign between him and his people, and I have often thought since, that it was literally so with me at that time. However dissipated I might be through the week, the Sabbath used to call me home ; I did several times make the attempt to live a worldling on that day, too, by accepting invitations to dine out, but the Lord let loose the horrors of conscience upon me to such a degree, that I sometimes thought the earth would open and swallow me up ; so that even fear deterred me, if nothing else did. But O, the wonderful condescension of God ; I generally had real rest on that day, and often much confession, though I do not think I had proper views of my manner of life.

My dear sister, impress upon the minds of your young ones, a deep sense of the importance of the Sabbath ; it would appear (humanly speaking) that if I had been left to let go the Sabbath, all com-



munion between me and the Saviour of sinners, the God of salvation, would soon have been at an end. Oh ! on what a precipice did I stand, and how little did I dream of what was before me—when I sent my beloved child from me, and expressed my confident hopes of soon reaching the summit of my hopes—what quickly followed ? Three more weeks brought me the accounts of my darling mother's death, my child then in the midst of the Atlantic. Three months after, my husband followed—then were my broken cisterns shivered to pieces—then tumbled my towering castles, and I was left with nothing but God. Did he forsake me ? Did he even hide his face from me ? Oh no ! Well he might, but his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts ; he waited to be gracious. The Lord my God was also preparing mercy for me and my dear husband, while we were nestling in his gifts, and feasting on our carnal things. He brought us from a barren land (Niagara), and set us down among a praying group of his own dear saints, and laid upon their spirits the salvation of my precious husband ; commanded them to pray, and prepared his ear to hear, and his power to save, and my beloved one was enabled to cast all his care upon God, and doing this he entered into rest. Well then may I say, O God, my God, thou hast done all things well.

Your affectionate sister,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*New York, October 1809.*

My Dear Sister,

A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation ! This is one of his names, and you and I have proved him faithful. When he first named you "*Widow*," he chose you in the furnace of affliction—he taught you to cease from man, by the things which you suffered, that your dependence might be placed more simply on himself.

Your last was indeed a pleasant letter. O how good to see his hand feeding us, and leading us,—giving us covenant provision with covenant blessings. I am not sure that you are ever likely to have more comfortable days. Your little ones are about you, subject to your advice and control—your daily bread is provided by your Maker, who is your husband, and you are, as it were, fed by his own hand. I do not think I have experienced happier days since I became a widow, than those I spent in Paisley : daily bread and extraordinary provision made for extraordinary exigencies—how sweet to see his hand in every thing, and taste his love in the using ! My dear father, you know, always spent the summers with Hugh in Bute, and at these times, except on Sabbaths, I always took porridge with the children, and though I had

been long unaccustomed to that kind of food, it was pleasant to my palate, being the food which my Heavenly Father gave me. You remember, my dear, how pleasant our school was then, and how delightful were our Sabbaths and our sacraments—calm comfortable days, out of the bustle of worldly pride and vanity. Look at the daisy by the dusty roadside, and the daisy in the field, and you will discern (generally speaking) the difference between a Christian hedged in unto the Lord, whether by choice or by circumstances, in quiet retired life, and those living in affluence in the world.

But I must again return to your letter. I find it dated “Elderslie”—The very name gives a thrill to my old heart,—in a moment the various scenes of my youthful days rise before me, the old mansion itself, and all its beloved inmates, every one of whom have now crossed the Jordan of death, leaving me a solitary wanderer in this weary wilderness. Ah, I can at this moment think of spots, by the burnside, and the braeside, endeared to my heart by a thousand tender associations. There have I wandered with my beloved idolized husband, and there has he delighted my heart with professions of love. These were indeed moments of ecstasy; but hush! there are you a widow with very very different sensations—and here am I a widow with sensations equally different. The Lord has shewed us many and sore adversities, but he will

bring us up from the deeps below ; we are much nearer our Father's house, and I hope proportionally riper for those joys which are at his right hand ; and although your letter has brought some pleasing recollections to my mind—days of love and courtship days—some of solitude—some of disappointment—some of ecstasy—yet I find they were all days of idolatry ; therefore, to be mourned over, not retasted—re-enjoyed with delight. No, no, Father, forgive me.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*New York, 1811.*

My Dear Sister,

My memory fails day by day ; I cannot remember where I put any thing—no, not one hour, and though the inconvenience might be prevented, by having a place for every thing, and being careful to put every thing in its proper place, a rule good in every time of life ; it is frustrated by my forgetting that I forget. No person can conceive the trial this is, but they who have experienced it. It is equally distressing with regard to circumstances, &c. &c. I must make a memorandum of every thing, and then I lose the memorandum, or mislay the book in which I note down things of importance. However, I have mercies great and numerous to balance this, and infinitely more than

balance—my life is hid with Christ in God—my Jesus is my surety that all will be well—He forgets not. All my concerns are in his hands, he will manage all—perfect all—finish all. He will bring his own glory out of all, and my best interests shall be connected with all, and “when flesh and heart faint and fail, the Lord will be the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.” In temporals too, I have great cause of thankfulness. I suffer few bodily ailments; my food and my raiment, my lodging, and every convenience, are provided, and provided to my liking; and my infirmity is watched over by my children at home, and the Lord has given me the love and affection of all with whom I associate, sweetened by the conviction that all is from himself, for no creature can be to me, nor I to any creature, more than he is pleased to make us. Oh what a Father—what a Brother—what a Friend—what a portion—what a rock—what an all!

I am nursing a sweet young saint for glory; youth, beauty, fortune, friends, every thing that could attract the female heart, and court its attachment to the world, are cheerfully resigned at her Heavenly Father's command, and she, resting on the promises, ready “to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.” She is about eighteen years of age; a younger sister died of the same disease—consumption—about three years ago. She was at that time deeply impressed with the belief

that she should soon follow, and never enjoyed any of her youthful amusements after.

Though ten years older than my dear brother, I am still in the wilderness ; and my health for my time of life being remarkable, I may be here for years, though I wish it not. I do long for home, yet ask it not. The Lord has given me business to do, and while it is his pleasure to put this honour upon me, I find my soul willing to acquiesce. Give my love to your children.

Your affectionate Sister,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS MARSHALL.

*New York, 1812.*

I am happy, my dear sister, to observe that you write in good spirits. Satisfied with all that the Lord has done, is now doing, and confident that he ever will do that which is best for you, making all things work together for your good, and the good of your dear family. Your dissatisfaction with yourself, heart and conduct, I would not wish you delivered from. While sin dwelleth in us, contrition is salutary exercise, and as the extent and spirituality of God's holy law opens to our view, the exceeding evil of sin opens in proportion, and its bitterness is more keenly felt. The conscience may be sprinkled by the blood of Jesus, and delivered from the fear of wrath, while the bitterness

of sin wrings the heart. I have a poem which I shall copy for you on this very subject : it has been salutary to my feelings at times, perhaps my best times, for when sin is bitter, Christ is precious, and afflictions are light.

I have often offered my thanks to our gracious God for his goodness to you, my dear sister and your orphan family ; though you have not possessed fulness, yet the Lord has provided, and the thankful and contented mind is equally his gift ; without his grace no situation on earth can command it.

I have fallen off greatly this winter, and am much afflicted with rheumatism. I have not been able to put off or on my own clothes these two months, and have frequent sick fits ; but the Lord gives me patience, and much of his sensible presence. I have written out some favourite passages of Scripture, and some favourite hymns, which are my midnight provision : I wear them in my pocket, and by reading them over daily or nearly so, I preserve them on my memory, bad as it is. My headaches sometimes keep me from sleeping, and I sing these hymns one after another ; I generally find them sweet and delightful, my pains are alleviated, and I often drop asleep with the words on my tongue, and the sentiments in my heart.

I cannot express to you the enjoyment, as well as relief, I have had in this way ; I sleep, and I wake with a sweet savour of the name of Jesus on my mind.

It is hard to say, my sister, when there may be another opportunity. Every thing at present wears a gloomy aspect ; however, if there is no other opportunity, some of us will write by the packet—meantime I commend you to God, our gracious God, who hath done all things well, and will perfect what concerns us.

I am, with sincere affection, your sister in Christ,  
ISABELLA GRAHAM.

The biographer of the excellent Philip Henry observes, that “in the time of his health he made death very familiar to himself, by frequent and pleasing thoughts and meditations upon it ; and endeavoured to make it so to his friends by speaking often of it. Thus did he learn to die daily, and it is hard to say whether it was more easy to him to speak, or uneasy to his friends to hear him speak, of leaving the world. This reminds me of what I was told by a worthy Scotch minister, that visiting the famous Mr Durham of Glasgow in his last sickness, which was long and lingering, he said to him, ‘ Sir, I hope you have so set all in order, that you have nothing else to do but to die.’ ‘ I bless God,’ said Mr Durham, ‘ I have not had that to do either for many years.’ Such is the comfort of dying daily when we come to die indeed.”

Mrs Graham had for many years familiarized her mind to the approach of this king of terrors ; she had made it a frequent subject of supplication, that



when walking through the valley of the shadow of death, God would be with her ; and the favourite passages of Scripture and hymns to which she alludes in the preceding letter, were designated “ Provision for my last journey through the wilderness and passage over Jordan.”

“ Eternity seems very near. I have often thought so, without any visible cause. Well, it will come ; a few more rolling years, months, weeks, or days, will assuredly land me on Canaan’s happy shore. Then shall I know and enjoy what ear hath not heard, eye seen, nor heart conceived, even the blessedness that is at God’s right hand. I have desired, although I know not that I have asked, to glorify God on my death-bed, and to leave my testimony at the threshold of eternity, that not one word of all that my God has promised, has failed. He has been, O what has he not been ! In all my trials, temptations, and wanderings, he has been all that the well ordered covenant has said. Let this Bible tell, what God in Christ, by his Spirit and his providence, has been to me ; and let the same Bible say, what he will be to me when flesh and heart fail ; yea, when the place that now knows me shall know me no more. Perhaps when the messenger does come, I shall not know him, but depart in silence. Well, as the Lord wills, he knows best how to glorify himself ; Jesus shall trim my lamp and perfect his image on my soul, sensi-

ble or insensible. I shall enter into his presence, washed in his blood, clothed in his righteousness, and my sanctification perfected. I shall see him as he is, and be like him.

“Mourn not, my children, but rejoice ; gird up the loins of your mind, and set forward on your heavenly journey through this wilderness. So far as I have followed Christ ; so far follow my example ; still living on Christ, depending on him for all that is promised in the well-ordered covenant. Stumble not into the world, except when duty calls ; at best, it is a deadly weight—a great hindrance to spiritual-mindedness, and, as far as it gets footing into your heart, it will mar both your progress and your comfort. Lord, feed my children constantly with thy flesh and thy blood, that they may never hunger nor thirst for this world, but grow in the divine life, and in the joy and comfort of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”—*Diary*, April 14. 1797.

“O my God, is not my own death at hand ? It is a hard battle. My Jesus, thou knowest the struggle. I too must drink of this cup : mix it for me, my Redeemer. O let a full sense of free pardon, the recollection of the great and precious promises, a bright view of the joys at God’s right hand, as the fruit of thy death, be applied to my soul in that awful hour. Spirit of the Father, and of the Son, pour in the oil and wine of thy consolations in that hour. Open wide to my soul the leaves of that

well-ordered covenant, of which Christ himself is the sum and substance. Redeeming God, may I experience proof in that solemn hour, that thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed. O feed me with this living food ! May I feel life spring up in my soul, and be assured that I shall never die. O my God, grant one more request,—Open my lips, and let them, as well as my heart, be filled with the high praises of my redeeming God.

“I know I am unworthy, the vilest of the vile, but magnify thy grace. I have much forgiven ! Let my heart burn with love and gratitude in that hour, and my lips utter its effusions in songs of praise ; and when the short thick breathing comes, and the slow fetches, scaling up speech, and expelling the spirit from its abode, let me hear or understand thee saying unto me—It is I, be not afraid.”—*Diary*, 1810.

“Old age is upon me, and some of its infirmities ; my memory is much impaired, and my mind, in temporal things and subjects, becomes very desultory : not so in spirituals. I not only hear and read with more intense attention and prompt application ; but my mind is more disposed to meditation ; and though I cannot make much of the sermons I hear, yet my mind is often furnished with happy and profitable thoughts on the same subject, and I find myself instructed without remembering the instructions. This is evidently

from the Lord. It appears to me also, that I have not lost the sensibility of youth. I often shed tears, not only of compunction, but of gratitude—I seldom commune without tears—I think much of death—am solemnized, but not afraid.”—*Diary*, 1812.

“ O thou Jehovah ! Israel’s God ; and by thy new covenant, my God, thus far hast thou brought me through the wilderness, bearing, chastising, forgiving, restoring. Well hast thou made out thy wilderness name to me, ‘The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.’ Great have been my provocations, but greater still thy covenant mercy. I have not perished with them that believe not : sore bitten I am, but thou hast fixed mine eyes on the lifted-up Healer, and I am in his hand for further care. My journey has been long, and my way devious, but my blessed Joshua is still in view. I must be near to Jordan’s flood ; I have been preparing victuals from thine own repository of truth.

“ And now, my blessed High Priest, and ark of the covenant, lead out my staggering steps a little further, I have not gone this way heretofore ; but thou hast measured these waters while they overflowed all their banks—Thou hast passed through, and made the passage safe for thy people—At thy

command the waters stand up on an heap, and they pass through in thy presence on faith's firm ground. Keep, then, mine eye upon thee, and I shall fear no evil. And, O my blessed leader, if it might please thee, I would ask a boon, yet with submission,—that thy sensible presence may be with me all the way through; and that thou wouldst bring from my quivering lips a testimony to the glory of thy grace,—that my children may know that thou hast pardoned, restored, and perfected me—that thou hast dried up the waters of terror—carried me triumphantly through, and put me in possession of the purchased inheritance, Amen.”—*Extract from Provision for passing Jordan.*

“Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the world, on thee I lay my precious never-dying soul; wash me in thy blood; clothe me in thy righteousness, sanctify me, soul, spirit, and body, to thy service. I have no other foundation of hope, nothing within me; nothing without me; my entire dependence is on thy finished work; into thy hands I commit my spirit.

“Let me hear thy consoling voice, compassionate Saviour: ‘Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I

am. there ye may be also.' Seal this upon my heart, and it is enough. To be where thou art, is heaven enough for me; to be where thou art. to see thee as thou art, and to be made like unto thee,—the last sinful motion for ever past, no more opposition, no more weariness, listlessness. dryness, deadness; but conformed to my blessed Head, every way capacitated to serve him, to enjoy him,—this is heaven. Blessed Comforter, here also do thine office: I know not what to ask for, as I ought; help mine infirmities as thou hast said; suggest the prayer, be in me the spirit of prayer and supplication, and especially in that hour of need, when sickness saps the clayey tabernacle, discomposing the spirit, and confusing perhaps the ideas: still, still, let my thoughts rise to my God. Let no unhallowed subject get hold of me in that hour, but keep my Saviour's name in my heart and on my lips. Is not this according to thy will? Watch over me, then, and keep the avenues of my soul from every vain idea. In that last warfare, when nothing on earth can give peace, when the world recedes and disappears, when friends must stand aloof and leave me to the combat alone, O blessed and promised Comforter, bring to my remembrance and impress on my weary spirit these sweet words of my Saviour, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled,

neither<sup>1</sup> let it be afraid.'—*Provision for passing Jordan.*

This last extract from the “Provision for passing Jordan” comforted the heart of a pious missionary to the Holy Land, when, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, he was called to encounter the last enemy. His friends having proposed to pray with him, he replied, “Yes; but first I wish you to read some passages from Mrs Graham’s ‘Provision for passing over Jordan;’” and on hearing the words, “To be with thee where thou art, to see thee as thou art, to be made like thee, the last sinful motion past,” he anticipated the conclusion, and said with an expressive emphasis, “That is heaven.”\*

But she who gathered this provision, and was fed by it in the wilderness, also found it sufficient for her support when passing from time to eternity. Her latter end was peace. On the Sabbath preceding her last illness, she received the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour. and for the last time recorded in her diary the emotions of her soul.

“*July 17. 1814, Sacrament Sabbath.*—Mr R—— preached from 1st Peter i. 8–9, “Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him

\* Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Fisk.

not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable. and full of glory ; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

"I had requested to be brought into my Lord's banqueting house, and to be feasted this day with his love. I ate the bread and drank the wine in the faith that I ate the flesh and drank the blood of the Son of Man, and dwelt in him and he in me. I took a close view of my familiar friend Death, accompanied with the presence of my Saviour, his sensible presence. I cannot look at it without this ; it is my only petition concerning it. I have had desires relative to certain circumstances, but they are nearly gone. It is my sincere desire that God may be glorified, and he knows best how and by what circumstances. I retain my one petition,—

‘Only to me thy count’nance shew,  
I ask no more the Jordan through.’ ”

On the succeeding Sabbath she was actually passing through these waters, and in the enjoyment of such peace that she said, “I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour than if I were already in his arms. My guilt is all transferred, he has cancelled all I owed ; yet I could weep for sins against so good a God. It seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin.” But we insert an extract from the private papers of Mr Bethune, now also a partaker of the inheritance of



the saints in light, in which the circumstances attending her last illness and death are detailed with much simplicity, piety, and affection.

*“ Sabbath Evening, July 31. 1814.*

“ It is now my duty to record an event, afflicting yet consoling to my soul,—the decease, and translation to heaven, of my beloved and precious mother, Isabella Graham. Her soul has passed into glory, and her body rests in the grave, until the resurrection—precious dust of a precious soul !

“ On Thursday, the 19th of this month, my beloved mother was attacked by cholera morbus ; on the 22d it assumed a more serious character : on the 23d she expressed a wish to see her dear friend, Mrs Mary Christie, between whom and herself a reciprocal engagement existed, that one should attend the dying bed of the other, as the Lord might be pleased to call either of them first. A lethargic state, allied to stupor, succeeded the cholera morbus, and our dear mother took little notice of what was passing. On Sabbath morning, the 24th, she roused on seeing me ; and calling me to her embrace, she, in the most affectionate manner, declared to me her expectation that she was going home to her Lord, and, with much contrition for her sins, expressed the sweetest and strongest assurance that she would go to her Saviour.

“ My dear Mrs Bethune having sent a linerequesting prayers for an aged believer to three churches.

the Rev. Dr Mason called to see my beloved mother between sermons, conversed and prayed with her. She received him with affection and satisfaction. The Rev. Mr R—— prayed with her on the 25th, and she expressed her firm hope, through faith, in her dear Redeemer, in answer to some of his questions.

“ After this she held no regular conversation, and took but little notice of those around her, excepting to ask me to pray with her, and at different times, by short sentences, expressing to Mrs Bethune her hope, her safety, and her joy, at the immediate prospect of entering on her heavenly rest.

“ Surrounded by her children and children’s children, as well as many weeping friends, she resigned her spirit to her Lord in the most peaceful manner, without a struggle or unpleasant look : her end was emphatically PEACE.

“ She breathed her last at fifteen minutes after twelve o’clock (midnight), Thursday, 26th July, or, as it may be reckoned, early on the morning of the 27th July.

“ On the two Sabbath days preceding the Tuesday on which her complaint attacked her, she had joined in communion at the Lord’s table. On the 10th at the village church, and on the 17th at our own church in Cedar Street. On each week preceding these two seasons, she attended three evenings on religious exercises. On Thursdays at the Orphan Asylum ; on Saturday evenings at the prayer

meetings of our church ; and on Friday evenings the preparatory sermons.

“ She appeared lively, and expressed her comfort in those religious seasons, and continued actively useful until the very day on which her illness commenced. On Monday the 18th, she appeared in perfect health, visited and gave religious instruction to the orphans in the Asylum ; and on the Sabbath, the morning of the 17th, she attended her Sabbath school, along with her daughter and grand-children. Thus the Lord was pleased to direct that she should lead her children’s children, J—— and I——, into the walks of usefulness, before she took her flight to heaven ; thus imposing a pleasing obligation on them that they should follow her steps.

“ O Lord, my blessed and covenant God, my soul delights to praise thee for thy rich goodness to my beloved mother in life and death ! But a fortnight ago, she trod this vale of tears, seeing but through a glass darkly, a pilgrim like myself ; but now she is before the throne, clothed in a white garment, and a palm in her hand. The Lamb in the midst of the throne, the blessed Jesus, whom she loved, now leads her to the fountain of living waters, and Thou hast wiped all tears from her eyes. Thanks and praises be to our blessed Lord for such rich salvation !

“ O my heavenly Father, bless me and mine with grace and strength to travel all the road, in holiness and faith, till we also enter through the gates

into the heavenly city. Especially, be pleased to pour down a spirit of grace and supplication, that we may pray unto thee more frequently and fervently than ever ; for thou knowest, O our God, that much praying breath hath now left our habitation ; who knows but our praying mother brought a blessing upon us as thine ark did to the house of Obededom. O thou, who hast taken our beloved mother to glory, do not forget us, thy children, who are left behind ! Let thy blessing yet continue with us, for the Redeemer's sake ; make us a family whom thou hast blessed ! And may ardent piety, evangelical obedience, and extensive usefulness, be granted to us, out of the rich supplies treasured up for us in our covenant head and divine Saviour ! Amen."

Thus did God answer the prayer of his servant. " Blessed High Priest, I have not gone this way hitherto, but thou hast measured these waters when they overflowed all their banks ; thou hast passed through and made the passage safe for thy people. Keep mine eye upon Thee and I shall fear no evil." Her eye was kept upon her High Priest, and through him she overcame. The ark of the covenant went before her : " Jordan was driven back," and she passed through upon dry land. Having often previously realized and surmounted all that is terrible in death, when called to the encounter,

she could say with the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory. The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." How happy are they who in the peace and serenity of God's people at a dying hour, can recognise the victory with which they also are to be crowned, the heavenly consolation they may expect to be imparted ! who can say "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

What infatuation to be making no provision for this hour of trial, or to be indulging in sloth, when such a contest is at hand ! How forlorn amidst the swellings of Jordan, to have no arm but our own to contend against its billows ! How dreary in the dark valley of the shadow of death, to have no one beside us ! How startling to hear the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," if we have no oil in our lamps, or only so much as to shed a glimmering and uncertain light ! Let us gird up the loins of our mind—let us watch and be sober—let us trim our lamps and prepare to meet the bridegroom

—let us be as men that wait for the coming of their Lord, and thus we shall not only be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb, but experience the fulfilment of the promise, “Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. Verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.”

Such a life as Mrs Graham’s, affords scope for many most important practical reflections, but these have been so impressively stated and enforced by Dr Mason, that we conclude with another extract from his sermon.

“In pursuing his gratifications, man is apt to look upon himself as a being of great importance : in fulfilling his duties, to account himself as nothing. Both are extravagances, which it will be his wisdom and happiness to correct. He is neither supreme in worth, nor useless in action. Let him not say, ‘I am but one ; my voice will be drowned in the universal din ; my weight is lighter than a feather in the public scales. It is better for me to mind my own affairs, and leave these higher attempts to more competent hands.’ This is the language not of reason and modesty, but of sloth, of selfishness, and of pride. The amount of it is, ‘I cannot do every thing ; therefore, I will do nothing.’ But you can do much. Act well your

part according to your faculties, your station, and your means ;—the result will be honourable to yourself, delightful to your friends, and beneficial to the world. I advise not to gigantic enterprize. The world has seen but one Newton and one Howard. Nothing is required of you, but to make the most of the opportunities within your reach. Recall the example of Mrs Graham. Here was a woman—a widow—a stranger in a strange land—without fortune—with no friends, but such as her letters of introduction and her worth should acquire—and with a family of daughters dependent upon her for their subsistence. Surely if any one has a clear title of immunity from the obligation to carry her cares beyond the domestic circle, it is this widow,—it is this stranger. Yet within a few years this stranger—this widow—with no means but her excellent sense, her benevolent heart, and her persevering will to do good, awakens the charities of a populous city, and gives to them an impulse, a direction, and an efficacy unknown before !

“ What then might not be done by *men* ; by men of talent, of standing, of wealth, of leisure ? How speedily, under their well-directed beneficence, might a whole country change its physical, intellectual, and moral aspect, and assume, comparatively speaking, the face of another Eden, a second garden of God ? Why, then, do they not diffuse thus extensively the seeds of knowledge, of virtue, and

of bliss ? I ask not for their pretences,—they are as old as the lust of lucre, and are refuted by the example which we have been contemplating. I ask for the true reason, for the inspiring principle of their conduct. It is this ; let them look to it when God shall call them to account for the abuse of their time, their talents, their station, their ‘ unrighteous mammon.’ It is this ;—they believe not the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, ‘ It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ They labour under no want but one,—they want the heart ! The bountiful God add this to the other gifts which he has bestowed upon them !

“ I turn to the other sex. That venerable mother in Israel, who has exchanged the service of God on earth for his service in heaven, has left a legacy to her sisters. She has left the example of her faith, and patience—she has left her prayers—she has left the monument of her Christian deeds, and by these, she ‘ being dead yet speaketh.’ Matrons, has she left her mantle also ? Are there none among you to hear her voice from the tomb, ‘ Go and do thou likewise ?’ None whom affluence permits, endowments qualify, and piety prompts, to aim at her distinction by treading her steps ? Maidens, are there none among you who would wish to array yourselves hereafter in the honours of this ‘ virtuous woman ?’ Your hearts have dismissed their wonted warmth and generosity, if they do not throb as the reverend



vision rises before you. Then prepare yourselves now by seeking and serving the God of her youth. You cannot be too early ‘adorned with the robes of righteousness and the garments of salvation,’ in which she was wedded in the morning of her life, to Jesus the King of Glory. The same grace which threw its radiance around her, shall make you also to shine in the ‘beauty of holiness ;’ and the fragrance of those virtues which it shall create, develope, and enoble, will be ‘as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.’

“ Here let me press upon all the transcendent excellence of Christian character, and the victorious power of Christian hope. The former bears the image of God ; the latter is as imperishable as his throne. We fasten our eyes with more real respect, and more heart-felt approbation upon the moral majesty displayed in ‘walking as Christ also walked,’ than upon all the pomp of the monarch, or the decorations of the military hero. More touching to the sense, and more grateful to high heaven, is the soft melancholy with which we look after our departed friend, and the tear which embalms her memory, than the thundering plaudits which rend the air with the name of a conqueror. She has obtained a triumph over that foe who shall break the arm of valour, and strike off the crown of kings. ‘The fashion of this world passeth away.’ Old Time approaches towards his last hour. The proudest memorials of human grandeur shall be

food for the conflagration to be kindled when ‘ the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire. Then shall he be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe.’ There are those, perhaps, in the present assembly who repute godliness fanaticism, and the sobriety of Christian peace the gloom of a joyless spirit, but who cannot forbear sighing out with the prophet of mammon, ‘ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.’ If they proceed no farther, their wish will not be granted. None shall die the death of the righteous, unless by a rare dispensation of mercy, who do not lead his life. They only are fit to be with God who love God and keep his commandments. In that day of transport and of terror which we shall all witness, how many of the thoughtless fair who now ‘ sport themselves with their own deceivings’ would give all the treasures of the east and the thrones of the west, to sit with Isabella Graham on the right hand of Jesus Christ. If ye be wise betimes ye may. ‘ Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation.’ The Gospel of the Son of God offers you, at this very moment, the forgiveness of your sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified. The blessing comes to you as a free gift ;—accept it and live,—accept it and be safe,—accept it and put away the shudderings of guilt and the fear of death. Then shall you too, like our friend, go in due season to be with Christ. Your happy spirit shall re-

join hers in the mansions of the saved. God shall bring you in, soul and body, with her when he makes up his jewels. Then shall he gather his elect from the four winds of heaven,—shall perfect that which concerneth them, and make them fully and for ever blessed. Be our place among them in, that day.”

FINIS.









